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KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE
KING'S COLLEGE
MAGAZINE.

BY
STUDENTS OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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1955 JUL 5

TO THE
REV. JOHN LONSDALE, B.D.

Principal of King's College,

AS AN HONEST MEMORIAL OF ESTEEM
AND LOVE

THAT SHALL OUTLIVE THEIR PERISHABLE TOKEN

These Volumes

ARE

(WITH PERMISSION)

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE STUDENTS.

Dec. 1842.

PREFACE.

WE have frequently been informed by kind friends, anxious both for our bodily and mental preservation, that the most sensible thing we possibly could do, would be finally to deposit at the Public's door the burthen of our Magazine. We have frequently been told, that none but those zoologically or metaphysically related to the family of long-ear, would ever have endured the weight. We are now about to follow the most excellent advice conveyed with the information above quoted, and feel that, during the performance of so highly sensible an action, we can say nothing sufficiently insane to make our friends believe that we are not by them converted into paragons of reason and good sense. For as no one might impeach the sound judgment of a man who could lay down the theory of the earth to demonstration, though he danced like a comet the meanwhile ; so do we, in laying down the King's College Magazine, know of nothing so eccentric that it shall shake the centre of our gravity. We do not scruple, therefore, to give passage to all and every the odd thoughts which we now behold merrily swimming in the ink upon our new dipped pen.

And first, among the many graces that adorn our Magazine, there is one on which we dwell with most supreme content,—

we allude to, its perfection. It were almost worth our while, if any doubt the fact, to invoke Aristotle as a witness on our side : perfect, completely perfect, he would tell us that it is, for it hath a beginning, a middle, and an end. These elements most humbly do we submit to the close attention of the student of the human mind. At the beginning was a Prologue, written in the harmony of a delightful concert ; Hope, as a principal performer, therein played a solo, and Energy flourished about the little white-washed ruler, *batôn* hight. In the middle, in the preface, that is, to the first volume, writ at the conclusion of that very immortal demi-work, a new prima donna, Triumph, made her first appearance, but was previously announced in bills. She sang a bravura to the public, and then translated her performances to a convenient spot behind the scenes. Now comes the crowning work, the End ; this preface—the last concert of the series of three, and, with consideration to our own selves be it recorded, it consisteth in the braying of a donkey. We hope we have not been oblivious of our self-respect ; but if the animal alluded to be the only one that could have borne the burthen which it now deposits, it is the only one that can have an indefeasible right to breathe satisfaction when its labours are at an end.

When first our *Maga* made its entry on the world we gave a reason for that entrance, and it was—because it pleased us. The same good reason do we offer now ; the same must serve to excuse its exit. We have succeeded, it is true, but that hath caused us no surprise : we knew we must—and why not then continue ? Simply, we will not. We asked no excuse for our appearance ; what need we, then, one for our departure ? But we retract the donkey. Lively Fancies first called forth this Magazine : it is they who have been carrying it about, until at length that which was commenced as a pleasure, grew, as usual, into a business ; and at last became a

toil; the Fancies, then, of course rebelled,—and now they throw the burthen down. So soon as recreation becomes business, let the game be changed.

But these same Fancies,—these same sporting Jacks, that, while they have been carrying their Green about, have been endeavouring to entice men to follow in their course, have not, we think, been injudicious in the selection of a path whereon to roam. They have led a merry dance over many a flowery field: now and then they may be pardoned if they have thought right to cross the dusty common road; for ourselves, we think they have not favoured it too much. In sooth, we have all tripped merrily along, and if those who have danced with us have been as happy in our company as we in theirs, the frolic has not been a dull one. Now, however, we turn soberly aside into the world's high road, with its carts and its horses; for we have seen a pretty spot to which the road appears to lead, and wish to reach it.

For the rest, we had one or two things serious to say; but why be serious? Are we not talking of our gambols? True it is, of gambols that must end directly; but when the players separate only by their own consent, by ancient rule the game ends merrily.

KING'S COLLEGE,

Nov. 28, 1842.

THE
KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1842.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

PLANS FAIL—WILLIE BATS DELECTABLY ASTONISHETH HIMSELF AND HIS
CHARMER—AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

FATHER FRANCIS, in returning to his peaceful Ellerton, enjoyed the glories of a triumph. Not more triumphal was the proud entry into London of the conqueror king, when the acclamations of devoted subjects rang within his ears, than were the testimonies of affection that greeted the old priest's return. The village bells rang forth their joyous peal—the children flocked around his palfrey's feet, and echoed the blessings they had heard their parents utter. With the trophies of his noble achievements the victorious monarch was surrounded; nor less glorious were the memorials of deeds that the old priest had done. Here stood two, who in bitter rivalry had once been foes, and as they looked upon the pious father, they recalled to mind the day when he had sown peace between them; and now each grasped the other's hand with honest warmth, for the seed had grown and ripened to a goodly fruit. There, by a fond suitor's side, stood a maiden, once the coquette of the village; the old priest's gentle face brought his counsels to her mind, and she cast upon the favoured suitor a kind glance, that made him happy. A child, that once by wayward ingratitude had torn a mother's heart, remembered as it gazed on the old man his earnest lessons; and nestling fondly in the bosom that it once had pained, imprinted on the mother's lips, for a thousandth time, the

kiss that told of a renewed affection. Happy couples, happy families, stood in the village road, or within the gate of their cottage garden, and looked with love upon the pious father; a wife, that he had taught to live in peace and love, rested upon her husband's shoulder, and blessed the man who had made their household happy; and many a soul, that he had saved, called down from on high rich blessings on the good priest's head. These were the trophies, this was the triumph, that greeted the return of Father Francis to his happy family at Ellerton; and the old man, when, once more in his cottage, he retired to offer thanks unseen to Him who had supported him through recent trials, and rescued him from the hand of persecution, shed tears such as those that angels seek when they gather dew upon earth to nourish the pure flowers of heaven.

Mat Maybird, in the mean time, proceeded with Heringford to Westrill's now dilapidated cottage, for the purpose of carrying out their design. Willie Bats stood already at the door.

"She is here!" cried he; "she is here! After all, my charmer is in the house! O Cicely! who ever was so faithful as thou! My charmer! my charmer! If thou art thus as a servant, what wilt thou be as a wife?"

The thought of matrimony and Cicely that his last word provoked, called a blush to Willie's cheek. "See," cried he, suddenly, as the plump form of his adorable passed from an inner door, "there she is!"

Cicely came forward with joy when she found who was at hand, and from her Edward obtained all needful information. Andrew Westrill was absent. Kate was in confinement; and it was in hopes of finding means to set her free that Cicely had remained hidden about the house.

"O Master Edward," exclaimed she, "my poor mistress will be heart-broken soon! I watch her sometimes with tears in my eyes as she sits at her window, and looks so sad and gentle. And Spenton visits her; she sees no one else; I have lain me down outside her door, and have heard her sob and breathe thy name until I could not listen for sorrow. I dared not tell her I was there, lest she should send me away. O Master Edward, thou wilt save her!"

Edward pressed the honest Cicely's hand. "I will end this trouble," said he; "fear not—remain here while I go to set the imprisoned free."

Willie started at the idea of being left with his Cicely, but there was no alternative, for Edward was already half way up the stairs.

Passing through several well-remembered rooms, Heringford soon paused before Kate Westrill's door: it led to an inner chamber, opening not into a passage, but into another apartment, in which now Edward stood. His voice soon made his presence known: the sound of a struggle was the only answer, until a tone, evidently feigned, hazarded reply. There was another scuffle.

"Be not deceived," exclaimed the voice of Kate Westrill, who appeared to have gained momentary freedom from restraint; "Spenton is here! Thou comest in good time!"

"So!" said a man from behind where Edward stood: "the trap is baited now, and, lo! our prisoner!"

Edward turned and beheld Andrew Westrill with Sir Richard Ellerton standing in the passage; the face of Curts was peeping from behind.

"We waste no time again in parley," added Andrew, smiling; "and so I commend thee to the lock, Sir Edward. Courage, brave hero of Harfleur!"

Before Edward had recovered from his astonishment, the door was closed, bolted, and fastened from without, and he was left alone. He heard barricades added for increased security, and then, Curts being left as guard, he listened to the retreating footsteps of Andrew and Sir Richard. Thus fallen into the hands of his enemies, Heringford was consoled by the assurance that Kate Westrill stood within hearing, and that the wretch Spenton had been made inadvertently a sharer in their captivity.

Short time, however, was left for Heringford to make any reflections upon his prospects, for the shrieks of Kate Westrill, demanding aid against Spenton, prompted him to immediate action. Dashing his whole person impetuously against the door that separated them, he found it resist his strength; the cries of Kate urged him to persevere, until, at length, the lock gave way, and the door flew violently open. The terror-stricken figure of Spenton, with a hand upon Kate Westrill's arm, stood for a moment before him; the next instant it was dashed to the ground, where the ruffian lay bleeding and senseless.

"Do him not harm," said Kate, restraining Heringford; "he is not worthy thy resentment."

"I will not harm him, Kate," replied Edward; "let me but prevent his farther interference."

Spenton accordingly, his wound having been found trivial, was tightly bound ; and Edward, having gagged his mouth to prevent him from calling assistance, deposited him safely in the adjoining room : returning then to Kate Westrill he closed the door between them.

“I would have borne thee hence, Kate,” said he, impetuously ; “I would have borne thee hence, and find myself thus taken. But what matter ? How much happier am I here with thee than in freedom when thou art absent. How vain is every care while I have love’s smile to cheer me and uphold ; to the lover, Kate, from the loved alone can sorrow come, for if she withhold her smile, then, and then alone, will misery be his. And now if they slay me, I can bear my fate while my last words fall upon thine ear.”

A conversation thus commenced cannot but prove confidential ; and profound as is the respect we entertain for the reader who honours us with his attention, yet we know our place too well to admit even him as a third party in the confabulation ; he will see, however, if he return to Mat Maybird that for the present, at least, it was decidedly needless to talk about “last words,” and that all the enthusiastic sentences which Edward poured into his Kate’s ear, spoke of a faith and fortitude that, at all events, in the then position of affairs, were not likely to be tested. Moreover, we have a long time kept Mat Maybird and other friends waiting at the door, and good breeding reminds us that they should not longer be neglected.

We have already hinted the very original observation, that, where two parties are love-making, a third is one too many :—so thought Mat when he saw Willie Bats and Cicely together, and accordingly, with a praiseworthy consideration for their feelings, he strolled away to a short distance, still keeping his eye upon the cottage door. But Willie and Cicely were not becomingly grateful for this conduct ; they considered it excessively awkward to be left alone, were unable to articulate a syllable, even between them, unless Willie’s sigh and Cicely’s short cough combined would form one.

“Ah !” sighed Willie, as loudly as he conveniently could.

“Hem !” replied Cicely, by way of encouragement, to indicate that she was ready to listen.

“Cicely !” said Willie, in a very low voice, scarcely indeed audible.

“Didst thou speak ?” asked the lady.

“No,” replied Willie, terrified at the length he had gone.

Another preliminary sigh, and Cicely's name was again whispered.

"What wouldst thou, Willie?" asked she, determined that this time he should not deny having spoken. But Willie failed a second time at the critical moment.

"Nothing," was his reply.

"Why didst thou call my name, Willie?" asked the maiden, by way of helping him on.

"I love—" commenced Willie, and paused. Cicely now awaited the declaration, "I love—Mistress Kate Westrill."

"So do I," replied Cicely, who knew the limits of his affection.

"I love—" continued Willie, approaching the subject by degrees,—*"I love everything in Mistress Kate Westrill's house, excepting her brother, when he is there."*

"I too love not him," said Cicely.

"Thou art right, my—my dear,"—here was a step: *"my dear!"*—Cicely of course blushed, and so did the speaker. *"I love also,"* he went on; *"I love everything Kate Westrill loves, and everybody too."*

This was rather more general than Cicely expected.

"I love," said Willie, *"the room in which Kate Westrill dwells; more particularly I love the kitchen."*

Cicely felt more satisfied; her bashful sweetheart was gradually coming to the point.

"I love the kitchen," said Willie; *"I love it more than any room in the house!"*

"Why?" inquired Cicely, thinking thus to finish the preliminary declarations.

"Because," replied Willie, *"thence come the victuals!"*

Poor Cicely! she had expected a very different answer; she had not thought her lover so devoted to eatables.

"I love the victuals better than any thing else—because Cicely cooks them."

This was evidently next door to a declaration—it remained but to trace the matter to its primary cause; Willie, who had gained courage as he proceeded, did so briefly.

"I adore Cicely!"

The point thus compassed, he became, on the spot, a melting suitor, hot all over, to the last stage of inconvenient moisture. Cicely also blushed at the sudden avowal.

"Charming Cicely!" continued Willie Bats, *"thou wilt be*

mine? We shall live together in one house, and look at one another all day long! Wilt thou consent?"

Cicely looked and lisped an affirmative: Willie was delighted.

"When," cried he, "when shall we be wedded? Speak, O my charmer."

"Not," replied Cicely, "until Mistress Kate's marriage release me from the duty of attending her."

"Thou and Kate then," said Willie, "ye pair of charmers, shall be wedded on the self-same day; I will persuade Sir Edward to marry Mistress Kate immediately!" Willie then grew very red at the thought of what he was about to perform; he looked at his plighted lady, and, in a low, insinuating voice,—

"A kiss, Cicely," whispered he.

Cicely stood perfectly quiet, ready to receive the favour; but Willie had expected her to be more forward. He looked at her as she stood demurely by his side, felt a cold qualm at his heart; mastered his fears at one gulp, and, throwing his arms around his charmer's neck, was imprinting an energetic kiss upon her lips, when,

"Make way, ye fat pair of turtle doves!" said the voice of Andrew Westrill, who stood, with Sir Richard Ellerton, waiting to pass out.

Willie and Cicely stood abashed, one on each side of the passage. Andrew smiled as he passed; Sir Richard appeared not to observe their presence.

Meanwhile Mat Maybird had paced up and down without the house, wondering at Edward's delay. He feared that some untoward circumstance must have occurred to foil his plans, and was about to enter, for the purpose of ascertaining what had happened, when Andrew Westrill and Sir Richard passing out of the house, verified his suspicions. He had not seen them enter—they must have found their way into Andrew's cottage from the garden behind; Mat walked on, as if he were accidentally passing, and met the two conspirators.

"Well met, Sir Richard!" said he; "I have to demand increased pay now that my services have increased in value."

"The man is taken," replied the other, "he is doomed.—Put Bruton in my power, and I will reward thee well!"

"I saw Heringford in the village," said Mat, "not half an hour since."

"He is safely now locked up," replied Andrew, "with Curts as

a guard ; we shall not take his life until we have formed our plan of doing so securely. Curts is known in London ; but thou might'st with ease impose upon Bruton—we need some spy upon him : wilt enter his service, and Sir Richard will pay thee good wages ?”

“Why am I to be Bruton's servant ?” asked Mat.

“To insinuate thyself into his confidence,” replied Sir Richard Ellerton ; “to make thyself seem his dearest friend, whilst thou informest us of all his words and actions, and givest us notice of the first fair opportunity of effecting his destruction.”

“That is rather dirty work !” remarked Mat Maybird.

“Here is that,” said Sir Richard, putting gold into Mat's hand ; “here is that which may hide the stain, though it cannot wipe it off. There is more. Thou shalt be well paid for thy trouble.”

Sir Richard and Andrew Westrill walked on ; Mat remained looking at the gold, as it lay on his extended palm.

“Money, forsooth !” said he ; “gold too ! An honourable hire ! It almost burns my hand !”

Taking up one of the coins, he threw it away : “there—that is expended ! Heaven help the man that picks it up.” A bird flew rapidly above him ; he aimed a coin at it and missed. “Lucky bird !” said he, “lucky bird ! the touch of this gold would have murdered thee, hadst thou not escaped it ; it was directed first against a nobler game ; but, whilst I live, it shall not hit the mark !” Scattering the remaining pieces in all directions : “Away !” cried he, “attendant imps of a human devil, ye lead me not astray !” Having thus, in a satisfactory manner, disposed of his wages, Mat Maybird, with a light step and very light heart, walked to the cottage of Father Francis.

“Do not fear,” said he, when he found the old man ; “do not be alarmed at seeing me return alone : Edward is a prisoner, and Kate too : there was a slight failure in my plan—an unforeseen circumstance—”

In the mean time Edward and Kate Westrill remained in their prison, each happy in the other's society, and utterly regardless of the dangers by which they were surrounded. Once only they had sought the means of escape, but their search was unsuccessful ; they relinquished it, therefore, without much sorrow, and sitting by the window, that looked down upon the cottage garden, watched the declining sun.

“Such, Kate, are our hopes,” said Edward : “like yon bright,

unclouded orb, they will soon cease to cheer us ; we shall feel night awhile, but again they will rise within our souls ; a fair morning will cheer our spirits, and break, in good time, into the warm and sunny happiness of reviving day."

" See," said Kate, " as the setting sun is lost to our eyes, how the blushing west smiles placidly upon us : it seems to bid us be of good cheer, and giveth hope of a bright morrow. Oh, who would wish that his life should be one continued noon ? I care not to possess a boon so dazzling ! Give me, give me the darkness of night, whence sweet, merry morn ariseth. I feel, Edward, already the fresh pleasure that will be ours when we end our night of trouble."

Such, and ever cheerful, was the nature of the converse with which Edward and Kate whiled the hours rapidly away ; Spenton remaining bound in the next room, and Curts diligently on guard without.

The hour of twilight was passed ; darkness crept on ; the stars shot forth, one after the other ; the night breeze rustled cold among the trees, and was the only sound that broke night's silence.

Edward and Kate still sat quietly by the window : the calmness of the scene was stealing over their spirits ; it was long since either had spoken.

" Seest thou that, Kate ?" cried Edward, suddenly : " there is a man moving in the garden ; it is dark, and I cannot distinguish more than that a man is there."

The figure now glided slowly along. Kate perceived it. Suddenly it stopped beneath the window at which they were seated. It was of a person with his face masked, and his dress evidently a disguise. Edward opened the window, and was made aware of the presence of Mat Maybird.

" What dost thou intend doing ?" asked Edward.

" Patience, and thou wilt see," replied Mat, and disappeared among the trees. It was not long before he returned with a ladder, which, being placed against an adjacent window, Mat ascended, until his eyes were sufficiently raised to peep in. The sight that encountered him appeared to arouse his indignation, for he made a demonstration against the interior ; and then, rapidly descending, planted his ladder beneath the window of Kate Westrill's room. Kate and Edward soon stood without, and looked up, light-hearted, at the empty chamber.

" Now for my fun !" said Mat. Again the ladder was placed against the other window ; again Mat Maybird ascended ; this time,

opening the lattice, he entered the passage in which Curts was stationed. The guard was sleeping vigilantly at his post. With noiseless step Mat moved about him, and, having removed the barricades from the fastened door, unlocked and opened it; advancing then, on tip-toe, to the window, he beckoned Edward. Both lightly took up between them the snoring body of Curts, and, carrying it into the inner chamber, laid him on Kate Westrill's bed. Retiring to the outer room, they made fast, as well as they could, the door Edward had forced open; and taking no notice whatever of Spenton,—who, wearied by exertions to get free, lay now dreaming where he had been placed by Heringford,—they returned to the passage, once more locked and barred the door, carefully replaced the barricades, and, descending the ladder, having fastened the lattice, found themselves again in the open air.

“There!” said Mat: “now Curts and Spenton have changed places with you; in legal warfare we have but made an exchange of prisoners, and if they intended to starve you, which is very likely, they will find that they have starved themselves. But we have left your lattice open; it were as well to close it, else may Curts catch cold.”

The lattice was closed, the ladder returned to its place, and Mat, with the two released prisoners, proceeded to the old priest's cottage.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE VILLAGERS' SABBATH.

THE next day was the Sabbath; the day of rest. It broke peacefully upon the waking villagers. Snow had fallen during the night; and as the sun, brightly shining in the clear, wintry sky, poured its beams upon the whitened roofs of the cottages, the water trickled from them in glancing, diamond drops. The snow, as it lay upon the winding road, bore impress of no footsteps; for this was the day of rest, and man went not to his labour.

How calm, how placid is the Sabbath of those happy men who, apart from the cares and anxieties of the restless world, live amongst one another in a community of peace; men whose minds have not been warped by one prevailing passion, whose only thirst for fame

is sated by the approbation of their associates, whose only ambition leads them to the right performance of the task each day brings with it. These men are truly to be envied; they know not the bitterness of disappointment; they feel not the painful excitement of an expectation overstrained. Their necessary duties honestly fulfilled, there ends their care; wearied with a healthy labour, an undisturbed rest yields each night refreshment; and, ever in its turn, the peaceful, holy Sabbath comes to reunite the divided family, imparting to each household bliss, the purest earth affords.

Bright wood fires, faggot upon faggot, glowed within each cottage; and the light, as it would have been seen through the windows, was intercepted by those crowding around them. There was comfort throughout the village. From cot to cot the good priest might have been seen to pass, in every one of them joyfully received by old and young. Spending with each of his family a short time in such converse as befitted the day, (and this was a constant custom,) he passed the time previously to public prayer.

Heringford, meanwhile, had left his own cottage to visit the old priest and the orphan whom he once more sheltered. His way lay by the village church, a building with which the reader ought, long since, to have been made acquainted.

Ellerton church was situated in the midst of the village, among the houses of which it arose, greatly predominant. It was an old building, in the Gothic style, formed of grey stone, rendered by age yet darker; its square tower was already crumbling, overgrown with ivy and moss, that crept around the whole of the sacred edifice. In the church-yard were a few yews, and many evergreen shrubs, but the bloom of rose and violet that, in summer, decked the graves, was then lost for a season. Snow now lay upon those resting places of the dead—snow where the daisy and buttercup had grown; snow thawed upon trees that the hands of love had planted; snow sprinkled the grey walls of the old church, in which those who now slept silently around it had once met their fellows in life and health; but that snow, like the chilling influence of the world in which they had moved, was but the incumbrance of an hour, for a bright sun shone forth from above, beneath whose beams it soon would disappear.

As Heringford pursued his walk through the church-yard, he encountered Sir Richard Ellerton and Andrew Westrill, walking slowly towards him, in eager conversation. Edward might have

avoided them, but this his pride permitted not. It was not until they met that he was perceived by the opposite party: Sir Richard was alarmed, Andrew astonished, at his appearance.

"Thou wert, last night, our prisoner!" said Westrill.

"I know it," replied Edward, "and this morning I am free."

"Even so!" cried Sir Richard: "even so! Secure as we were, I felt that his life could not be taken. But I will conquer yet! The boy shall not thus ever foil me. Rest not secure, young man!" added he, turning to Edward; "I have sworn it, I have sworn not to leave thee!—thyself didst hear my vow!—my designs are deep, and I am determined to succeed."

"Wherefore this hate?" asked Edward.

"Wherefore!" cried Sir Richard, in fury; "wherefore? thou art in my path, is not that enough? But I do not hate thee—it is impossible! And if I do, what then? thou hatest me."

"I pity thee," replied Edward, "not hate."

"Pity!" cried Sir Richard; "pity from thee is loathsome! I pity thee sometimes,—and yet I hate—would slay thee."

"Obey," said Edward, "the voice that sometimes prompts to pity. Desist from this persecution; I will be first to forget the past."

"Could I believe that," said the other, "it would tempt me—"

Andrew Westrill was about to interrupt;—Sir Richard continued:—

"Fear not, Andrew, I know what thou wouldst say; I am not to be tempted, for I believe him not. He promiseth that which is not in man's nature to perform."

"My word is good," replied Edward; "but why should I urge a promise thou art resolved to disbelieve? The bell already tolls for church; I have business with the priest ere the service of the day commence."

"Is this the Sabbath?" asked Sir Richard.

"Ay," replied Westrill, "to those that keep account of days, this is. Why! Sir Richard! what aileth thee?"

The man was in tears.

"I know not," replied he, "why it should come thus suddenly upon me; but, as the bell now tolls, I remember one bright day when I was a child; I heard it then as I do now; I was on this spot, sitting on a grave, my mother near, watching as I wreathed a basket of flowers into garlands—they were for little Beatrice, then a girl. Strange that the thought of this should now return!

How changed is all since then ! I was then light-hearted and happy ; but now my brain endures a ceaseless torment. Beatrice was a pretty little thing, and used to love me dearly for my childish favours :—she hath loved me since that time ; and now, —now she is in the cold, silent tomb, and it was I that sent her there ! Poor little child, she little thought that boyish lover, mine accursed self, was destined to blast all her fair, peaceful prospects ! She little thought that, in bestowing upon me her guileless love, she was cherishing the thankless viper in her bosom ! Oh, for one hour of that fleeting childhood's time, that Beatrice could rise from her grave-clothes and her mouldering dust, to be again a child,—to love her Richard as of old she loved,—that I might sit with her upon this grave, and tell her of affection pure as mine then was ! Oh, but for one such hour,—that it may be our last ! Alas ! alas ! why did we not perish then, ere all the years of sin and misery commenced ?”

“ This is folly !” said Andrew, “ weakness ! Thou art still a child !”

“ Am I still a child ?” cried Sir Richard ; “ would thou hadst spoken truth ! But I remember deeds of blood that no child could have committed ; murders, none but a foul villain could have perpetrated ; ingratitude, no viper would be guilty of ; deceit ; crime in every ugly form, causing misery to those who should by nature have been happy ! Whose, whose are all these noble actions ? They are mine,—mine,—they are mine, I say ! They all proceeded from this brain ; there the memory of each one remains, branded with fearful, ghastly distinctness ; I cannot forget one, no, not the least one of mine offences ; in long succession, each night, do they stand before me, and grinning, fright me from my sleep ! Can I be a child to have done all this, to feel this horrid retribution ?”

Edward shuddered—Andrew Westrill turned away with a contemptuous smile.

“ Relent then,” said Edward, “ I have already forgiven thee ; attend at the church to-day, it is not yet too late.”

“ It is too late,” replied Sir Richard ; “ think you I dare set foot of mine within that holy building ? Would the stones bear the polluted burthen ? But it matters not ; my hour of weakness is at an end : I cast forgiveness in thy teeth, and remain thy bitter enemy. But two lives more, and I have gained mine ends—then shall the devil help me to repentance.”

Edward urged farther, but in vain; the vindictive rage of Sir Richard Ellerton had returned, and remained as violent as before: they soon parted; Heringford sincerely compassionating the wretched man, whose conscience, thus acutely sensitive, punished him so severely for the crimes that his corrupted nature still did not scruple to commit.

Edward waited now for Father Francis at the church-door, and soon saw him approaching, surrounded by villagers, whose children played in sport around him. Staying only to inquire after Kate's health, and receiving a satisfactory answer, he joined the rest within the church.

The interior of Ellerton church, simple as it was, lost thereby nothing of its solemnity; there were arches, it is true, and sculptured tombs; marble columns, and carved seats; but no pageantry of adoration; no choristers attended to the fair sound of a worship in which the sense was forgotten; no incense-bearers to perfume the sacred house, and offer a sacrifice of scented drugs rather than that of a pious, humble heart. The old priest, attired in a simple robe, hallowed to the occasion, stood in the pulpit, before his assembled family of villagers, and explained to them the contents of that volume, which the then religion of the state would have sealed, had not the scarcity of books of any kind, and those but manuscripts, placed it beyond the general possession.

With a candid tongue, the good old man explained his Master's doctrines; with reverence his words were attended to; and the lives of the villagers showed that his precepts were well remembered and obeyed. If the hymn that concluded their service was rude, it came from the heart; if the singers had not previously practised their parts, at least they knew what and wherefore they were singing. There is, no doubt, more solemnity to the ear, when the praise or thanksgiving is chaunted by a chosen few; but where all join in a heartfelt adoration, the effect is far more lasting and beneficial. With slow and thoughtful step the congregation departed; nor was the churchyard, through which they passed, entirely without its lesson: most, ere they returned home, wandered awhile amid the narrow homes of their departed relatives and friends. A son stood over a mother's grave, and made her a pattern for his children; a mother bent over the grave of her son, it was newly filled, and the tear that fell upon it, although one of sorrow, was not of vain repining, for, as she wept, her thoughts had winged their rapid flight to heaven and a bright eternity.

Father Francis, on again meeting with Edward, invited him to join the party at his cottage. This was another of the good priest's customs : each Sabbath a certain number of the villagers partook of their old friend's meal in due rotation, so that thus additional familiarity was raised up between them, and a new spur given to the people of the village, who never enjoyed, without benefit, the society of Father Francis.

There was a happy and a merry party that day in the old man's cottage ; for he banished not mirth or innocent pleasure from a day intended for our happiness. Kate Westrill remained, of course, in her own retirement, but Edward did not fail to see her. In the kitchen was Willie Bats, enlivened by his recent conversation with the "charmer," who kindly entertained an admiring circle with legends of treasure-hunting for forty long years past, and Cicely, as she heard them, "looked and sighed, and sighed and looked again," to think that one who had endured so much should have fixed upon her his fond affections. In the little parlour, among the group of happy villagers, Father Francis led the conversation into such channels as might interest and instruct his friends, until they again parted for church, when the former scene was repeated. Each then returned to his own house to spend the evening, as he might think most proper, in social intercourse and family prayer.

Thus passed the Sabbath at Ellerton ; and upon its peace we have rested with the greater pleasure, since soon the course of this history will plunge us into scenes of a far serner character ;—leading us to homes, the abodes of Vice, and Misery her attendant, to which the Sabbath rest hath never penetrated, to view the workings of hearts seared by sin, and the throes of a pure heart that another's sin hath tortured. Sin and sorrow, sin and sorrow—rightly do the names come linked together ; but while we peer into the darkness of sin, and fathom the depths of sorrow, let not the image of Ellerton fade from our memories ; let us not forget that there is bright happiness too upon earth, where modest Virtue dwells.

RUINS.

“I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate.
The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people
is heard no more. The thistle shook there its lonely head: the
moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the win-
dows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate
is the dwelling of Moira; silence is in the house of her fathers.”

Ossian's Carthon.

THERE is a feeling of no common interest excited by the contem-
plation of the crumbling walls of a ruined edifice, which springs
up, not only in the mind of the poet, the painter, the antiquary,
and the philosopher, whose “trade it is to talk”

“Of life's vicissitudes and vanities,”

but which is present, in no slight degree, even to the idle and un-
learned spectator. Things which have been fair in the days of
“hoar antiquity,” and are now mouldering in their return to the
nothingness from which they came, seem to carry with them a
reverence like that so scrupulously paid to the grey head by all
the ancient nations, and so rigorously enjoined by the law of Moses.

It is a strange thought that the ruins we now contemplate were
once the scene of mirth and enjoyment—that the soil, now over-
grown with the nettle and the brier, was once trodden by feet as
light as our own—that the walls, round which we still see the
green ivy clinging, like Childhood embracing Age, which now
echo but the solitary tread of the lonely moralizer, once rang with
the shouts of revellers who laughed at the saws of the aged which
told of desolation and decay—and yet it was even so. Even the
stately edifices of our own day, on which we now look with pride
and exultation, may one day be a ruin too—ay! and many a
goodly city, stretching out, as in sleep, its gigantic outline beneath
the meridian glory of the noontide sun, may in some yet unborn
age, lie, even as in death, a sightless and unlovely wreck,

“Its dwellings down—its tenants past away,”

beneath the faint rays of the fading eve, or the cold shadows of
the midnight moon.

Ruins! ruins!—all creation utters its voice, and proclaims aloud
“Decay! decay!” The faded flower, the grey hair, and the
autumnal tints embrowning all nature far and wide; all these give
out, with a voice like that

————— “which he

Who saw the Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven,”

the majestic and awful warning, "Decay! decay!" In short, as one of the greatest of our living writers magnificently expresses it, all that is most beautiful is "but one vast panorama of death."

But there are ruins far more melancholy to contemplate than the decayed palaces of our fathers—ruins more awful, more sublime—ruins of the mind—ruins of the heart.

The maniac, as he paces his dreary cell in the prison of a mad-house, presents to us a ruin more terrific, more grand than the wrecks of empires. The fierce passions, perverted from the use they were destined to fill, tearing in their fury "the wall of flesh" which imprisons them, furnish to the moralist a ruin not elsewhere to be found.

The victim of love and friendship despised, or ill requited—the prey of the demon Poverty, cast from luxury and ease, are ruins too.

But what are we all—all mankind—but desolate and unseemly wrecks? Once happy and perfect, man was the friend of his Creator; how little yet remains of his pristine happiness and perfection! Who could trace, in the fallen and frail descendants of Adam, "half dirt, half deity," the sublime image of his heavenly Creator? No! once the pride of his Maker, he now lies on the surface of the moral world, a ruin as unsightly as the fallen temples of other times.

Thus does all Nature open her page to teach us how short-lived and frail we are, and points to the sky and the heaven above us, bidding us look thither, where, gaze as we will, we find all fair, all perfect, without a single ruin.

C. H. H.

LINES ON A CHILD MUSING.

CHILD of the sunny hair, and eye of light,
Doth life not glitter round thee, soft and bright?
Sorrow not yet hath cast her shadows there.
Do dreams of sadness cloud that brow so fair,
Or doth some vision woo thee thus to stay
Far from the greenwood bower, and childhood's play?
Wake, little dreamer, wake from fancy's sleep;
Why not for darker years those shadowy pleasures keep?

N. E.

THE MAIDEN'S BLUSH.

WITHIN a bower of roses, stood Eve, the beauteous mother of mankind; within one of Eden's bowers, that her own fair hands had planted, stood Eve, the tempted and the lost:—"Wo me!" she exclaimed, "wo me, that I have brought sorrow upon earth! wo me, that through my sin the joys of Paradise are fled! Into a barren world, we wander hence—a world that yields no produce to weak hands of mine; and man must labour, while I, the author of his misery, look idly on. From the souls of my daughters all trace of Paradise shall fade—Eden, lovely Eden, oh that I could bear hence one thought of thee, one that might mock the advance of time, and sanctify the hearts of my daughters!" And the unhappy Eve hid her face in her white hands, while tears forced their way between her slender fingers, as she sighed in agony of spirit. In vain the tender flowers yielded in sympathy their fragrant incense; all unheard was the sigh of the pitying zephyr, as it passed that lovely bower. And Eve twined a chaplet of the fairest flowers, and bound them around her temples; these she would bear with her into the world, to remind her of the joys she had lost.

But the Spirit of the Rose looked with pity upon the sufferer, and, as a gleam of the departing sun over the green hills of summer, she stood, decked in beauty, by her side. "Weep not," whispered the spirit, "sweet mother of a beauteous race; weep not for delights that are no more; the memory of Eden not utterly shall fade! The soft breath of heaven shall kiss the garland on thy brow, and those flowers of Paradise shall cast their seed upon the earth, and arise in their beauty, to deck its barren waste. And the joy thou bewailest as fled, shall yet dwell concealed in the breasts of thy daughters;—if man be doomed for them to labour, theirs shall it be, smiling, to reward; theirs shall it be to share those lingering joys of Paradise with the soul that knoweth sympathy. And, lo! I bestow a boon upon thee, that shall descend to thy children, for evermore: hitherto hath happiness been equal, hitherto hath emotion been unknown; but in the world is sin and sorrow: behold, then, I will plant my blush within thy heart, and it shall be to thee as a remembrancer of Eden. If the rude tongue of sin offend thee, into thy cheek that monitor shall mount—then shall thy bosom swell with the memory of early innocence; if purest pleasure move thee, let my blush rise, while Eden lives again, and man beholds a Paradise in thee!"

And the words of the spirit were fulfilled, and the blushing rose became white. And Eve plucked one of the white roses to cherish in her bosom.

And Adam and Eve went forth from the Garden of Eden, and the world was waste. Then fell the fertile seeds from the chaplet Eve had woven, and flowers sprang up around her footsteps; her presence scattered still the delights of Paradise; joy then was at her heart—she blushed, and recognised the spirit's boon.

And to her daughters hath that boon descended: still doth the blush on woman's cheek bring memories of purer Eden, and even now is it the maiden's pride to bear upon her bosom the white rose, sweet emblem-flower of purity; while the kindred rose that, as it grew not in that bower, retains its former hue, to this day men call—"THE MAIDEN'S BLUSH."

HAIL.

LOVE'S EYES.

"MAIDEN with the mirthful eye,
And the tread of fairy;
Tripping now so gaily by,
Maiden, oh, be wary!

"Go not to the greenwood glen;
Lip-lent vows are faithless;
Fickle are the hearts of men."—
"Father, I go nathless!"

* * *

"Maiden with the tearful eye,
Whither now, my Mary?
Sorrow's step and sorrow's sigh,—
Ah! thou wert unwary!"

"Father, I went to the greenwood glen,
You advised, and I went there nathless,
But fickle and vain are the hearts of men,
And the vows of their lips are faithless!—

"My Robie sat on the green grass-plat,
Where in circles dance elf and gay fairy;
As I bounded along I gave ear to his song,
'Twas in praise of—ah! not of his Mary!

"And so I have returned, and a lesson I've learned,
That man's lips and his heart run contrary!"
"Then in future be wise, answer only his eyes,
For they cannot mislead thee, my Mary!"

HAIL.

EVENING.

OH ! at the silent hour, when o'er the deep
 Falls the last sun-beam of departing day ;
 When e'en the winds and waters seem to sleep,
 And nature into silence dies away ;
 When in the heavens the first star 'gins to peep,
 And on the trees the day's last glimmerings play ;
 Oh ! how I love to sit within my bower,
 And watch the beauty of the twilight hour.

For then I think on happy days long past,
 And memory o'er their ashes heaves a sigh—
 Those happy days, alas ! too bright to last,
 Nor truly known their worth till long past by.
 Thus memory opes her treasures deep and vast,
 And thus the jaded spirit loves to fly
 From earth's dark tumults, and the restless din
 Of mirth to solitude, and look within.

What sees it there ?—perchance a dreary train
 Of withered hopes and joys for ever gone,
 Of scenes long past, recalled now but with pain,
 And Love's soft visions, now for ever flown,
 Of Friendship's voice we may not hear again ;
 Telling us sadly that we stand alone
 Of all that we have been in by-gone years,
 Till the heart droops—the eye grows dim with tears.

Yet love we still to commune with the heart,
 However sad the task ; love we to trace
 Our by-gone years, as slowly from us part
 The smiles of youth, and leave us in their place
 The wrinkles and the furrows, till we start
 To find ourselves borne onward at a pace
 We know not, feel not, till on the heart's page
 We read the marks—the dreary marks of age.

Thus let me muse till life's sad dream be o'er,
 And I shall share full many a dreamer's lot,
 And launch my little bark from life's dark shore,
 And glide away, unwept, unknown, forgot.
 Yet oh ! not all unmourned—may many pour
 Their blessings on my head when I am not :
 And may the widow's and the orphan's tear,
 Fall on my grave, and consecrate my bier.

C. H. H.

RANDOM SKETCHES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. VIII. THE INDIANS.

AMONG those who have honoured these sketches with an occasional perusal, many have expressed to me their wonder that I should not have, ere this, made some mention of the Aborigines of the United States, and devoted a paper to the description of the North American Indians. With every desire, therefore, to gratify the laudable curiosity of a few, and, at the same time, to present that which must be a matter of interest to many, if not to all, I enter upon the suggested topic, and shall endeavour to give as full an account as the hasty note-book of a tourist may furnish of the manners and characteristics of this singular, much misrepresented, and fast disappearing people.

Accustomed as Europeans have been to form their opinions of Indian character from the tales related by early settlers, the wars which have raged between the two races, and the present condition of the American tribes, it is scarcely possible that any other than a most unfavourable judgment should have been formed. At a period so remote as the present from the time when America was first visited by a civilized people, it is difficult to separate truth from misrepresentation, in the statements which have been handed down to us; yet all the facts which we can ascertain, fully prove that in no one instance were those who first landed received by the savages (for so custom denominated them, though the name is often much misapplied) in a hostile manner, but always with hospitality and kindness, which they repaid with the blackest treachery, and conduct unworthy of men whose boasted civilization and religion should have taught them better how to return the generous confidence which was reposed in them. Roused by such treatment to a sense of their own power and superiority, goaded by perpetual encroachment and insult to desperation, and maddened by the infringement of even the sanctities of his hearth, the poor Indian dared to raise his hand in defence of his country, his family, and his honour; and for this was branded as a murderer, a savage,

a treacherous and relentless foe. If we examine the many instances in the early history of the country (for it is from that only that we can judge) in which the two races were opposed, we shall not find a single one which did not originate in European aggression ;—a fact which may excite our shame, but which evidence places beyond denial. To enter into an enumeration of cases would be an endless task, and one which, however interesting to an admirer of Indian character, would doubtless be tiresome to the general reader ; and I content myself, therefore, with an assertion of the fact, which a careful examination of American history will well sustain.

In any sketch of a peculiar people, it is well to endeavour, in the first instance, to obtain some idea of their origin : though this, in the present case, will be a matter of some little difficulty, as the point is one which has occasioned much dispute. The honour, if honour it be, of having first supplied inhabitants to the New World, has been severally assigned to five different nations :—the Greeks, Tartars, Scandinavians, Sandwich Islanders, and Jews ; and a variety of evidence has been produced in support of the claims of each, to enumerate which would require more space than the limits of this paper will allow, and I shall not therefore venture on the attempt ; but I may be permitted to state, as my own conviction, that the Indians are, as has been supposed by many, the last remains of the ten lost tribes of Israel. In personal appearance, though time and climate have doubtless done much, they still retain the Jewish cast of countenance ; but this is the weakest ground which we have for the opinion I have stated ; nor could we expect a perfect retention of all the characteristics of the people when we consider the circumstances which we find recorded in history, and which gives us the only clue which we possess to their actual fate. We are told in 2 Esdras xiii., that after they had passed beyond the river Euphrates, the ten tribes took counsel together that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go into a far country, never yet inhabited by men ; that they entered in at the narrow passages of the Euphrates, when the springs of the flood were stayed, and “went through the country a great journey, even a year and a half.” Now the rate at which so vast a company could travel, would not exceed twelve miles a day ; and this continued for six thousand miles—the distance from Assyria to Behring’s Straits—would just occupy the year and a half mentioned by Esdras. During this journey, however, they would probably intermingle, in some degree, with the nations through which they

passed, and this would tend much to diminish the distinctness of their personal national characteristics.

As, however, the peculiar mark of the Jewish nation was their religion, we should naturally look for some traces of this in any who assumed to be their descendants; nor shall we look in vain among the North American Indian tribes. They all worship one supreme Spirit, whom they call by various names; having, however, like the Jews, one appellation, which they use only in the most sacred rites, and this is "Je-ho-wah," evidently identical with the Jehovah of the Israelites. They use also in their sacred dances, the words "Meshehah," and "Shilu," together with many other phrases, of evidently Hebrew origin. They have their ark, which they allow no one to open, and which they carry to battle, placing all faith in its power; and we are told by Adair, that three persons having had the profanity to look into the ark, were punished with blindness,—the penalty which was threatened among the Jews for daring to look into the Holy of Holies. They have a great day of atonement, abstain from the use of blood, of swine's flesh, of fish without scales, and other creatures deemed impure by the Mosaical law; and compel the brother to marry his brother's widow, if he should die childless: in all these cases, strictly adhering to the practices of the Jews.

Such general evidence as this, coupled with the fact, that it affords a solution of what has hitherto been a problem of no small difficulty—the actual fate of the ten tribes, would be almost sufficient; but we have one or two facts of a more minute nature, which bear strongly upon the subject. If, in addition to a general resemblance, such as I have just mentioned, we found among any people one peculiar ceremony, preserved in some of its most minute points, which originated among, and was practised by another, we should, I presume, be justified in concluding that they were in some manner connected; and such is actually the case here.

Some years ago, when the Seneca Indians inhabited the spot now occupied by the town of Rochester, in the state of New York, the leading members of the nation met to celebrate a religious ordinance, not peculiar to themselves, but performed occasionally by many of the tribes. Two dogs, as nearly white as possible, were carefully selected from among those belonging to the tribe, and killed at the door of the council-house by strangulation, as the slightest effusion of blood would destroy the efficacy of the victim. The dogs were then painted fantastically of various colours, and

suspended at the height of twenty feet, in the middle of the village, and the ceremony then commenced; the five, seven, or nine days of its continuance, being marked by feasting and dancing. Two selected bands, one of men, and the other of women, ornamented with trinkets and feathers, and each person furnished with an ear of corn in the right hand, danced around a fire, regulating their steps by rude music; several men clothed themselves in skins, and scattered the embers from the fire around, for the purpose of driving away evil spirits; and the whole concluded with the conveyance, by the chief medicine-man, or priest, of the sins of the tribe into the persons of these two dogs. If any one will take the trouble to compare this with the account given in Leviticus xiv. 7—22 of the ceremony of the scape goat, he cannot but perceive how striking the resemblance is, and how well the North American Indians have preserved the peculiar religious practices of their ancestors.

It could hardly be expected that the Jews should have brought over with them any documents, after so long a captivity as that to which they were subjected; and it would be still less likely that they should have preserved them to the present day, having lost, most probably, in the corruptions to which their language were naturally subject, the power of reading the Hebrew in its pure state: and it would therefore hardly be considered as an insuperable objection to my theory, that we now find among the Indians no relics of Jewish literature; but even here we are not entirely destitute. A gentleman of Pittsfield, in Vermont, found one day in his grounds, what appeared to be a thick leather strap, which he threw aside as worthless rubbish. His curiosity, however, led him, some time afterwards, to examine it; and he discovered that this strap consisted of two pieces of hide, firmly sewn together with the sinews of some animal, being also gummed over to render it water-tight; inside were four folded pieces of parchment, of a dark yellow hue, and containing some kind of writing. The neighbours, coming in to see the strange discovery, tore one of the pieces to atoms, in their eager desire to gratify their curiosity; but the other three were sent to the university of Cambridge (Massachusetts), where they were examined, and found to contain Hebrew inscriptions, the three being severally quotations from Deut. vi. 4—9, Exod. xiii. 11—16, and Deut. xi 13—21; these being the very passages which, as Calmet informs us, the Jews were accustomed to write on their phylacteries.

Dr. Smith, in his *View of the Hebrews*, a clever and valuable work, tells us that an old Indian chief stated to a clergyman with whom he was conversing, that his forefathers had, not long since, possessed a book which they constantly carried with them, but having lost the knowledge of reading it, they buried it with an old chief of their tribe.

These circumstances, taken in connexion with the facts I have already stated, can hardly fail to convince a candid and impartial reader, that the American Indians are the last remaining descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel; the evidence, on the point, appearing to be as strong as can well be imagined or described. The only really important objection, indeed, which has been urged to this supposition, is, that we find among them no traces whatever of the Sabbath,—an institution so peculiarly Jewish, that we can scarcely imagine it to have been lost; but when we remember that the very reason for which the Israelites suffered such grievous captivity was the non-observance of all the precepts of the law, (2 Kings xvii. 2—6,) and this, when they were surrounded by all the external semblances of their religion; can we wonder that such should have been, to a still greater degree, the case in a far distant country, and after having endured a captivity of a hundred years? The life of a savage, continually abroad on hunting and predatory excursions, and rarely at home for any continuous time, is peculiarly unfavourable for the retention of any institution such as that of the weekly Sabbath; so that, even had the Jews preserved it until their arrival in the continent, we may readily imagine how soon it would fall into disuse.

The Indian's notion of a future state is peculiar, poetical, and highly characteristic of the customs and habits of the people. They believe that the soul (of the immortality of which they seem to have no doubt) will, after death, repair to a vast hunting-ground, in the regions of the blest, and there spend the countless hours of eternity in the pleasures of the chase. Acting upon this belief, their custom is to bury with their important chiefs, a supply of hunting implements, that they may be prepared for a full enjoyment of these celestial delights; and, indeed, the favourite horse is not unfrequently killed for a similar purpose. Many among the more civilized and christian nations of the world, might draw a profitable lesson from this custom of the poor Indian, who thus prepares himself, so far as he is able, to fulfil what he believes to be the purpose of his Creator.

Nothing can be more erroneous, than the notion that the Indians depend entirely for subsistence upon the chase, or that they have derived the knowledge of agriculture which they possess from the Europeans who have settled among them. When General Wayne destroyed the settlements of the Miamies and Wyandots on the Miami river, in 1794, he says, in his despatch, "Never have I beheld, in any part of America, such immense fields of corn as possessed by these Indians;" and though it is true that the tillage is now on a very small scale, and generally committed to the squaws, still the tribes depend partly on this for their subsistence.

Before any hunting excursion takes place, a council is held, in which the subject is submitted to the tribe, and their decision taken as to the place which shall be selected for the purpose. The principal chief first proposes a certain spot, as the best adapted, having been careful previously to ascertain the general wishes of the tribe, and this usually meets with a ready assent; but if any other locality should be proposed, the matter is discussed, and the opinion of the majority decides the question. These *savages*, indeed, set an example to their more *civilized* brethren, which might be imitated, on many occasions, with singular advantage. Each speaker carefully abstains from any uncourteous expressions towards his opponents; and the audience, believing that every one has a just right to his own opinions, however absurd they may appear, and however opposite to their own, give no evidence of disapprobation, but listen with patient and courteous silence to the arguments which he may have to adduce.

The skill of the Indians in the chase has been so often spoken of, and so highly praised, that nothing on this point can boast of novelty. Their power of using the bow is extraordinary, an arrow often passing entirely through the body of a buffalo, and falling on the other side, and in some instances, wounding another animal; a feat which, to one accustomed to the present style of European archery, is rather difficult of belief; but one which a short residence among this singular people will give many opportunities of witnessing and admiring. So much, however, has been said, and so ably, on this point, by Mr. Catlin, in his late valuable work on the North American Indians, and the public have become so well acquainted with the hunting customs of this singular people, through the medium of his interesting gallery, that I should be here trenching on already well occupied ground, were I to say more; but, to those who desire more copious information on

this branch of Indian customs, I can only recommend a perusal of the one, and a stroll in the other, as the best means of gratifying their wishes.

The social condition of the North American Aborigines is almost as much misrepresented and misunderstood as their general character ; and we are so accustomed to look upon it as wretched in the extreme, that it is almost a hopeless task to endeavour to remove so general an impression. We are all accustomed to believe, and often and often has the assertion been reiterated by various writers, that among the Indian tribes, woman is looked upon only as a slave, a species of domestic animal, useful only as a labourer, and valued only for her activity and strength ; while her more exalted duties, as the companion, the solace, the adviser of her husband, are entirely unknown. It is true, that she does not occupy so important a position in the social scale as is happily the case with us ; but this is, in a great measure, owing to the mode of life which they pursue, and is only what might have been expected among a predatory and roving race ; but the condition of the Indian squaw is by no means worse than that of the wife of a settler in the yet uninhabited portion of the Western States ; while the latter, from having left the comparative luxuries of even the humblest home in the east, feels far more acutely the privations to which she is exposed. The Indian wife shares her husband's daily toils, prepares his meal, and provides for every want and desire ; while she is as ready to share his joy when victorious, or his sorrow at defeat, as the most exalted of her sex in more favoured lands, or under a more refined system of social existence. As a wife, she is diligent and devoted ; as a mother, kind, indulgent, and assiduous ; what more could be said in her praise, or what greater testimony could be brought forward of her virtue and worth ?

We may call the Indians bloody and revengeful ; we may stigmatize them as cruel and unmerciful to their enemies ; but we must remember, when we do this, how much of this they owe to American example—how much they have done to corrupt and destroy them. They have fearfully diminished their numbers, and are even at this moment proceeding with all good will in this *noble* work—the blotting out from the face of their soil those who are its rightful lords, and who have received in return for the lands they have relinquished, the bullet and the rum-bottle, both potent ministers of destruction and death. Nor can they urge in palliation that they have compensated for thus destroying the temporal

happiness of the Indian by any amelioration of his moral condition, for they have deprived him of his pure and simple faith, without giving him any other in its stead ; they have, to use the words of Governor Cass, an American writer, “ neither taught him how to live nor how to die ! ”

One of the most interesting scenes which it was my lot to witness in the United States, was a council of the Seneca Indians, at which I had the good fortune to be present in the Autumn of 183— ; and which was held for the purpose of negotiating a treaty between the general government and the chiefs of the tribe,—once one of the most important in North America, and one of the Six Nations, which figure so largely in the early history of the Republic. The occasion was one of some little excitement and interest, for the opposition of the Indians to the treaty being very great, they were desirous of preventing, if possible, its consideration, and therefore burnt down the Council Lodge on the preceding day ; but the U. S. commissioner, nothing daunted by this display of feeling, insisted that the meeting should be held in the open woods. Nothing could possibly be imagined more picturesque than the scene which was presented at the moment when he commenced his opening address. In the centre of a deep grove, deeply overshadowed, and almost shut out from the surrounding world by the thick and clustering foliage of the over-hanging trees, were the smouldering embers of a large fire, the universal accompaniment to Indian deliberation ; around which were stretched, in every variety of graceful attitude, and attired in the most splendid style of native and savage finery, with pipe in mouth and tomahawk in hand, the principal chiefs, or sachems of the tribe, their eyes fixed on the commissioner, and their whole countenances betokening an earnestness and interest well befitting the occasion on which they were assembled. These occupied the circle immediately around the fire, while all around were scattered in groups the young men, the braves and warriors of the nation ; the women and children skirting the background of the picture, and evincing, by their eager and watchful glances, almost as great an interest in the scene, as those who were more immediately concerned in it. It would be scarcely possible to imagine a more interesting or exciting occasion than this ; even to those who were mere spectators, like myself. There, far removed from all sounds of civilized life, seemingly shut out, by the dark and impenetrable forest, from all communion with men, we were perfectly in the power of our savage friends, and in

danger of being sacrificed, at any moment, to their rage, should the insults which were heaped upon them by the commissioner, goad them beyond endurance, and render them unable any longer to restrain their indignation and rage: such circumstances were well calculated to lend a zest of excitement and interest to the scene.

And yet there was a great admixture of melancholy in the feelings with which I regarded the picturesque group, as, leaning against an old patriarch of the forest, I surveyed the scene before me. There, scattered in dull and hopeless lethargy, upon that soil which was by right their own, I beheld one of the last remnants of a noble and powerful race, which, but little more than two centuries since, claimed the whole of this vast continent for their own, and ranged, free and unrestrained, through its wide and trackless woods. This very tribe, whose chief sachems reclined around the council fire, listening with patient submission to the recital of treaties which they knew would be broken, of conditions never to be fulfilled, might once, with one blow, have annihilated all that existed of the European race in the western world, and nipped in the bud the power which was, ere long, to destroy them; or even worse, to reduce them to an ignominious subjection. Could the red Indian of that day, have cast an anticipatory glance at the fate which awaited his descendants in a future age, he would scarcely have received and cherished with hospitality and kindness, the viper which waited only for increased strength to sting and destroy his preserver; he would scarcely have extended the hand of fellowship to that pale-faced race, which was, ere long, to scatter the council fires of his nation, to drive them from the graves of their forefathers, and banish them by sure, though gradual steps, to the furthest regions of the west. But, alas! the poor Indian did not learn the true character of the race he had sheltered till it was too late to resist, and he was then left to mourn in silent sadness over the departed glories of his race, to see the tall houses of the pale-face rise on spots to him the most sacred, and the plough pass over the graves of his forefathers; to find the silent and shady grove, where he had first poured out his love-song to his mistress, profaned by the sound of the forge, and all the noise and turmoil of civilized life. And yet, because he dared to raise his hand in defence of these dear and hallowed scenes, we brand him as a murderer, a savage, a cruel and relentless foe.

There are some, however, who would rather be inclined to admire

the Indian for this, than to condemn him ; and of these I am not unwilling to avow myself to be one. I confess that I can see no crime in standing up, as he has done, as long as strength would permit, in defence of his country and his honour ; and I doubt whether we should not, many of us, have been inclined, under similar circumstances, to have acted in the same manner ; and when we were torn from our dearly-loved homes, and cast upon the wide world, to wander where we might, have become as cruel and as revengeful as the Indian of the western world.

Δ.

THE PRIMROSE.

WHEN the veil of night departing
Lingers in tears of morn,
Bright pendants of the virgin dew
Each flower adorn.

Beneath the spinous hawthorn shade,
A star of paly gold
Peeps from amid the clustered leaves—
So calm and cold ;

Unmindful of the threat'ning wind,
That stirs the leafless tree,
Securely resting in repose—
Frail though it be.

But when the burning summer beams,
Fierce passion of the year,
O'er the fair pride of spring-tide hope,
Then learns to fear,

This nursling of the rural bank,
Fanned by the breath of heaven,
To bloom in innocence there
By nature given,

And folding up her gentle charms,
With earth that may not war,
In pristine purity thus fades
The Primrose Star !

E. P.

TALES OF A SPANISH VETERAN.

HASSAN THE LION-SLAYER.

EVENING: from the marble minarets of Fezzan's distant capital, the solemn call was heard, at which the Moslem, bending earthward his face towards Mecca, aspirates his prayer to the great Disposer of events. The voice of the Imaum floated faintly on the breeze, that now waved the topmost branches of the palms, and sighed amid the clustered tamarisks: the balmy breeze, that cooled the fervid air, and bore upon its wings sweet scents, which told that it had passed through myrtle bowers, and where the almond scatters around its blossom, white as the snows of Atlas. In the distance arose itself the mountain monarch, tinged by the last beams of the setting sun, like a grim giant, clothed in panoply of mail, and girt with his scarf of gold and crimson.

It was a valley, broad, and fair to look upon: the rocks that fenced it in rose precipitous on either hand, hiding from view the horrors of the howling wilderness, the dark Zahara, where many a weary traveller has sunk to rise no more. Green pastures stretched, interspersed with corn-fields, far as the eye could reach. A gliding stream, that widened as it went, flashed as a bright vein of molten ore, and seemed like some rejoicing creature, gladdened by the light and loveliness around; by its side the goats were browsing, and camels chewed the cud. The lotus, like Venus from the wave, there rose in the pride of beauty; and many a shrub lent its fragrance to the passing gale. Scattered over the scene were thickets of plantain, and groves of stately trees, of every tint and shade. The prickly aloe flourished there; the cactus hung forth its crimson banners; and the prolific fig cast its broad shadow: the apricot, the date, the *life-sustaining* date, often for months the only food of those who tread the arid wilderness, and those how various! The roving Arab shares with his steed the desert food, and ere he rests at night beneath his canopy of palm, he blesses Allah for the precious gift; the pilgrim, bound to the shrine of Mecca, eats of the date, though sparingly, and praises Him from whom the boon proceeds; the camel-driver of the caravan, that bends its toilsome course from where the tombs of India's warlike kings look down into the crystal waters of the Ganges, even to the gilded domes of Ispahan, or to the sluggish Caspian tide, he and his

master, and the dark-eyed maidens of Circassia's vales and Georgia's flowery plains, torn from their childhood's homes to golden slavery; these, and the European that explores the unknown wilds, the Hindoo juggler and his dancing girls, bound for the Bosphorus; to these, and men of every tongue, creed, and condition, every age and sex, the date is food most precious; and in this vale it lifts its head above the tamarind and the fragrant lemon, and above the cassia bush. The calabash hangs here from its parent-stem, and the tall palm shoots up its fanlike head, as though a monarch of the woodlands exalted above his subjects of the leafy world: the rocks on either side, like garden walls, are clothed with blossom-laden tendrils and creeping green that hides their rugged fronts from sight.

Such is the downward view: let us turn now towards the valley's head, where the closing rocks shut in a narrow gorge, a mountain pass, where but a handful might withstand an army. Here let us keep the trodden path, for among the mazes of the lofty jungle grass hide the serpent and the scorpion,—the sole disturbers of surrounding beauty; so in life beneath joy's smiling semblance some cankering cause of sorrow ever lurks, and so is best, else should we be content here ever to remain, and turn no thoughts above.

We enter now the vale. Behold, we pass a spacious tent, hemmed in by closely planted trees, whose branches intertwine and screen it from a too intrusive gaze: yon gilded staff, that raises high the silver crescent above the topmost boughs, proclaims that herein dwells the nomade chief, a man of rank,—for so the blue silken flag bespeaks him. A few steps farther, and we approach a tall palisade of twisted reeds, fencing in an area of large extent; from within we hear the champ of the impatient steed, the bark of dogs, the piercing cry of the chetah, the growl of the caged lion, and the scream of birds, mingling with human voices. Gazing through the meshes of the split bamboo, we see whence this proceeds: far to the right is stretched a row of huts, varied in form and use; and parallel with these is an open shed, thatched with stubble of the golden maize; beneath the shade of this is ranged a line of Arab barbs, fine-limbed and sleek, ready for instant service: these champ their bits, and arch their slender necks, and long to race with whirlwinds in the desert. The rocks which hem in a part of the enclosure are scooped out into dens, grated with iron bars, from behind which glare eyes of fire; in one den rests the tawny monarch of the woods,—the rival tiger is his

neighbour ; a pure white Brahmin bull, and a pair of sleek spotted panthers, beside these ; and in the lower caves are laughing hyænas, jackalls, and wolves, with overhead the unwieldy pelican, the slaughter-loving vulture, and a host of rainbow-tinted parrots, making all around echo their discordant screams ; chattering jays, too, baboons, and apes in infinite variety. Two zebras stand apart within a shed, wild and untamed, but graceful in the symmetry of beauty ; see there, the tall giraffe stretches out his crane-like neck to pluck a shoot from an overhanging tree, as the ostrich, kindred tenant of the desert, stalking sedately by, pauses to gaze upon the only friend he knew before the hand of man imprisoned him. Four muzzled chetahs stalk up and down, uttering their savage snarl as they pass where the gaunt, broad-chested dogs recline, which, starting up, return their fierce defiance with an angry growl. These, with two lamas and a porcupine, bristling its quills at every near approach, with fowls and birds of various kinds, make up the ark-like assembly ; and yet these are not all : a loud neigh, at times, and now low whinnying behind yon fence of twisted cactus stems, tell where they keep the Arab mares and foals ; the bleat of sheep, the bark of dogs heard in the distance, tell that, beyond where we can see, still life exists. Hear ye that noise so shrill and trumpet-like ?—it comes from yonder building, loftier than the rest, for there the elephants are kept ; numerous attendants are hurrying to and fro preparing food and drink for evening ; with eager eyes the animals survey these preparations. But we must on.

Now we are passing between rows of weather-stained tents, rudely constructed, low and roofed with camel-skin : here dwell the inferior members of the tribe, for those of higher rank live apart within the wood-encircled space allotted to the prince. Groups of half-naked children are sporting in all the wild exuberance of infant glee ; while, ever and anon, a swarthy face looks forth, and a shrill voice, threatening to the very echoes punishment, startles the wild urchins, who scamper off like antelopes before the lion's roar. The men are absent on their duties : some fold for the night the sheep or camels in the distant fields ; some light the fires to scare away the wolves ; some search the thicket, that no beast of prey may be in lurking there ; while others set the watches to protect against any living enemy the slumber of the vale.

“The tents are passed, and we have reached a spot where the waters of a crystal spring gush forth from a rocky fissure: from

hence the rivulet arises, and hence the waters flow, forgetful of their fountain head, in one unbroken jet, and fall into a spacious reservoir scooped from the projecting rock; escaping thence, they whirl, and leap, and rush with headlong speed down the declivity into the plain.

Hither, when the golden sunset hues gild the peaks of the distant mountains, and when the Imaum's voice and call to prayer hath died away upon the breeze, hither hasten the maidens of the tribe to fill their vessels with the sparkling water: it is the custom of the land; and, high or low, none may neglect the duty. So, while I speak, they come; each Hebe-like, a jug upon her head, while kind greetings and light sounds of laughter re-echo round their path;—and now they sit beneath the acacia boughs which cluster round that spot: it is the hour of mirth and relaxation,—the only hour the maiden has to pour into ear of friendship those hopes and fears that ever flutter round her heart. But who is she that moves amid the throng, a goddess of ethereal mould? a creature she, not of the common clay; grace is in every movement, and her step as the antelope's is bounding and light, yet fraught with dignity and stateliness; her waist is slender as the cyprus stem, her rounded limbs of exquisite proportion; her face—blow, gentle breezes, waft the veil aside that shrouds her goddess face—'tis done, and lo! a beauteous vision, vision of loveliness on which no eye of man may gaze undazzled: mirth, when she smiles, irradiates all around, and music, when she speaks, thrills to the soul as some sweet melody of days gone by! Great Allah never made another such as she—the peerless one—the Emir's child. Famed for her beauty far and wide, but more for excellence that eastern maidens seldom know, doomed either to a hopeless drudgery, or existing as a splendid toy. But here was an exception; born in our own beloved Spain, her early years knew christian guidance and instruction; thus was her mind well stored, intellect vigorous, perception quick, dauntless her soul, (this ye will find,) and judgment true and sound beyond her years, for she had numbered scarcely sixteen summers. And she was gentle too, tender, confiding; affable and kind to those of lower grade, so all that knew her loved, nay idolized!

The speaker paused; his head sunk upon his venerable breast, which was heaving with some powerful emotion: down his furrowed visage a few bright tears were slowly stealing, till they rested on his

silver beard, and there hung glittering,—the gems of Grief, with which she pays tribute to Memory and Affection. None broke the silence: all knew that the old man's thoughts were bent towards the grave of his adopted daughter, she who should have been the comfort of his declining years, she whom he could not but recall to mind when he spoke of the fair Zaide.

H. G. ADAMS.

(To be continued.)

THE RAINDROP OF SPRING.

How lovely is the spring-shower's raindrop nesting
Within the bosom of the fresh-blown flower ;—
Like to the gentle tear of sorrow resting
Upon our childhood's earliest, sweetest hour.

It is a short-lived and soon fleeting sorrow ;
The sunshine quickly chaseth it away ;
But it will surely come again to-morrow,
For there's a share of grief for every day.

The griefs of childhood are so bright and fleeting,
We almost seem to love the tears they bring ;
But they foretel a future, bitterer weeping,
'That soon shall blight and sear the heart within.

The summer comes with might, like manhood strong ;
'Twill ripen the fruit with its burning sun ;
But Hope's fragrant blossoms will all be gone,
For nought is so sweet as when it is young.

And then the raindrops will come heavier down,
And cold autumn's winds will scatter the leaves ;
The sky will be dark with a cloudy frown,
And lightning will wildly shiver the trees :

And wilder and wilder the winds will blow,
And winter will come with its mantle cold ;
And the streamlets of joy shall cease to flow
When weary, seared age shall come, grey and old.

Oh, the raindrop of spring is a beautiful thing,
But a tale of sadness to come it doth bring ;
Though now, like the sorrow of childhood, 'tis fleeting,
It tells of a future, far bitterer, weeping.

PUCK.

NOVALIS:—HYMNS TO NIGHT.

FROM Schiller we have translated, from Herder too, from Lessing, and from Jean Paul Richter, yet to none of these translations has biographical notice been prefixed: why then is Novalis thus distinguished from the rest?—For this reason simply:—if, among the many readers of our Magazine, there be one purely English, one to whose ears the name and the sorrows of poor Novalis have never reached, we would not risk exposing to mere cursory perusal those sublime compositions, which tell perhaps the saddest tale a work of genius ever could unfold. Friedrich von Hardenberg, the Kirke White of Germany, was born of wealthy and pious parents, one of a large family of children distinguished for intellectual endowments; but of his brothers and sisters, most perished in their young bloom, so soon as he had learned to love them. Hardenberg, however, grew, and in course of time became most passionately attached to one of those *too fair* beings whose surpassing loveliness (we speak in the sobriety of reason and observation) marks them to be not intended for this rough world. Hardenberg loved Sophie * * with all the ardour of a youthful poet; his suit was accepted, and he was betrothed:—shortly after, his Sophie died, the hopes of the poet were blighted, and he lived, thenceforth, but as a stranger upon earth. Within a month of the death of his mistress, he received intelligence that his eldest brother had been drowned; and, long ere he had recovered from this second shock, the beloved governess of Sophie, saddened at the loss of a pupil whose heart-strings were entwined with hers, followed her in sorrow to the grave. This was the last link that held Novalis to the world; that broken, his thoughts, his hopes, his prospects were in heaven. Tieck (by whom, in conjunction with F. Schlegel, his collected writings were given to the world) has beautifully expressed the character of his life and works, by saying that on the things of earth he looked with the bright eyes of a heavenly visitant; while in taking for his theme the glories of heaven, he described the sphere with which his spirit was most familiar. Until his twenty-ninth year he lingered in this world, and then his soul once more was with the lost Sophie. He commenced several romances, and left them fragments. “Heinrich von Ofterdingen” was to have introduced a new era in poetry:—

it is a fragment. Sad indeed are all these fragments, all commenced after his bereavement, breathing the spirit of his holy sorrow, their end forestalled by an untimely death. Most expressive, however, of the intensity of feeling in this "wanderer upon earth," are his Hymns to Night,—six short, but eloquent compositions, exquisitely touching, and by which he is principally known. In these the poet's pure, exalted mind, bowed by the bitterest of earth's afflictions, pours forth in the season of suffering its noble inspiration. Filled with sublime and heavenly meditation, the spirit of Novalis soars here beyond the vulgar ken; to the uncongenial worldly mind these glowing thoughts of an inspired imagination are often hidden or obscure; he only who can enter fully into the spirit of the hour that called them forth may hope to read aright the glorious sentiments these hymns unfold; hymns that an angel-spirit sang! In these, the bitter plaints of the bereaved Novalis pour forth all their eloquence; in these, we learn to love their pious author; and from these, hard must he be of heart who can withhold his sympathy, though he learn to know them only through the barest and most meagre of translations. All works lose by translation; those of "the poet of Night" lose most of all; yet even this thought shall not deter us from the task of love, the honest tribute of a stranger's sympathy. Each month, until they be completed, a few lines of our Magazine will be devoted to one of these immortal hymns, and we do most sincerely trust that the English reader will endeavour rather to sympathize with the feelings of their unfortunate author, than to criticize those errors of style and diction that indicate an inefficient translator.

HAL.

HYMNS TO NIGHT.—I.

Who that has life and intelligence, loves not, before all the surrounding miracles of space, everjoyous light with its tints, its beams, and its waves, its mild omnipresence, when it comes as the waking day. Like the inmost soul of life, it is inhaled by the giant universe of gleaming stars, that dance as they swim in its blue flood; it is inhaled by the glittering, eternally motionless stone, by the living plant that drinks it in, by the wild and impetuous beast in its many forms; but above all, by the glorious stranger, with eyes of intellect, majestic step, with lips melodious, and gently

closed. As a king over earthly nature, it calls forth to countless changes every power, binds and loosens bonds unnumbered, and hangs around every earthly being its heavenly picture. Alone its presence declares the wondrous glory of the kingdoms of the world.

I turn aside to the holy, the inexpressible, the mysterious Night. Afar off lies the world, buried in some deep chasm : desolate and lonely is the spot it filled. Through the chords of the breast sighs deepest sorrow. I will sink down into the dewdrops, and with ashes will I be commingled. The distant lines of memory, desires of youth, the dreams of childhood, a whole life's short joys and hopes vain, unfulfilled, come clothed in grey, like evening mists, when the sun's glory has departed. Elsewhere has the light broken upon habitations of gladness. What, should it never return again to its children, who with the faith of innocence await its coming ?

What fount is thus suddenly opened within the heart, so full of fore-thought, that destroys the soft breath of sorrow ? Thou also—dost thou love us, gloomy Night ? What holdest thou concealed beneath thy mantle that draws my soul towards thee with such mysterious power ? Costly balsam raineth from thy hand ; from thy horn pourest thou out manna ; the heavy wings of the spirit liftest thou. Darkly and inexpressibly do we feel ourselves moved : a solemn countenance I behold with glad alarm, that bends towards me in gentle contemplation, displaying, among endless allurements of the mother, lovely youth ! How poor and childish does the light now seem ! How joyous and how hallowed is the day's departure !—Therefore then only, because Night dismissed thy vassals, hast thou sown in the infinity of space those shining balls to declare thine almighty power, and thy return in the season of absence ? More heavenly than those glittering stars seem the unnumbered eyes that Night has opened within us. Farther can they see than beyond the palest of that countless host ; without need of light can they pierce the depths of a spirit of love, that fills a yet more glorious space with joy beyond expression. Glory to the world's Queen, the high declarer of spheres of holiness, the nurse of hallowed love ! Thee, thou tenderly beloved one, doth she send to me,—thee, lovely sun of the Night. Now I awaken, for I am Thine and Mine : the Night hast thou given as a sign of life, and made me man. Devour with glowing spiritual fire this earthly body, that I ethereal may abide with thee in union yet more perfect, and then may the bridal Night endure for ever.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

No. III.

IN my last paper, I explained the system of historical study, which seeks to bring out, from the comparison of events, laws of human action, applicable to all times and nations; and this I endeavoured to elucidate, by the analogy of the laws of the physical creation, and concluded that, in order to the correct development of any such law, or its application to existing circumstances, the closest and most accurate attention is demanded, that we may thoroughly enter into the points of similarity, which will bring a common law into operation, and those of dissimilarity, which will, in a greater or less degree, modify its effects. It is, perhaps, to the latter that our attention should be more especially directed: for the human mind is prone to seize on some one or more points of agreement, which obtrude themselves on its notice and strike its fancy, while it neglects many and important differences, which lie under the surface, and require care and research to bring them to light. Numberless are the fallacies in reasoning, and the false deductions from history, which arise from the non-perception of latent distinctions. "See!" cries one, "how well the United States of America can get on with democracy,—consider the energy of her people, their enterprise, their wealth, the plenty diffused among all classes. Why should not we get on as well without king or aristocracy?" How easily does he pass over the almost infinite differences between an old and new country. "Think," exclaims another, of opposite politics, "how happy and contented are the people under the paternal government of Austria. Oh, that we were blessed with an unlimited monarchy!" With what facility does he, too, slip over the differences, based on the effects of ages, which render the states of England and Austria utterly dissimilar. Thus it is, though not often so palpably, that men argue; it is for the true and sincere student of history to avoid to the utmost this subtle and dangerous error. It is my purpose to endeavour, in the following remarks, to point out some few characteristics of resemblance or difference, which will mainly affect the character, history, and tendencies of nations, and must be taken into consideration in applying to them such general laws as extended research may have enabled us to discover. Nor is it

merely in the application of a law to the future, that they are of force; they must be taken into account in the investigation of such laws; for it must ever be remembered, that to apply a law to a past event, of which the causes and results are in a great measure developed, is to subject it to a farther trial, to test its soundness and universality. The law may help us to understand the event; the event may throw new light upon the law.

The first point then to which our attention should be directed is the geographical situation, and physical character and capabilities of the country under consideration. Nothing more powerfully or more durably affects the destinies of a nation than the nature of the region they inhabit; nothing has greater influence in the formation of their national character. This may, at first sight, appear a too general assertion, and indeed would be so, were this one brought forward to the exclusion of other collateral influences; but it will be found to form a most important element in our calculations, on the past history and future destinies of a people. To illustrate by example: it must be evident to every one who glances at the map of Asia, and bears in mind its physical conformation, that the vast central plain, extending from the Himalaya chain to the shores of the Arctic Sea, must ever be inhabited by nomade races, living on horseback, of warlike temper, but utterly unacquainted with the cultivation of the ground, or the arts of civilized life. It is no less manifest that the steppes of Tartary are incapable of maintaining a large or increasing population, and that the surplus of inhabitants must seek an habitation in the more fertile regions of the south. Here, then, in the nature of the country, which forms the northern district of the Asiatic continent, we perceive the cause, the physical necessity, which poured the swarms of Attila into Europe, or subjected the rich plains of Southern Asia to the devastating hordes of Zenghis Khan or Tamerlane; nay more, we see the secret origin of the succession of barbarian irruptions, which followed, like wave on wave, during the decline of Roman power, and deluged the provinces of Western Europe; for the further back we trace the progress of the barbarian hordes, which have established themselves in the west, the more clear indications do we obtain, that their earliest seat was in the steppes of the central Asiatic region. Here, then, is geography in the closest connexion with history. Again, consider the annals of the state of Athens. Here, again, we find the physical constitution of Attica most clearly marking out the tendencies of its inhabitants. A land, mountainous, com-

paratively barren, and ill calculated for extensive agriculture, but nearly surrounded by the sea, and possessing admirable harbours, must manifestly impart to its inhabitants a mercantile and naval character; while by the slight temptation it offered to the cupidity of early ages, it afforded full scope for the development of the tendency. Hence the maritime greatness of Athens; hence, too, by an influence which it would be irrelevant here to explain, the democratic character of her political constitution. In fact, the history of every nation, and every region of the habitable world, is one continued testimony to the influence of geographical situation on national character, and the series of events which have affected mankind. The student who desires really to understand a nation, or to form a sound judgment as to its future course, cannot fix his mind too closely on the geography of its country; he should trace the course of every river, every mountainous chain which intersects it; he should render himself acquainted with the nature of its climate, and the capabilities of its soil; nay, he may with profit call in the geologist and mineralogist to aid him in his researches. He will thus attain to the knowledge of certain facts, constant in their operation, and from their very nature unchangeable, and will be less easily led astray by the passing appearances of the moment. It may appear somewhat presumptuous to apply this rule to present circumstances, and to attempt to predict, when a very few years may bring contradiction to the most confident prophecy; but the case of Russia, and the much debated question as to her real designs, appears to me so apposite an illustration, that I cannot pass over it in silence. Whenever the course of events leads public attention, as was so recently the case, to the state and prospects of the East, the question is continually arising, Has the court of St. Petersburg any designs on Constantinople, or are such notions mere idle rumours of the day? We should rather ask, Does the situation of the two countries lead us to conclude that the capital of Turkey would be a necessary or highly desirable acquisition to the Muscovite power? Does nature appear to have destined it for her sway? If the answer be in the affirmative, the fact is one which may well outweigh the protestations of a court, be they ever so sincerely intended; for there is that in the will of nature, if we may so speak, expressed in the geography of a region, which exercises a secret, but irresistible influence over the tendencies of every people.

Another point most important, and claiming our attention in the

highest degree, is that which relates to the religious belief of the nation with which our calculations are concerned. Religion, viewed independently of its personal character, as an influence acting on national character and conduct, can hardly be overrated as to its power, and the extent and duration of its effects; it is impossible thoroughly to understand any people, to enter into their character, and feel what they are, and of what they are capable, till we have at least, in a considerable degree, rendered ourselves acquainted with the nature and spirit of their religion, and can, in some measure, sympathize with the sentiments which it produces in them. I speak, of course, of religious belief generally, and not of any particular form under which it displays itself; nay, by this expression I would signify, not merely a definite theological system, specifying the object and manner of worship, but the general scope and tendency of the religious feeling which is implanted in every man, and of those sentiments which are opposed to human selfishness, and which set out the notion of duty under any shape, as the guiding principle of action. Human feelings may be divided into two great classes—those in which self-interest is the actuating energy,—and those which point to something superior to ourselves, something ideal, if we may use the expression, as the object of our desires and our endeavours, and instil into our minds the sense of a bond of duty. The latter sentiment exists, under some form, if not in the mind of every individual, at least in the spirit of every nation, and the direction which it takes will exercise a powerful influence on the national character. That such should be the case, our knowledge of human nature would lead us to conclude; for a nation, like an individual, is most durably affected by that which lies deepest in its mind, and adheres most closely to its inmost feelings; and there is nothing which men embrace more closely, and cherish more inwardly, than the religious belief which has once taken hold on their minds. It is when man feels himself to be in the presence, and under the government of a Being above him, yet in some mysterious manner connected with him, that the deepest, and strongest, and most lasting emotions are called forth in his soul; he is conscious that there is something in his nature exalted, and destined for higher objects and nobler purposes than those which daily surround him; and the spirit of the sentiment, as modified by circumstances, follows him, in some degree, throughout every action of his life, and is one which he cannot be brought to give up without a struggle. Hence the durable effects of religious belief on national character. It was the declaration of

Napoleon,—a testimony drawn from him by the contemplation of past ages,—that without religion a nation could not exist. It is, too, when mighty events are working, and ordinary motives seem inadequate to move men's minds to the necessary exertions, that the effect of religious belief on public events and the fate of empires is most evident. It was when the whole force of Western Europe, under the greatest general of any age, stood arrayed on the banks of the Niemen, banded together to crush religion and liberty, and establish the reign of infidelity and despotism throughout the civilized world; when hope seemed withered, and the powers of evil seemed to reign and triumph over mankind; when the ordinary motives of ambition, and glory, and self-interest, which spur men to action, seemed to have lost their wonted efficacy; then it was, that the deep religious devotion, which animated the breasts of the nobles and peasants of Russia, came forth with almost divine splendour, and hurled the despot of France from his throne, and restored the light of truth and freedom in Europe. Contrast with this, the pusillanimity with which the infidel French people saw their boasted capital twice fall into the hands of the allied armies, and, when once the charm of military glory was dissolved, made not a single national effort to avert disaster and degradation; and we see most clearly, how deep and mighty is the energy of religious feeling in the heart of a nation, and what effects it can produce, when every other motive is powerless. Again, I repeat, we must study a nation's religion, before we can know of what they are capable, and whither their character and history is tending.

Another point to which attention must be given is that of national character. It may, indeed, appear as though this were included in the two points previously mentioned, and would be found dependent on them. To a certain extent this is true, and there can be no doubt that we shall then best understand the national character of a people, when we know the nature of their religion, and shall receive considerable aid in our inquiry, from the consideration of the position and physical capabilities of their country. But there are other influences which cooperate in the formation of a national character, and often tend to impart to it a colouring, different from that which their religious belief might lead us to expect. Among these, the stock and parentage from which a nation is derived holds a prominent place. We find in different races of men, marked differences of character, for which we cannot always account, which appear contrary to what we should have expected, but which evidently descend from generation

to generation, and exercise a lasting influence on events. Circumstances, too, in the history of a nation,—the turn which its literature has taken, or the form of government to which it has been for many ages accustomed,—produce a durable effect on its character, independently of religious belief or geographical situation. National character, then, as we find it, formed by these and a variety of other influences, must be taken into account in every historical inquiry. Nor is it merely in public acts and important transactions that we are to seek indications of it; they may be traced, perhaps more effectually, in the intercourse of private life, and the general tone of society, provided that these be observed with discrimination, and their spirit understood and appreciated.

The political nature of the government of a country is another point to which our thoughts must turn; but on this it is needless to dwell, for reason and experience leave no room for doubt as to its importance, and there is some danger of its occupying our minds to the exclusion of other no less weighty considerations. Such are some few of the many points of similarity or difference which must be taken into account, in the application of general laws deduced from experience, and in the deduction of the laws themselves. It must be remembered, that they cannot be rightly considered apart, but must be in our minds connected with one another, and exercise a mutual influence, perpetually opposing, modifying, or counteracting one another.

Thus briefly, then, I have mentioned some of the questions which must be answered, when we adopt that plan in historical study, which leads us to view events as parts of a great whole, tending to one object, and regulated by general laws, founded on the principles of human nature. There are other lights in which we may look on this system, and there are dangers springing from it which require to be mentioned; but these must form the material of a subsequent paper.

G. S. W.

STERLING WORTH.

(From the German of Blumauer.)

ACT with a man as you would with a piece of money: if his edge be rough, and his voice ring honestly, extend your hand freely to receive him; if he be worn down by intercourse with the world, be not so eager for his company; but if he be clipped by fashion, avoid him altogether.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

A TRAGEDY.

(Translated from the Greek of Æschylus.)

[In putting forth a new translation of a master-piece of ancient literature, which has already given employment to the pens of scholars, the author may be, with apparent reason, suspected of presumption, and an exaggerated opinion of his own powers; with a view to the removal of such suspicions, it may be as well for him candidly to state the motives which induced him to take upon himself so arduous a task. It was not with the hope of surpassing former translations of the same work (for, in fact, he must plead guilty to a very limited acquaintance with them,) nor with his mind fixed on defects existing in them, but simply in the belief that the King's College Magazine might fall into the hands of some, who, unacquainted with the language of the original, and previous versions of it, would nevertheless be glad to become familiar with so noble a specimen of the Greek drama, that the following translation has been undertaken and continued.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VULCAN.

KRATOS, (*Strength.*)BIA, (*Violence.*)

PROMETHEUS.

OCEANUS.

MERCURY.

Io.

CHORUS OF OCEAN NYMPHS.

SCENE.—*The Caucasian range of mountains, surrounded by desert plains, and looking down on the Euxine and Caspian Seas. It remains unchanged throughout the Play.*

Enter PROMETHEUS, guarded by KRATOS, BIA, and VULCAN.

KRATOS. Earth's farthest confines have our steps attained,
To Scythian wilds untenanted by man.
Vulcan, 'tis thine thy sire's command t'obey;
To these precipitous o'erhanging rocks,
Caucasian piles, in adamantine chains,
Indissoluble fetters, here to bind
This robber-god; who, beyond measure bold,
Thy sacred right, the splendour pure of fire,
Mother of every art, to mortal men

By impious theft has given ; for which condemned,
 He here shall wither ; till, by suffering taught,
 He shall unlearn his love for human race,
 And own with awe the royal power of Jove.

VULCAN. Your task is done, and Jove's behest by you
 Performed ; but mine with terror thrills my soul,
 To chain a captive to this wintry chasm,
 A kindred god ! but stern necessity
 Compels to daring ; for my father's will
 To slight, more fearful recompense would draw.
 Wise son of Themis, with reluctant hand
 Thee Jove compels in stubborn chains to bind,
 Unwilling captive, to this desert rock,
 Where neither kindly voice, nor human form,
 Again shall gladden thee, but ardent suns
 Thy bloom shall wither ; while with joy thou seest
 Star-spangled night throw round the beams of day
 Her silver mantle, till the rising sun
 Scatter the morning frost ; thy pining form,
 Grief ever present, ever felt shall waste ;—
 For hope is none, where none can bring relief.
 The cause of all these woes, thy love for man :—
 A god ; regardless of the wrath divine,
 Honours unmeet to mortals thou didst give ;
 Wherefore this joyless rock thy ward shall be,
 Nor dewy sleep shall on thy eyelids press,
 Nor rest thy stiffened limb ; but many a groan
 And many a bitter wail thy lips shall pour
 In vain ; for Jove's inexorable will
 Forbids to hope ; and all, who, newly-great,
 Unwonted sceptre wield, are stern of mood.

KRAT. Why tardy thus in pity waste thy breath ?
 Oh ! rather hate the enemy of heaven,
 By every god abhorred, who durst betray
 Thy sacred honours to that earth-born race.

VULC. Friendship of old, by kindred blood cemented,
 Strikes horror to my soul.

KRAT. Be it so ; and yet
 Thy father's high behest to disobey
 A stouter heart demands. This rather fear.

VULC. Oh ! thou art ever deaf to pity's voice.

KRAT. Will pity heal his wounds ? Cease then to spend
Thy words and tears in profitless regret.

VULC. Oh ! hateful art !

KRAT. Art hated without cause ;
For, truth to tell, 'tis not the origin
Of this your sorrow.

VULC. Would it were not mine !

KRAT. Ay ! nought will please, but 'mid the gods to reign
Supreme :—but Jove alone from toil is free.

VULC. 'Tis but too true.

KRAT. Then to thy task, and bind
Thy prisoner here, lest his all-seeing glance
Spy thy delay.

VULC. The fetters lie prepared. [weight

KRAT. Then take them ; and with strength the hammer's
Wielding, around his hands securely twine them,
And rivet to the rock.

VULC. 'Tis done.

KRAT. Strike harder,
And strengthen every link ; relax not one ;
Draw tighter every band ; for skilled is he,
E'en where escape is none, escape to find.

VULC. This arm at least is firmly fixed and safe.

KRAT. Secure this other too, that he may learn,
With all his craft, he is no match for Jove.

VULC. So far I'm blameless.

KRAT. Now then, firmly wedge
Th' unyielding iron's tooth between his breasts.

VULC. Alas ! Prometheus, for thy lot I weep.

KRAT. Again you tarry, and Jove's foes lament ?
Beware, lest soon thyself shall need thy pity.

VULC. Thou seest a sight, that well may shock the eye.

KRAT. I see this fellow meeting his deserts :—
But girth his sides around.

VULC. It must be done :
But moderate that stern commanding tone.

KRAT. Command I will, and spur you to the task :
Quick now—descend, and bind his legs beneath.

VULC. Slight is the task, nor lengthened labour asks.

KRAT. Now round his ancles fix the hollow rings ;
Securely fix—you have a strict taskmaster.

VULC. Well suit thy rugged form and words severe.

KRAT. Shame on thy weakness! Darest thou charge
against me

My fiery mood and stubborn soul as crimes?

VULC. Let us depart; for fast his limbs around
The chain is twined, and all my toil complete.

KRAT. There now be proud; snatch from the gods their dues,
And give them to those creatures of a day.

Can any mortal save you now, my friend?

'Tis by mistake the gods have named you Wisdom,

For now, it seems, you wisdom need yourself,

To aid you in escaping from these chains.

[*Exeunt all but PROMETHEUS.*

PROMETHEUS. Oh! air divine, and ye swift-winged winds,
Ye founts of waters, all ye countless smiles,
That dance on ocean's wave, thou teeming earth,
And thou, th' all-seeing orb of day, behold
What ills I bear—a god by gods oppressed.

Thus tortured, torn by lasting grief,
No passing day shall bring relief;
Insulted, prisoned here to pine
Through ages yet unborn is mine:
For Jove condemns to endless chains,
Who now a new-made monarch reigns.
Ah me! my past, my present wrong,
My future woes, a countless throng,
Appal my soul; nor hope, nor bound,
Nor cure for all my ills is found.

And yet what words are these? 'Tis mine to read

The book of fate, nor unexpected ill

Can e'er befall; and, when the fates command,

'Tis folly to lament; since nought avails

To ward Necessity's resistless stroke.

Alas! whence all my woe I cannot tell,

Yet cannot leave untold:—to mortals honour

I gave, and therefore bear misfortune's yoke.

Down from the sky the stolen fount of flame,

Hidden in a reed, I bore, which every art

Hath taught mankind their chiefest source of wealth:

Such was the crime, and such the penalty,

Here aye to hang, an airy prisoner.

Alas ! alas ! what sound,
 What scent approacheth, scarce discernible
 Divine or mortal or of mingled essence ?

It cometh to this distant mount,
 Spectator of my sorrows—for what else,
 Unless for this, I know not. Here ye see

A prisoner god, and full of woe

Him sworn of Jove eternal foe :

Detested enemy of all

Who throng the high Olympian hall,

Since first, despite the will of Heaven

My love to mortal men was given.

Alas ! what shrill-toned sound is there

Of light wings waving in the air ?

Now every sound which cometh near,

Alas ! to me brings cause of fear.

Enter CHORUS OF OCEAN NYMPHS.

CHORUS. Nothing fear ; a friendly band,

Speeding through the fields of air,

Far Caucasian hills among,

Us our waving pinions bear.

Father Ocean's doubting soul

Scarcely all entreaties bent ;

Swiftly-gliding breezes kind

Aidance to our path have lent.

When the hammered iron's clang,

Echoing through our caverns rang,

Thought was none of blushing shame,

Swift, on winged car, I came.

PROMETH. Offspring of fruitful Tethys line,

Daughters of Ocean's race divine,—

Of him, whose sleepless billows roll,

Earth-circling aye from pole to pole,—

Oh ! see, behold with pitying eye,

A fettered captive, bound on high !

'Mid giant rocks, and ravines deep,

Unenviable watch I keep.

CHORUS. All I see. A fearful cloud,

Dim with tear-drops, veils my sight,

While thy stately form I view

Shackled to the mountain's height ;

Bound in adamantine chain,
Prisoner here to pine away,
Shrinking from the wintry blast,
Scorched by summer's burning ray.
Now, with all his servile trains,
Jove, in high Olympus, reigns;
Now in new-born grandeur bold
Pours contempt on all that's old.

PROMETH. Oh! that 'neath earth 'twere mine to dwell
Beneath the shades that people hell;
E'en ever bound in cruel chain
In boundless Tartarus' domain;
That neither god nor man inight see,
And o'er my wrongs keep jubilee:
Now hung on high, where every foe
May add his scorn to swell my woe.

CHORUS. There cannot be a heart
That grieves not for thy grief;
There cannot be a hand
Would bring thee not relief;
Jove alone, in fury raging,
All-inexorable god,
War on every godhead waging,
Ever joys in strife and blood;
Till his soul with slaughter sated
Shall loathe the foul repast,
Or himself, in cunning mated,
Down from his throne be cast.

PROMETH. Yet mark, e'en me, a slave detained,
In these degraded fetters chained;
He'll need me yet, this mighty Jove,
This monarch of the realms above.
For names my prophet voice alone
The man shall hurl him from his throne,
Tear from his brow the royal band,
And wrench the sceptre from his hand.
But not persuasion's gentle sway
Shall charm my sterner mood away;
For mandate high, or warning dread,
I'll keep my prophecy unread;
Till, burst the fetter from my hand,
Once more in freedom's pride I stand,

And he for insult and for woe
Shall fullest recompense bestow.

CHORUS. Oh ! thou art bold of mood ;
Thy heart is framed of steel ;
The words, unchecked by pain,
Defiance proud reveal ;
Racking grief my soul is wearing,
Doubts distract my aching breast,
Where thy fortune's bark is bearing,
When thy trouble's storm shall rest.
Firm of will, of soul unbending,
Is Saturn's mighty son ;
Tears and supplications blending
Have ne'er his pity won.

PROMETH. Jove's mind is stern, nor knows to yield :
His hands the sword of justice wield ;
But e'en that soul shall learn to bend,
When terrors on his head descend ;
Compelled to quench his anger's flame,
Compelled his spirit proud to tame.

CHORUS. Come ! tell us, to our sight the past unveiling,
What crimes were those, for which the king of heaven
Thus bitterly insults thee ; tell us all,
Unless some harm unknown the story bear.

PROMETH. Grievous it is of this my lot to speak,
And not to speak more grievous—all is grief.
When first dissensions filled the court of heaven,
That civil strife portended, some were bent
Old Saturn from his throne to hurl, that Jove
Might reign supreme thenceforward ; some, with zeal
No less, resolved that Jove should never reign
King of the gods ; then I, though wise my plans,
My kindred Titans, sons of heaven and earth,
Persuaded not ; for, crafty counsels spurning,
The bolder thoughts and high resolve confirmed,
They hoped with ease and by brute force to rule.
To me not once alone my mother Themis
(Earth called, though one full many titles bearing,)
Predicted all the future, and thus said :—
“ Not open violence, but secret wiles
May best subdue the stronger.” These my words

And sage instructions they unworthy deemed
E'en of one moment's thought ; then I, what course
Were meetest in such strait revolving long,
Determined, with my mother leagued, to stand
A prompt ally upon the side of Jove.
By my advice Tartarean vaults profound
In ever-during dark old Saturn hide
With all his fellows ; such the benefit
By me on Jove conferred ; this wretched fate
My only recompense, for royalty
Has this disease, its best friends to distrust.
But that you have demanded, from what source
Spring all these wrongs and insults, I will tell :
When first he sat on his paternal throne,
Forthwith his various honours he assigned
To every friendly deity, and ranged
In order due his kingdom, but of men
Took no account, save all the mortal race
From earth to sweep, and in their place to plant
A new-made generation ; this t' oppose
None dared but I ! From dire destruction's gate
And Hades' realm all human race I saved ;—
Hence all I suffer, hence the punishment,
Grievous to feel, and mournful to behold :
For pitying mortals, pity to obtain
Myself, when needed most, my fate forbad :—
Here manacled I lie by Jove's command ;
Mine is the pain, but all the shame is his.

CHORUS. Hard is his heart, and framed of rugged rock
Or stubborn iron, who for these thy ills
Mourns not, nor sheds one sympathizing tear ;
Oh ! would I ne'er had seen it ; for the sight
Pierces my soul with grief.

PROMETH. Ay ! 'tis a sight
That well may pity move.

CHORUS. Hast thou in nought
Proceeded farther?

PROMETH. I have ta'en from men
Foreknowledge of the future, baneful gift!

CHORUS. What remedy for this disease didst find?

PROMETH. Blind hopes I planted in their breasts.

CHORUS. In this
A mighty benefit to man thou gavest.

PROMETH. Yet more than this, I brought them fire.

CHORUS. And now
Does short-lived man the bright-eyed flame possess?

PROMETH. E'en so, and thence shall many an art derive.

CHORUS. Are these the errors, these the crimes, for which
Jove wrongs thee thus with unrelaxing hate,
Insult on insult heaping? Is no term
Allotted to thy sufferings?

PROMETH. Other none
Than when Jove wills it.

CHORUS. That will never be—
No hope rests there. Oh! seest thou not thy fault?
Which to recount were pain indeed to me,
Nor less to thee—enough of this: but strive
To find some sure deliv'rance from thy woes.

PROMETH. Oh! 'tis an easy task for those, whose feet
Unshackled in the nets of fate are free,
With counsels sage to chide the criminal.
But all to me was known: not blindly led,
But willing have I erred, and with intent,
And, aiding mortals, have my own woe worked;
Yet never did I think such punishment
Could e'er befall;—'mid towering rocks confined,
To pine and waste; this desert mount my ward,
Far from the track of men. But wail not now
My present sorrow, but, to earth descending,
List to my future lot, and learn the whole.
Believe, believe me, blend your grief with mine;
Misfortune ever in uncertain course
Wandering abroad, on all alike alights.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Treatise on the Grammar of the New Testament Dialect. By the Rev. Thomas Sheldon Green, M. A. Samuel Bagster & Sons, Paternoster Row.

THIS work, which was undertaken at the suggestion and request of the late Rev. Hugh James Rose, has thus, on the face of it, a claim to our attention and respect; and we looked to find in it something not unworthy of the importance of the subject, and of the memory of him who advised the attempt. Nor were we disappointed. The treatise has great intrinsic merits, and is well worthy of an important and conspicuous place in the library of the divinity student. The work has arrived opportunely: the author has come in between the two contending parties,—of those who maintain the entirely Hebraistic character of the writings of the New Testament, and those who uphold their perfect classical purity; and “with the weapons they have so cunningly and pertinaciously wielded, has erected a trophy to Truth.”

The passages from profane authors, which he has collated with such of the New Testament as seem peculiar in their expression, or worthy of such comment, are judiciously selected, and evince great variety and accuracy of research. And though the author has arranged the work in a manner different from that adopted in the ordinary systematic and elementary grammars, those who are best acquainted with the subject and know its difficulties will readily acquiesce in his mode of proceeding.

In fine, the work is one, which both he who studies the New Testament for the sake of the doctrine therein contained, and he who makes the language only the object of his curious scrutiny, should certainly never be without.

What to Teach, and How to Teach it. By Henry Mayhew. Part I. Smith, Fleet Street. 1841.

A Book with such a name cannot fail to attract attention, intended as it is to apply to practice the opinions of the many splendid writers on mental discipline: the argument of the whole is powerful, and many of the ideas are new. While few works on so abstruse a subject have had any pretensions to interest, we cannot deny to Mayhew the meed of praise that he has eminently succeeded in making attractive a topic which has been long considered too metaphysical for general readers, and one with which those who have the care of the young are unfortunately but too little acquainted.

The language, elegant, and often beautiful, is at the same time correct and logical. To the attentive reader it affords a pleasure, since it repays his contemplation, and gives a novel view of a subject that Locke, Dugald Stewart, Channing, Brown, and Abercrombie, had been supposed long since to have exhausted.

Scraps from the Knapsack of a Soldier, consisting of Brevities in Verse. By Calder Campbell. Mitchell, Red Lion Court.

A collection of poems, by Major Campbell, either newly written, or collected from those magazines to which he has been a contributor. Before opening the volume, we can be sure of the nature of its contents: a peculiarity in style,—pleasing in moderation, in excess more wearisome,—a delicacy of thought and feeling in the great majority of his effusions, in the others, ideas on a special

mission from the moon, on which the prettiest dress sits awkwardly, but which generally issue forth clothed in but a shabby rhyming garb. With this expectation, a well-founded prejudice, we opened the soldier's knapsack, and were not deceived ; as a soldier's knapsack should, it contains some very hard crusts, at which we nibbled, but in vain ; and other plain fare besides, but all this was concealed under a heap of luxuries. An Oriental beauty, tempered with a simple delicacy, that is in others too frequently deficient, is Calder Campbell's muse: she is a fair creature, that glories in all the beauties of the East, without its attendant languor, educated (none can doubt) in England,—for where else could she have learnt her smile of peace, and tranquil *homely* happiness ? We recommend our readers to get the book, and find how well the lady sings, pitying any one that thinks of failure while she gives her rich voice a free and unrestricted license. Listen :—

IDLE WORDS.

“ The strongest love hath yet, at times,
 A weakness in its power ;
 And latent sickness often sends
 The madness of an hour.
 To her I loved, in bitterness
 I said a cruel thing ;—
 Ah me ! how much of misery
 From idle words may spring !

“ I loved her then—I love her still ;
 But there was in my blood
 A growing fever that did give
 Its frenzy to my mood ;
 I sneered because *another's* sneers
 Had power my heart to wring ;—
 Ah me ! how much of misery
 From idle words may spring !

“ And when, with tears of wonder, she
 Looked up into my face,
 I coldly turned away mine eyes,
 Avoiding her embrace ;
 Idly I spake of idle doubts,
 And many an idler thing :—
 Ah me ! how much of misery
 From idle words may spring !

“ 'Twas over soon the *cause*—not soon
 The sad *effects* passed by ;
 They rule me 'neath the summer sun,
 And 'neath the winter's sky !
 I sought forgiveness ; she forgave,
 But kept the lurking sting ;—
 Ah me ! how much of misery
 From idle words may spring !

“ Month after month, year after year,
 I strove to win again
 The heart an idle word had lost,
 But strove, alas ! in vain.
 Oh ! ye who love, beware lest thorns
 Across Love's path ye fling ;
 Ye little know what misery
 From idle words may spring.”

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ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

MAT MAYBIRD RENEWS A PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE, AND IS HONOURED BY
A CONFIDENTIAL APPOINTMENT.

THROUGH the not unimportant events to be recorded in the present chapter, we shall hurry rapidly, in order that we may arrive the more speedily at its successors.

By the advice of Father Francis it was thought expedient that Edward should visit Bruton at London, in order to consult with him concerning the line of conduct in future to be adopted towards the conspirators, and the means to be taken for the purpose of ending the persecution. Mat Maybird of course volunteered his companionship, and the journey was completed without more delay.

The advice of Bruton could lead only to defence. Bound by his vow to spare Sir Richard Ellerton from shame, such effective measures as might, in another case, have been adopted, were of no avail. It still remained to parry all attacks, trusting to the will of Heaven for a final solution of the difficulty. Edward would have placed Kate under his patron's care; this Bruton thought an unwise step; as he was watched, she could not avoid discovery, and the hostility would be redoubled; but under the roof of Father Francis it was not likely they would seek her a second time. It was judged expedient that Edward and Mat Maybird should remain a short time in London, as a blind to their enemies, who

would then be less likely to seek Kate within the village. Such was the substance of the results arrived at after the conference with Bruton. Edward learned also that Simon Byre, the swarthy turnkey of the Tower, had been dismissed, threatening vengeance against him, and vowing retribution to the uttermost, for the loss he had sustained.

On the morning after their arrival in London, Mat Maybird very kindly volunteered to show Heringford over the town.

"But, most talented Sir," said Edward, "since thou knowest nothing of metropolitan geography, how wilt thou find thy way?"

"By instinct," replied Mat; "instinct, the same power that urges an insect to travel in unknown regions, and yet return safely to its home, shall lead me back, at the hour of dinner, to the spot where that meal is to be obtained."

Upon this understanding they set out on their expedition. They had crossed London Bridge, and were passing by the store-houses of Thames-street, Mat making his observations on things in general with the air of a dictator, when suddenly, in a by no means dictator-like haste, he darted rapidly from Edward's side, dived down a court, and disappeared. Heringford imagined this to be some new freak; and, after vainly endeavouring to find his companion, continued his walk alone.

Mat Maybird, in the meanwhile, having passed speedily through one court and down another, and as his breath was failing, succeeded in grasping the cloak of a young lady, and tapping her on the shoulder: turning round, she presented the face of a perfect stranger, and Mat, with humble apologies for error, stood back discomfited.

"No," said he, "that is the wrong one, but I am certain it was she I saw. Fool that I am, I must have passed her and pursued another! I may meet her as I return." In this belief Mat was correct, for as he returned he did meet—Annette de Vermont!

"Master Maybird!" exclaimed she, "out of breath too in pursuit of a lady!"

"It was thee I followed, Mademoiselle, and most stupidly transferred my eyes to another person.—But, Mademoiselle Annette in London!"

"My father," explained Annette, "was taken prisoner at Azincour: Esther and I followed, with many others similarly bereft, and are here to attend upon him."

"He is in the Tower?"

“Even there; where every comfort is provided—except his liberty. I am on the way thither.”

“I will accompany thee,” said Mat. Annette silently assented, and the two proceeded together. Mat Maybird inquired after Esther.

“She is very ill,” replied Annette; “I fear my poor aunt is dying. Hast thou heard aught of Sir Richard Ellerton?”

“Nothing worthy of repetition,” replied Mat Maybird; “for I would not give thee pain.”

“I am glad, very glad to have found thee,” said Annette; “for Sir Edward Heringford cannot be far off, and he may be able to procure my father’s release.”

“And art thou not glad to find me, for mine own sake?” asked Mat.

Annette smiled, and would have returned a merry answer, but her heart failed, and a tear rose to her bright eye:—“We are very desolate here in London,” sighed the poor girl.

“Not now, Annette,” said Mat Maybird, warmly; “I will bring thee to Heringford, who will be thy friend, and Bruton thou shalt learn to know; and I—O Mademoiselle, it will wound my heart if thou speakest of being desolate while I stand by.”

We know not why the eyes of Annette de Vermont should brighten at Mat’s speech, and her wonted elasticity of spirits should return; we can but record the fact. “Thou holdest thyself to be excellent company!” said she.

“By thy merry eyes,” replied Mat, “thou darest not gainsay that thou think’st so!”

“Bring not mine eyes into thy speech, Master Maybird; thou art treading dangerous ground. Beware the quicksand!”

“I like to tread it,” replied Mat; “’tis soft to walk upon.”

“Treacherous,” replied Annette, “very treacherous. But thou hast told me thy home was Ellerton. Why in London now?”

“Fate, Mademoiselle,” replied Mat; “Fate brought me to London that I might meet with Annette de Vermont. By the bloom on thy cheek I am much indebted to the good lady!”

“How often shall I caution thee not to drag my face into thy speech? Mat, thou art a grievous offender!”

“Whāt!” said Mat Maybird; “the Indian savage gazes upon the fair works of Nature, admires and talks of them, and swears by them. I am neither Indian nor savage; may not I enjoy an equal right?”

“I put no faith in thy superiority,” replied Annette; “wert

better than a savage, I should hear compliments less lame and common-place."

"Lame and common-place!" cried Mat; "hear her, Venus and Cupid—hear her, all ye Muses! With what shall we be satisfied if your choicest phrases are to her lame and common-place? Nature's beauty, Mademoiselle! Only think of Nature's beauty and Indian savages! Surely a speech with such an index of contents ought to satisfy the most unreasonable demands!"

"Unreasonable demands, in good sooth," said Annette, "that can thus be satisfied!"

Conversation such as this soon annihilated the distance to the Tower, and they were ushered into the rooms occupied by De Vermont. As Annette had said, confinement was his only hardship,—so far, at least, as his public misfortune was concerned,—for his apartment was conveniently furnished, and he himself provided with every necessary, permission being accorded to his friends to visit him at all times. The only friends he knew were his sister and his daughter; when, therefore, he saw Mat Maybird enter, his countenance brightened with delight.

"We are a little family," said he, after the first greetings were over, "and deemed ourselves friendless in this strange land. Annette, poor child, has been very dull; but I see by her face thou hast brought all her spirits back again. She looks as roguish as if she were still in France."

Esther was in the room, and Mat was struck by the great alteration in her appearance; always pale and thin, she appeared now as a moving corpse, and when Mat took her hand, on entering, it was cold and heavy. Poor Esther! since that last sudden stroke, at which fell the weak hopes she still so fondly cherished,—the hour that tore aside the veil which concealed the bitterest of her afflictions, and displayed the man she loved and trusted as a cold and cruel stranger,—gradually, since that hour, had the dust crumbled around her soul, and the poison of that sting had worked, alas! how surely!

Sadly by her brother's side, stood Sir Richard's broken-hearted wife; a tear responded to Annette's cheerful greeting, and, as she parted from the forehead of her merry niece the dark clustering hair, she gazed fondly into her bright eyes, with a sigh at the thought that would not be suppressed,—Such was I also!

Having introduced the family of the De Vermonts, we will not now linger over events of minor consequence, while others more

important are at hand. In brief, therefore, Heringford received with joy the intelligence of Mat's discovery, and Bruton soon learnt to sympathize with the gratification of his friends. Annette, by Bruton's advice, personally petitioned King Henry for her father's freedom, which she obtained on a pledge that he would remain in England, under rule as a British subject.

On the morning when he was deserted by Mat Maybird, Heringford also made a discovery. He wandered in search of the old house where he had first seen Sir Richard Ellerton, and, with some trouble, found it; to his surprise, he perceived as he passed rapidly by the window, that all the conspirators were therein assembled, and that Simon Byre was among their number. Mat Maybird too was soon after certified of this fact, when, returning from one of his frequent visits to the lodging of the De Vermonts, he was stopped by Curts.

"What is the news, friend?" asked Mat.

"Not now—I can tell thee nothing now. I know where you are staying; at dusk to-night seek me in the street, and I will lead thee."

"Lead me about to night!" cried Mat; "why, look at the clouds, man, feel how cold the wind is. Is this weather for night walks?"

"Thou'rt totally mistaken," said Curts, "if thou thinkest I invite thee for nothing.—We meet to night—do not fail."

"Oh, is that it?" said Mat; "very well—"and, with his head full of Annette de Vermont, he pursued his walk in pensive attitude, cogitating sentiment.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

INTRODUCES THE READER TO THE ABODE OF SPENTON, AND TO A VERY PLEASANT LITTLE PARTY THERE ASSEMBLED.

In the course of the evening came a messenger from the De Vermonts, requesting Heringford's immediate presence. The summons was at once obeyed, and in a short time, Edward arrived at the lodgings of the expatriated family. These, although small, were furnished in consistence with the station of their occupiers, and contained every available comfort, in addition to those trivial luxuries that use renders absolutely necessary to those who are

enabled to indulge in them. Annette received Heringford alone; her manner betrayed the greatest agitation.

“Is not thy father freed?” asked Edward.

“Yes,” replied she; “not that; it was not for that I ventured to call thee hither. Oh, Sir Edward! I am grateful, I am very grateful for this,—but—dear Esther!”

“She is ill?”

“Near death,” sobbed Annette; “she is sinking fast, and the dying breath she scarcely can command calls only for her Richard. Thou knowest the man; could he be brought to see what misery his sin hath made, he would relent; a kiss of his upon her thin cold lips would make my aunt die happy.”

“It was a kind thought of thine,” said Edward; “I doubt not but that he will be softened. He is now not far from hence, and I will bring him hither.”

Annette’s thanks were expressed in silence, through her tears, and Edward hastened on his mission.

In the mean time, Mat Maybird had stationed himself at a window of Bruton’s house, eagerly upon the watch for his appointed visitor. That estimable individual was punctual to his time, and Mat entered at once into the enjoyment of his society: and enjoyment to Mat Maybird verily it was to obtain a recital of the wrongs and hardships his companion had undergone, during and subsequent to his late imprisonment in Kate Westrill’s chamber. At every violent protestation of rage on the part of the unconscious victim of Mat’s ingenuity, he received such consolation as might be afforded by bursts of unrestrained delight, heightened to an unlimited excess by each manifestation of bewilderment and surprise.

“Ha, gentle Curts, and so they accused thee of foul dealing! libelled thy spotless reputation! slurred thy fair character! accused thee of aidance in the prisoners’ escape! whereas thou wouldst rather have hung them—is it so? Disgraceful in good sooth! Think, Curts, of thy damaged character! Oh, it was cruel! cruel as this pelting rain, that wets us to the skin;—why didst not choose fairer weather for thy business, Master Curts? Ay, I see—need’st not explain,—the fairest weather would be fouled, no doubt, by work like ours. Who called this meeting?”

“Sir Richard Ellerton.”

“Then may his last bed be a horse-trough, and the weeping pump shed abundant tears over his expiring frame, for the ducking that, through him, this day I suffer. And how many more narrow

lanes and dirty passages must we grope through ? Your place of meeting, if it be hereabouts, wants the advantage of an airy or respectable situation ; but if it be distant, Master Curts, I shall soon tire and return whence I came."

"There is no need for that," said Curts ; "the house is close at hand."

"Then," replied Mat, "I must say that it is very injudiciously situated. Is this it ?"

The latter inquiry was made as Curts stopped before the hovel which we described in a former chapter, at the commencement of this history.

"This is the house," said Curts.

"The house, is it ?" replied Mat. "Now hear me, Master Curts ; my very respected mother is a farming-woman and keepeth pigs ; but she hath not one that is not far too well brought up to enter a dirty sty like this : dost think, therefore, that her own son will set his foot within it ? Pah ! It reeketh vilely !"

"Here is our place of meeting," exclaimed Curts, impatiently.

"Wherefore must we meet here ?" asked Mat ; "who may be the owner of this family mansion ?"

"It is Spenton's house," said Curts ; "canst thou cease talking ?"

"I will only observe," answered Mat, "that I cannot congratulate Master Spenton on the state of repair in which his abode is found. If he marry Kate Westrill, will he bring his bride to a home like this ?"

"To this house," replied Curts, angrily ; "it is cold—art ready ?"

"If he do bring Kate hither, I hope," said Mat, "she will persuade him to whitewash the place, at the very least. Don't be impatient, my good friend ; I will enter, if only to inspect the interior."

Curts whistled, and was similarly answered from within ; tapping thrice against the door, it was opened cautiously by an old woman ; seeing Curts, she admitted the expected visitors, and, having closed the door, bolted it carefully.

"A cold night this, Master Curts," said she, "it pierceth to the bones of us old folk."

"Yes," replied Curts, shortly ; "come, Maybird."

Mat was staring at the woman in undisguised astonishment ; he had at first glanced round the room, but now his eye rested fixedly upon the genius of the place. The room was empty ; the walls bare and damp, marked by the water that trickled down upon

their face. There was a hearth, blackened, but fireless; the floor was of damp stone. The window, opening into the street, was guarded by a heavy shutter,—surely not for protection against thieves! The outer door was now barred and bolted; whilst another within showed, through its chinks, the light from an adjoining room. The old woman, on whom Mat next fixed his gaze, was principally remarkable for a dearth of beauty. Her bare head was covered with a dirty, once parti-coloured, skull-cap, now of uniform blackness; her wrinkled and smoke-dried features were decidedly hideous. Small twinkling eyes, a long and hooked nose, thin shrivelled lips, and a peaked chin, in continual mumbling motion, below a toothless mouth, offered a general outline more picturesque than agreeable; she wore a close dress over her whole person, that might once have been dyed of some gay colour; what, however, that had been the most expert theorist could not satisfactorily have decided. On her feet were thick, heavy shoes; and with one long bony hand, she shaded the light she held from the draughts that pierced the room in all directions. These first restored Mat Maybird to his senses, and enabled him to hear the angry exclamations of Curts.

“Well!” said the old hag; “what thinkest thou of me, young man?”

“The most disgusting creature I ever beheld,” muttered Mat, but in tones beneath the woman’s hearing; and, indeed, had they been pretty loud, they would have been to her equally unintelligible. Mat turned to Curts:

“Is this the meeting?” inquired he.

“A truce to folly,” said Curts; and looking towards the old woman, she tottered before them to the door, through the crevices of which the light was gleaming. Opening it, Curts and Maybird entered, the old woman following.

The room in which they now stood was far from promising at any time to redeem the general character of the house. The blackened beams on the ceiling were rough, and even in some places broken, the ceiling itself crumbling and bent inwards, the plaster falling from the walls; a rotten deal table stood in the middle of the room, which was lighted by a torch fastened against the wall, and by the blaze of the wood fire in the large and open hearth. Around the latter were seated, on temporary stools, formed of barrels, boxes, or simply logs of wood, the assembled conspirators, on whose countenances the flickering fire cast a dull, lurid light.

Sir Richard Ellerton was there, and rose when the new comers appeared; Andrew and Simon Byre remained sitting.

"Now, Dame Jessamine," shouted Andrew, motioning at the same time with his hand, "give our visitors whereon to sit!"

"Ay, ay," mumbled the old creature, "old folk serve the young; when I was a girl, the young were to serve the old—serve young, serve old, serve all my life through." Thus grumbling, she rolled two casks to the fireside.

"Enough," said Curts; "go."

"Go!" cried the dame; "where am I to go? Why should I go? Eh, master?"

"Go to thy grave, an thou wilt, old woman," muttered Westrill; then, in a louder voice, "To the next room; wait until we have done."

"There is no fire," replied the woman; "it is cold, I shall do ye no harm here: devil's councils as yours may be," added she, leering, "I have matched them in my time, I and Spenton. He's a brave lad, and never threatens me."

"Were he a little braver," muttered Curts, "I think he would do more than threaten."

"Oh!" cried Mat, "this is Master Spenton's housekeeper,—Dame Jessamine, eh?—a very appropriate name—not so sweetly scented though!" added he, approaching her. "My good lady, I wish to recommend thee something:—thy master expecteth shortly to return with a wife; let me advise, since this house is far from clean, that it be well washed before he return; and," added he, "if thou wert to scour thine own outside it would not be so very much amiss."

The old dame could not hear, and shook her head vacantly, as she tottered away and seated herself at the other end of the room.

"Advice wasted!" said Andrew, laughing. "Now, Master Maybird, I pray thee be seated."

Mat seated himself, having first moved his allotted cask to a considerable distance from the others.

"Why not sit closer?" inquired Curts.

"No, no," said Mat; "close enough;—too close;—this cask is very low,—I'll sit on the table." And accordingly Mat placed himself upon the table, directing one side to Dame Jessamine, and the other to the party assembled round the fire. Sir Richard Ellerton was pacing the room.

"Now," said Mat, "ye may commence business. I am as

comfortable as I can be under existing circumstances. Curts, dost smell sulphur?"

"No," replied Curts, blind to the meaning of his supposed accomplice.

"Nor anything else?" inquired Maybird; "dost smell anything else?"

"No," replied Curts.

"Not even Dame Jessamine! Well, that is fortunate! To business, then."

"First," said Sir Richard, pausing in his walk to and fro, and pointing to Simon Byre, who sat in dogged silence, with his eyes fixed upon the hearth, "know this man as a friend."

Simon looked round with a sneer upon his face, and directed his gaze towards Sir Richard. "No," said he, in his clear, soft voice, "know me not as a friend; I will not profess so much."

"How is this?" said Curts; "dost recant what thou hast told us?"

"Not so," replied Simon Byre; "I can hate him ye hate, and join in your attempts against him—this I will do; but know me not, therefore, as a friend; ye are not men after my heart."

"Art thou too good for such as we?" asked Westrill, contemptuously.

"Of too good spirit," replied Byre, "to choose for a friend a man like thee—a boyish slave to passion; and for Sir Richard, weak and vacillating, he is no worthy associate."

Andrew looked angrily at the swarthy speaker, but feared to offend one whose limbs were of such powerful mould, and whose temper appeared so savage.

"Master Maybird," said Sir Richard, again pacing the room, "thou understandest this man?"

"Not well," replied Mat; "I cannot say, indeed, that I comprehend him at all."

"Know," cried Simon, fiercely, "know that I hate young Heringford; he hath insulted me, and I will have his life!—It is sufficient for thee to know thus much."

Mat was startled at the ferocity breathed into the woman-tones of the ruffian.

"It is well," said Sir Richard, "it is well. Heaven," he exclaimed, unconsciously communing aloud with his own mind, "into what a scene is this that I am plunged! Far different were the day-dreams of my childhood,—honour and happiness with

Beatrice ! Where are they now ? Honour—honour ! An associate of wretches such as these ! Happiness—for ever fled, buried in the tomb of her I loved and injured. Oh, that the first crime in this long chain of wickedness, whose fetters fret my soul, had never been committed ! That I were free once more ! But there is that which now urgeth me onward in the path that I have chosen ; I cannot now turn back !—My brain ! my brain !”

With a frantic yell, the unhappy wretch held his head with both hands, as if to restrain the torment, and sank exhausted with his face upon the table.

“He’s a poor soul !” said old Jessamine, advancing from her corner ; “old as I am, I am far less troubled.” Placing her shrivelled hand upon Sir Richard’s arm, “Master,” said she, “look up, look at me ; I once served thee well, but it troubles me not now. I am as well as age will let me be.”

“Ha !” cried Sir Richard, rising suddenly,—“Hag ! Murderess ! Thou art the cause of this ! look at me, look !—look at the wreck I am ! ’Twas thou that didst move the first spring to crush me with the load of crime that thou hast brought upon my head. But thou art guilty—thou art guiltier than I ! Slanderer ! Murderess of the innocent ! Away ! I cannot look upon thee !”

“What is this ?” said the old woman ; “I cannot hear, but I can see thy meaning ; away ! if threats and abuse be the reward of an old servant,—master, look to thyself.”

“Fool !” cried the man, “thou canst prove nothing but thine own deep guilt. Thou canst not bring crime home to me. I defy thee ! Beware how I am tempted !”

“Be not too secure of me,” replied old Jessamine ; “my conscience may some day be as brisk as thine now is. But not yet,—not yet.”

Sir Richard turned from her to where Curts was sitting :

“That hag is in my way,” said he, desperately ; “wouldst thou earn gold ?”

“It shall be done,” said Curts ; “I understand.”

But old Jessamine also understood the gesture.

“Well,” said Maybird, “this is curious conversation, truly ! The cream of the matter is to me perfectly unintelligible. But I see not yet for what reason I was called ?”

“Very true,” said Curts, “we are wrong to wander thus : Sir Richard summoned us, what would he have ?”

“Why,” cried Sir Richard, “must I daily name the task on

which I have employed ye? Ye know well what I would have: I tell ye now, there must be no delay."

"Nor pay," grumbled Curts.

"Ye shall be paid," replied Sir Richard, "do but your task:—ye have my word, and shall I be mistrusted?"

"To be plain, Sir Richard," replied Curts, "men in our walk of life lay little stress on words of honour: the sterling metal passeth current here; words—waste of breath!—pah! Give me money!"

"Is not my station thy security?"

"Thou wert low-born and didst marry nobly: men gave thee then a title—now sink'st thou back into obscurity: Richard Benstone is no better man than Curts, now that the Lady Beatrice is dead."

"Dead!" cried Sir Richard, as, at the word, his paroxysm returned; "dead!—It is no crime of mine!—I did not kill her!" Wildly casting his eyes upon old Jessamine, who sat grinning at him from a corner: "Away," he cried, "away, wretch! she is dead! she is dead!—Away, murderess, she is beyond the reach of thee! Slanderer! Where is now thy pestilence? She is dead!—dead!—There!" Suddenly he stood appalled, gazing fixedly before him: "See!—see, Jessamine, she is standing near thee! Ha! how sorrowful she looks! Tears in her eyes!—tears such as angels weep!—No, poor Beatrice, ah, no!—Look upon those that are around me! Beckon not, I cannot follow—whither thy pure spirit may lead, Beatrice, thy ruined husband cannot follow thee!—I cannot leave these men, they——Jessamine! Jessamine! there is a child upon thy knee!—but it is air—and *that* thou canst not harm!—Not that! not *that*!"—there was a deadly shudder, and he stood motionless as though his very heart were chilled.

"Art recovered?" inquired Curts, after a pause; "canst proceed with business yet? Say frankly, what wilt thou gain by this transaction?"

"What do I gain?" replied the other; "gold! bright gold! treasure and broad lands! I am an outcast now;—give me gold, and who shall dare to breathe upon my name? Am I despised? am I base-born, sayest thou?—I will rank with the proudest, give me gold in store! Give the reptile gold, give the scoundrel broad lands, a fair domain, and honest men shall bow the knee to him they now may spurn! Earth's pleasures I will have, for I

can hope no more ; I will have gold—and one thing yet beside.”

“ No matter,” replied Curts, “ what other thing thou gainest ; to the gold alone extends my care ; with us, that earn it for thee, thou shalt share the spoil !”

“ Hast thou no conscience ?”

“ None. My share of that I will give up to thee ; my part in the gold I should be wrong to yield. Decide, Sir Richard ; I hold secrets.”

“ Do as ye will !” exclaimed Sir Richard, in despair.

“ Bravely fought out, Master Curts,” cried Simon Byre ; “ the best spirit I have seen for many a day ! I admire thee greatly !”

Curts seemed rather alarmed than otherwise at the strange being’s admiration, but he said nothing.

“ I have a few pieces,” said Sir Richard, “ that will lure this youngster on. Take them, Maybird.”

Mat tossed them into the lap of Curts, one after the other :—

“ Take them, Curts,” said he ; “ I wish there were more, for they help thee the sooner to—hem !—to the reward thou so richly meritest !”

Curts looked with contempt on the despiser of money as he pocketed the coin.

“ To business, now,” said Andrew Westrill, who had been gazing at the fire with impatient countenance during the late discussion,—“ Hold ! where is old Jessamine ?”

“ Fled to betray me !” cried Sir Richard, in alarm.

“ Very likely,” suggested Mat, by way of consolation ; “ I saw her go.”

“ Ha ! and didst not endeavour to detain her !”

“ Why should I ?” replied Mat. “ How was I to know that she went not to purchase supper ? except, indeed, I inferred from her appearance that she never had any, and that would have been a presumption slanderous and injurious to Master Spenton’s household economy. However,” continued he, descending from his seat upon the table, “ she may be in the house ; we had better search.” This was said with a view to examining the premises, for the purpose of obtaining knowledge that might some day perhaps prove useful. Mat Maybird accordingly took up the torch and ascended the staircase in the corner of the room. Jessamine was nowhere to be found.

Descending, they then visited the outer apartment, and there found the door leading into the street unbarred and half open, leaving no doubt whatever concerning Jessamine's manner of escape. As they looked, the door opened hastily, and Heringford stood before them, suddenly as an apparition, which Sir Richard, in the superstition of an excited conscience, imagined it to be. Simon Byre was about to rush upon Edward for the immediate execution of his vengeance, but the sight of a bare sword and dauntless eye, glowing then with a fire they could not understand, cowed both him and his associates.

"Follow!" said Edward, addressing Sir Richard Ellerton.

"Lead on! lead on!" replied Sir Richard, for he fancied he had received a supernatural summons, and submitted to the imaginary spell, as, with wavering step and downcast eyes, he slowly followed.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

THE DEATH-BED OF ESTHER DE VERMONT.

TURN we now, sad at heart, from the scenes of wickedness to another of far different character: from the workshop of crime to behold one of its completed labours.

Within a dimly-lighted chamber, a chamber of sorrow, lay Sir Richard Ellerton's deserted wife—the unfortunate Esther de Vermont. Her thin and bloodless hands rested listlessly upon the bed clothes; her face pale, white as the pillows that supported her. The heavy lids were closed over her sunken eyes, her lips compressed. Beside the bed, with one hand clasping hers, her brother sat, watching with affectionate anxiety her slightest movement. Annette softly entered, and bending to her father's ear, "He will come," whispered she; De Vermont kissed his daughter's forehead, and passed an arm around her neck as she knelt down beside the bed, while the other hand warmly pressed the cold fingers of his sister, that still (unconscious of their kind imprisonment) remained within his grasp. Thus watched the father and daughter, their gaze intently fixed upon the face of their beloved relative, until at length her eyes slowly opened, and she looked around with a glance of powerless inquiry.

"Richard!" murmured she, in a trembling voice; "Richard should be here."

"He will come, sweet Esther," replied her brother; "rest assured that he will come."

"I know it,—this is my death-bed, and I always felt that we should meet again. He will come soon, dear brother, for my death is not far distant."

Annette could not restrain her grief; and her father folded her to his bosom, that he might not have her see how fast his own tears fell.

"Yes," said Esther, calmly, "I have seen visions that none but the dying see; I have heard music and voices of heaven, none but the dying hear. My troubled journey soon will have been closed!"

Annette left the bed-side, that Esther might not hear her sobs, and stood in the recess of the window, to watch as well as tears permitted for the return of Edward with Sir Richard Ellerton. The night was dark and windy; thin sleet was already falling from the charged clouds, and beat against the glass.

In the mean time Sir Richard Ellerton had followed Heringford mechanically for some distance; and it was not until they were upon London Bridge that his self-possession had returned, and he looked upon Edward as an earthly guide.

"Whither ledest thou?" inquired he.

"To the chamber of death! Knowest thou Esther de Vermont?"

"Ha!—to *her*! Lead on; I follow willingly, to return with one shackle less."

"Be gentle to her," replied Edward. "Remember that it is love to thee has laid her low; it is a trifling boon to smooth her dying pillow."

The other made no answer, and the walk was completed in silence. Annette, who perceived their approach from the window, met them at De Vermont's door, and led the way into the sick room. Esther, still and silent as before, her eyelids closed, perceived not who it was that now approached. De Vermont rose proudly, as he whom he regarded as his sister's murderer came to gaze upon his victim; while Sir Richard walked carelessly to the bedside and looked down,—but what he saw had nearly overcome his firmness; he gasped for breath, his face became flushed, then deathly pale, and he stood rigid and motionless.

"Richard!" breathed the weak voice of Esther. "Richard!"

"He is here, my dear aunt," whispered Annette; "he standeth near thee."

Esther opened her eyes, and looked at all around, then at Annette.

"Where is he? I do not see him here. Where is my husband?"

Annette pointed him out, and Esther gazed steadfastly upon him. He moved not a muscle.

"Yes," said Esther, "yes, I had forgotten that he too must change, but I know him again. Richard," said she, holding her thin hand towards him, "let me die with this hand clasped in thine." The man moved not. "Richard! hear me!—Smile upon thy wife."

Sir Richard Ellerton folded his arms, and looked, but smiled not upon her.

"I see," said Esther, in a weak, mournful voice, "he knows me not. Richard! Richard! Do not turn away thy face. I am she to whom thou sworedest love and faith; I swore the same, and I have kept my vows. Richard! own me! I shall die in misery without thy love! Take my hand; thou didst not once refuse to take it; time was when thou hast kissed it fervently: 'tis colder now, and thinner; but it is the same. Richard! Richard! be merciful towards me as thou thyself dost hope for mercy.—Oh, this is cruel!"

The poor creature sank exhausted on the bed; Annette kissed her passionately, and her tears dropped upon the thin, pale face she loved. Sir Richard moved not: De Vermont looked fiercely at him.

"Man!" said he, in a low, but earnest tone, "look down upon thy work! This wasted form of my poor sister once was fair in life and health; she once was happy and merry; warm to the death in her affections—affections that thou hast made her ruin. This wreck *thou* hast made,—for thee she sorrowed; for thee she sunk day by day into the tomb; thee she has loved, thee she has fondly trusted. Villain! and dost thou smile?"

Sir Richard smiled, but made no answer. Esther again opened her eyes, and returned the smile she saw upon her husband's lips.

"Oh, now I am happy!" she exclaimed. "Richard knows me! I was sure he would!—They called thee faithless, Richard; but I, *I* knew that thou wert true—and now thou wilt let me clasp thy hand, and die as a dear wife should.—Not yet? Oh, Richard! It was not this, nothing like this, of which thou toldest me when we were young! Richard!—Richard!—It is I,—thou dost not know me; oh! believe that I am Esther—Esther, whom thou

hast loved—who loved, and still loves thee!—Believe me! Believe me! I ask not words, sweet and soothing as they might fall upon mine ear; no, I ask not one word—but only, clasp my hand! press my cold hand, while there is yet life in it to feel thy touch. No?—Alas!”

A heart-rending sigh broke from the poor creature as again the unclasped hand fell heavily upon the bed, and the drooping lids closed once more over her eyes.

“Let me implore thee,” said De Vermont, the tears streaming down his cheeks; “let me implore thy mercy. Take her hand, it will make her happy; thy heart need not be with it. Spare her these pangs—spare us—be merciful!”

Sir Richard remained as in a dream; he appeared as though he heard not what was said to him, and remained unmoved.

“Grant us this prayer,” sobbed Annette. “See! she is dying—do not embitter her last moments. There!—In her dream she still extends the hand towards thee; ’tis the last token of her faithful love,—and you refuse it!”

Again Esther opened her eyes, now no longer dull and glassy. An unearthly fire was in their glance, a glow was over her face; it was the soul’s last rally ere it parted from its perishing companion. Sir Richard stepped back appalled, as Esther, rising in the bed, bent upon him her bright piercing gaze.

“Richard,” said she, “I am deceived no more. For twenty-three long years have I believed thee true; it is only on my death-bed that the dream is broken. I know now that the love thou didst profess to me, when a simple girl, was all deceit and falsehood. I know that the love I preserved towards thee in weary years of absence was bestowed, alas! in vain. Richard, thou hast killed me! I would not tell thee so if I thought it would give pain; but, alas! it will not; for thou art indifferent towards me. Thou hast killed me, Richard! Hadst thou preserved thy vows unbroken, I should have loved thee as seldom woman loved; thou wouldst not have had reason to repent of love bestowed upon me. Even now I love thee, Richard; now, when I know how wofully I have been wronged; now, when I know the sordid cause that urged thee to my ruin; even now I love thee, Richard; I forgive thy cruelty—may God forgive as freely. May these, my dying words, sink deeply into thy heart, and sow the seed of better feelings. Annette, my child, my tender nurse, God bless and prosper thee! Farewell, farewell, dear brother!—Heaven receive my soul!”

With these words, the lifeless body of Esther fell back upon the

pillows,—the better part had fled, and winged its flight from worldly troubles and misery, that it so long had tasted.

“She is dead!” said Annette, in a tone of awe; and throwing herself upon a seat, wept aloud. De Vermont bent over his sister’s corpse, and performed the last sad offices of love. Sir Richard approached the body.

“Thus, almost, looked she once,” murmured he, “in that day when I deceived her; thus she smiled when I poured my lies into her ear. Now I have killed her;—she said it;—I have killed her! Could I have deemed woman’s love so deep!—My brain!—Would that all this—this terrible story—were not! Would I could recall the past! But it is over,—the torture is ended!—Would it were so! The atonement, the dreadful retribution, is to come. My brain cannot long resist this agony! Esther, Esther, O that thou wert alive! Return to earth, and I will love thee.—Return! return! and I will repent for thy sake, and be, as even now I might have been, happy with thee! But she cannot come back, and I must still walk on in the path I have chosen: it is dreary, dreary indeed, now that I have trampled down the last bright flower it contained!”

“Go hence,” said De Vermont, in a low voice; “thou hast no longer a friend here,—go!”—

Sir Richard Ellerton slowly left the apartment, and descended into the street. The storm, that had now gained fury, beat about his head, but he observed it not; the wind moaned a fearful dirge, as though bewailing the deed of iniquity, but it was all unheard. In the ear of the visionary there were other sounds; voices that even to him had once been sweet and full of love.—The little Beatrice was prattling there; Beatrice, as he last had seen her, flitted in the darkness before his eye. The gay, mirthful voice of the Esther he had deceived, the sprightly sallies of the Paris beauty, the accents of a warm heart, some spirit hand was tracing in his brain; while before his eye the wasted form of the deserted, faithful wife, looked as he had seen Esther look that night.—O God! that look! that last glance, that spoke at once reproach and love, and bitter, bitter anguish; death too, and no reprieve—no hope that he might yet undo the fearful deed of sin—that glance! His distracted brain half dashed forth an impious prayer—at the price of an eternity of woe he sought that during one short hour of life he might forget the horror of a broken-hearted wife’s last, dying look!

(*To be continued.*)

May Day.

“PALINODE.—Is not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it, then, wee no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liveries bene all to sadde
For thilke same season, when all is ycladde
With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.

PIERS. For younkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witte.”

SPENSER.



MAY, sweet May! there is music in thy name; joyous and full of happiness are the thoughts that it awakens! May, merry May, what month shall rival thee? June, July, August, what are these but names? May is a thing to love and cherish; a maiden mild, that comes from heaven on the sunbeam, bringing gifts from the bosom of our God. Let all to whom she comes receive with joy the heavenly messenger. With a garland of flowers she descends to crown the earth; crowned with a garland of gratitude, let her return to Him that sent her forth. She comes to break the bonds of Winter; and exulting Nature smiles at her release by one that brings such precious gifts to wipe away the memory of bondage. May strews the path of man with flowers, and tunes the sweet music of her wakened songsters to delight his ear; May bids appear all those soft zephyrs that the blustering Winter banished; causing them to sport around the head of man, and gather odours from the budding flowers, wherewith to charm his senses. Thee, lovely May, have the grateful poets sung, and the whole earth is filled with the incense of their offering; and in the rustic's breast, thou wakenest the poetry of Nature, that yields thee cordial greeting.

Scarcely has the first sun risen, that looks upon thy budding form, when the youths of the village are awake, (we speak of times that *were*,) and men and maidens ramble forth among the riches that thy hand has strewn. Laden with the white hawthorn blossom, see how they return in merry groups; see the blushes scattered over the maiden's cheeks, for that day is hallowed to the first tale of love, and amid the pleasures of that early Maying has many a youth made known his pure and sacred passion. Now is each cottage door decked with thy trophies, May; the sweet scent of the hawthorn blossom that adorns each house, fills the gay village,

and swells with love and gratitude the hearts of all its inmates. Now comes the maypole, drawn by six sturdy oxen, their horns adorned with flowers, and their yoke with blooming garlands; upon the village green is raised the 'rod of peace;' raised up on high are the gifts of May, and all dance and sing with grateful joy and merriment, to greet this earnest of their Maker's bounty.

These are the times that were; but they are altered now. We would not be confused with those who are ever croaking over man's degeneracy; we claim, in most respects at least, superiority over our ancestors; but we have advanced too far: the excessive refinement of civilization defaces while it polishes that simplicity of manners, that ought to form the charm of society. Our rustics now, when May day comes, look with philosophic scorn upon a maypole. What is it but a stick, they say, and what are flowers but flowers? The dance is childish, and to children they commit it, while themselves take no notice of the once hallowed day: or, if they rest from labour, go they a maying, amid laughs and kisses? Oh no, they walk soberly through the fields, look with a civilized eye upon the gay 'green weather,'—in holiday pairs,—the youth with in one hand an incipient walking-stick, yclept a cane, wherewith he takes delight in whipping off those hawthorn blossoms that would have thrilled with glad delight his simple forefathers; and the cottage maiden on his arm, who gathers no blossom, for she fears the prickles, and faints, or talks of fainting, with a delicate alarm at the passage of each wooden bridge, and vulgar rustic stile.

Oh, that our voice were strong to recall those fading customs that adorn the memory of Old England. See, we would cry, what our God has given us; to what end but to our delight are flowers made; they serve no use, except to charm the senses, and adorn our passage through the earth; say, then, is not ours a God of mercy? When His breath disperses storms and tempests, and His hand, pouring flowers on our path, bids us be cheerful, shall we not raise with reverent gratitude these gifts from heaven—greet with honest joy the first present that the mild May brings? Raise high the 'rod of peace;' raise high the garland that contains these precious gifts! Let all men look up and behold the tokens of their Maker's mercy; and let them see that man, to whom the boon is given, lives not unmindful of his Master's bounty! Let old and young, in happy circle, give welcome to the gentle May; let all display, by the joy with which they welcome it, their estimation of the boon their God has given, pointing, with the triumphant pride of

grateful children, conscious of a parent's love, to the simple trophy they have raised in honour of a Father's kindness.

Then might the stranger in our land, as he looked through the smoke of factories upon the tall maypole pointing to the Source of flowers, acknowledge that this England is indeed the most glorious among the nations ; for, while wealth and honours are pouring in upon her sons, the reward of active industry, they are not unmindful of the debt of gratitude they owe to Him, whose bounteous hand alone can strew with flowers the rolling years of their existence.

HAL.

THE CHILD OF MERCY.

(From the German of Herder.)

WHEN the Almighty was about to create mankind, he gathered the highest angels around him in council. "Create him not," said the Angel of Justice ; "he will be unjust towards his brethren, and deal hardly and cruelly with the weak."

"Create him not," said the Angel of Peace ; "he will pollute the earth with human blood : the first-born of his race will murder his brother."

"He will desecrate the sanctuary with lies," said the Angel of Truth, "though thou shouldest stamp thine own likeness, the seal of truth, upon his countenance."

While they yet spake, Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the eternal Father, came before his throne, and embraced his knees. "Create him, Father, in thine own likeness, a darling of thy goodness. If all thy servants forsake him, I will seek him, and lovingly stand by him, and his very failings will I turn to good. I will make his weak heart compassionate, and will bow him with pity for the feeble. If he wander from peace and truth, and offend against justice and uprightness, the consequences of his error shall lead him back, and purify his soul with love."

The Father of mankind formed man ; a frail weak creature, but a son of Mercy ; son of a love that never leaves him, but ever leads him to improvement. Remember whence thou hast sprung, O man ! when thou art hard and unjust. Of all the attributes of God, Mercy alone hath chosen thee to live ; and while thou livest, the motherly bosom of Compassion and Love is ever open to receive thee.

PUCK.

THE REPUBLICAN'S BREAKFAST.

SCENE FROM GÖTHE'S "BÜRGERGENERAL."

[SCHNAPS, a republican tailor, having purchased a second-hand suit of regimentals, calls on Martin, a credulous old man, and boasts of an appointment as citizen-general, exhibiting the clothes as proof. Martin lives with his daughter Rose, and George her husband; to the former of whom Schnaps is for divers reasons particularly hateful; while the latter has vowed to cudgel him soundly on the first opportunity.—The scene which follows is much compressed.]

SCHNAPS. Oh, that I could but get a breakfast out of him! Perfectly scandalous! A rich man, too, and so close fisted! (*he sneaks among the cupboards.*) All closed, as usual; and Rose, of course, has the key. I shall soon want a couple of dollars—patriotic contribution, (*trying the cupboards again.*) The doors rattle; the locks are not of the best. The stomach is empty; so is the purse. Schnaps! Citizen-general! arise! Make trial of thy handiwork!

MARTIN. All is secure—George gone.—Now, what have you to say?

SCHN. Certainly, Martin, you're a sensible man.

MART. Thank you!

SCHN. But not learned.

MART. That's not my business.

SCHN. (*in an impressive voice.*) The good, unlearned person, usually called the common man, is best made to comprehend a thing by an example—a parable.

MART. That sounds likely enough.

SCHN. For example then—

[*He here imagines his entry, at the head of nine hundred and ninety free citizens, into a nobleman's house, and bids Martin act the nobleman.*]

SCHN. 'My lord,' I should say—

MART. Gently now!

SCHN. No! that's wrong; no man ought to be lord.

MART. Well then, what is it you will say?

SCHN. Stop a bit! short and to the purpose:—In the name of freedom and equality, open your cellars and your pantry; we must eat—you've had enough!

MART. After his dinner, that might do well.

SCHN. Open your wardrobes! we are stripped.

MART. Fie! surely you will not—

SCHN. It shall be so.—Open your purse!—for we have no money.

MART. That any one may believe.

SCHN. Answer now!

MART. Well, what shall I say?

SCHN. (*in a passion.*) What shall you say?

MART. Gently now!

SCHN. What *can* you say? You are a deceiver, (*falling upon the cupboard.*) You have secret passages!—

MART. That is Rose's milk cupboard.

SCHN. (*in his natural tones.*) Psha! You must stick to the parable.

MART. I know.

SCHN. (*as formerly.*)—And secreted caskets!

MART. The clothes are in there.

SCHN. Where are the keys?

MART. Rose carried them away. A good housekeeper is Rose, and mighty careful: she locks up everything, and keeps the keys.

SCHN. Excuses! Circumlocutions! Where are the keys?

MART. I have not got them.

SCHN. Then must I break it open! (*Drawing his sword he endeavours to force the doors.*)

MART. Are you possessed?

SCHN. Hush! it is only an example.

MART. Let be!

SCHN. What! will you resist? (*Tries the hinge.*)

MART. (*pacing up and down.*) Rose! Rose! where are you?

SCHN. It yields!—Krick! Krack!

MART. George! George!

SCHN. Hold your tongue! Remember this is only to illustrate. You forget, you are now the nobleman! (*The cupboard is burst open.*)

MART. Heaven help me! There's the cupboard open! The hinges torn off, and the lock spoilt! What will Rose say? Go to the gallows! Do you know that I won't put up with this! Such impudence! Ill bred—I'll call the neighbours!

SCHN. You are leaving the main question.—What is it?

MART. How to mend my cupboard: to get new lock and hinges before Rose comes home.

SCHN. Not a bit of it. The main question is, how I came to be made a general.

MART. I'd like to know !

SCHN. Well, then ! Exempli gratia—

MART. Another example !

SCHN. We have had none yet. See now, (*fetching a large jar of milk, and placing it on the table.*)

MART. For Heaven's sake, let that jar alone ! Rose says it's her very best.

SCHN. I rejoice to hear it.

MART. If you *must* take a jar, let it be that small one.

SCHN. No. My example needs the largest ; this jar, Martin, represents a village.

MART. A village !

SCHN. Or a town.

MART. Curious !

SCHN. Or a fortress.

MART. Wonderful !

SCHN. Yes ; for example, a fortress.

MART. (*aside.*) I should like to be rid of his examples !

SCHN. I make a stand before it. Demand surrender!—Treteng! treteng ! (*imitating trumpets.*)

MART. Surely the man's mad !

SCHN. It is obstinate, and will not yield.

MART. Quite right too ! (*aside.*) If Rose would but come to rescue this fortress !

SCHN. I cannonade it !—Pu ! Pu !—I make the place too warm for it. I assail it day and night !—Pu ! Pu ! Pu !—It capitulates.

MART. There it does wrong.

SCHN. (*approaching.*) I walk into it. I collect the citizens.

MART. Now it will go !

SCHN. The well-disposed come speedily. I sit down (*sits before the table,*) and address them.

MART. O thou devoted jar !

SCHN. " Brother citizens !" I say.

MART. That sounds friendly.

SCHN. " With sorrow I behold ye at variance. Ye have left the original state of equality ; (*in a pathetic tone,*) when ye were pure milk together, one drop differed not from its neighbour."

MART. That's not to be denied.

SCHN. " Now, however, ye are divided : the rich, represented by the cream, I find at top. This state of things will never do !"

MART. It is insufferable !

SCHN. I skim it off then.

MART. Alas ! alas ! now it goes.

SCHN. That gone, there remains the skim-milk ; the beautiful, comfortable, middle estate. Of that I take as much as may seem convenient (*pours some into the plate.*)

MART. The man knows what's good !

SCHN. I now stir them together, that they may learn to be united.

MART. What next, I wonder !

SCHN. (*rises and examines the cupboard.*) I now search the neighbourhood, and find (*bringing forward a loaf,*) a noble mansion.

MART. That's a loaf of bread.

SCHN. Nobles have always the best fields in the country ; a loaf, therefore, represents them best.

MART. Do you add that to your milk ?

SCHN. Of course ; are not all things equal ? Cutting off what is necessary—

MART. I wish George would come !

SCHN. I rub it on the grater.

MART. Rub it !

SCHN. Yes ; to humble the pride, the arrogance of nobility.

MART. Ay ! ay !

SCHN. It is then mixed and stirred with the rest.

MART. Have you nearly done ?

SCHN. (*thoughtfully.*) The spiritual goods are yet wanting. . . .

MART. Where on earth will you fetch *them* from ?

SCHN. I find here a sugar-basin, (*snatching it from among the tea-cups.*)

MART. Let it alone !—'Tis my week's sugar.—Rose measures it out, and I must make it last.—

SCHN. (*touching his sword.*) Citizen !

MART. Patience!—

SCHN. The spiritual lords have always the pleasantest and sweetest possessions—are therefore well represented by the sugar. This is now also grated—

MART. What shall I do ?

SCHN.—and sprinkled over all : then is the milk of freedom and equality prepared. O thou dear sauce of freedom ! be thou sanctified unto my use !—Look here !

MART. What's the matter ?

SCHN. *The citizen-general sits down to breakfast.*

PETER.

THE AGED MINSTREL TO HIS LUTE.

My gentle lute, thy magic tone
 Hath soothed full many a weary hour,
 When, sad and desolate and lone,
 I've yielded to thy mighty power ;
 But now no more bright Fancy flings
 Her mystic spell across thy strings.
 My lute, no more I wake the strain,
 That echoed once through many a hall ;
 Oh never, never thus again
 My finger on thy strings shall fall ;
 For glory hath no more for me
 The charm it had, my lute, nor thee.
 No more, my lute, thy quivering wire
 Shall sing of love as once it sung ;
 I feel no more the amorous fire—
 Love dwells not on my minstrel tongue ;
 And since for me its charms are o'er,
 On thee its notes shall sound no more.
 Yet oft, my lute, thy mournful string
 Shall soothe awhile thy master's pain,
 And to his soul soft visions bring,
 Recalling happier days again ;
 And thus, my lute, thy magic power
 Shall soothe the Minstrel's parting hour.

C. H. H.

ANACREON.—ODE XLV.

'Tis painful ne'er with love to glow,
 And painful too its thrill to know ;
 But ah ! what pangs *his* soul inflame,
 Who loves in vain—yet loves the same.
 Worth, Valour, Genius, win no more,
 The smile of woman, as of yore ;
 At Mammon's shrine, adoring laid,
 To him their fondest sighs are paid.
 Oh ! be that sordid slave accurst,
 Who love of gold promoted first !
 Detested gold, before whose sight
 Affection swiftly takes to flight.
 Its influence severs Friendship's ties,
 And wars and murders hence arise ;
 But sadder still, in slow decay,
 It wastes the lover's heart away.

F. L. SIMS.

UNIVERSAL KINDNESS.

“ He prayeth well, that loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.”

COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*.

“ Man, like the generous vine, supported lives,
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.”

POPE, *Essay on Man*.

How truly beautiful is nature ! Go forth when you will, there is ever some object of admiration and love ; whether in the childhood of the year, when the infant spring is painting the fields and meadows with her tender green, and “ the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose ” are peeping up with their tiny heads from the ground beneath the cheerful beams of the welcome sun ; or whether in the ripe summer, when the fruits of vegetation are sprung up and have attained the hardy growth of mature age, and the thick swathes of the new-mown hay lie shedding their perfume on the sultry air ;—whether in the autumn, when the brown harvest of the “ wavy corn ” cheers the heart of the husbandman with the hope of plenty ; and the bough, laden with the rich fruit of the apple, or the purple clusters of the vine, promises that which makes glad the heart of man ; or even in the cold hours of the freezing winter, when the “ icicles hang on the wall,” and the “ milk comes frozen home in pail ; ” in each of these, throughout the revolving year, there is beauty and happiness for the eye and heart, not of man alone, but also of all other living creatures. And man is the lord—the appointed master of this beautiful world : set over it as a steward,—a keeper—a father. In sooth, a weighty charge ! All creation entrusted to his care, and himself provided with reason and capability of fulfilling this great duty, must surely entail on him a responsibility of no slight moment ; a responsibility which he cannot throw off, but is compelled to retain until that day, when the Master of all shall call him into his presence, and demand an “ account of his stewardship.”

How kind, then, should man show himself to his useful and dutiful vassals ! How should he strive to lighten their burdens, and make their toil sweet by affection and encouragement ! How

careful lest an unkind act to an inferior being should stand in cowardly array to confront him in the awful register of good and ill !

Nay, putting aside the responsibility, ought not very gratitude to make us kind to all things ? No living thing is without its use in creation, and the labour of all tends to the profit of man ; man, the unworthy, the only creature that disdains to bend his knee. Are these considerations nothing to us ? Shall we receive labour, and repay our servants with oppression ? Shall we receive love, and return unkindness ? Shall we reap the fruit of "vineyards which we have not planted," and grudge the poor helpless the superfluity ? Nay ! should we not rather seek how we may repay the love which has been shown us ?

But there is another reason why we should love all created things—we are all brothers, fellows in one common curse—mortality. Although the masters, we are, in many respects, equal with the servants ; death, sickness, and decay, those giant destroyers, come alike upon us all. To everything, from the blade of grass, "which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," to the kings of the earth, these ills of life are common,—we are all fed by the same hand, live upon the same air, feel and enjoy the same sun, are refreshed by the same rain, and, finally, perish by the same universal law ; ay ! and even beyond this there is an equality, for we all rot together : "variable service, two dishes, but to one table ; that's the end." Surely, then, if

"No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,"—

we shall stand in greater peril, if we neglect to love those whom the Creator has placed in fellowship with us.

Oh ! how happy would this beautiful world be, how supremely happy, if there were one common feeling of love pervading it ! Who can picture a more excellent heaven than this fair earth in its beauty and fertility, inhabited by myriads of living creatures, all striving to make each other happy ? Oh ! teach this lesson to your children—teach it to *yourselves* ! Let not the worm and the fly want your mercy, or register their wrongs against you in the great book of retribution ! Remember the value of life, and consider, for a moment, that he who wantonly tramples even on a worm, takes a life that he never can restore—a life dear perhaps to some of its own race as a father, or a brother, or a friend ; and

where there is no point to be gained by its death, beyond the gratification of an evil temper, turn aside, and spare the poor insect,

———“ whose intent,
Though it did ill, was innocent !”

But I would encourage a feeling higher in the scale of the virtues than mercy: I would fain urge the claims of the brute creation upon our love. They are not ungrateful; many an instance of the return of some kind deed warrants us in the assertion, that our little acts of love are not lost upon them; and we may blush to think how unmindful we are of them, when we perceive how great is their appreciation of our affection. Oh! then, let us not be forgetful of our duties towards these, our servants. Mercy and love will look most excellently as our forerunners to the tribunal at which we must appear,—mercy, that “droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,” and manliness, that teacheth us

“ ’Tis excellent to have a giant’s strength,
But tyrannous to use it like a giant ;”

and love,—universal love,—which pleadeth to us,

“ Never to mix our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

So shall we enjoy the beauties of “this goodly frame, the earth,” with a quiet mind, and leave the world, which we have made happy, with a heart peaceable and contented, from the conviction of our own endeavours to increase its happiness, and, by kindness and love, to lighten the heaviness and alleviate the bitterness of those “ills that flesh is heir to.”

C. H. H.

WOMAN.

I HAVE lingered o’er the jessamine,
I have loitered o’er the rose,
I have slept beneath the shady bower
Where the fragrant maythorn blows ;
I have travelled where the gem is found,
Bright as the stars above ;
But what so prized, so sweet, so bright,
As Woman—formed to love ?

I have journeyed in the far, far west,
Where Nature wildly reigns,
I have plucked the flowers her lavish hand
Had scattered o'er the plains ;
But still there is a flower more fair
Than all that deck the grove ;—
More beautiful, more rich, more rare,
Is Woman—formed to love.

For gold we pierce the mine, for pearls
The depths of ocean brave,
We seek the rich and fragrant spice
Where eastern forests wave ;
But there's a treasure yet more bright,
All eastern sweets above ;
More precious than the ocean pearl,—
'Tis woman—formed to love !

Ah ! who can see that winning smile,
That soft and roseate cheek,
Those coral lips, that heaving breast,
Those eyes, that seem to speak ;
Those fairy forms, that match the grace
Of angel forms above,
Nor feel that Nature's choicest work
Is Woman—formed to love.

In mortal life there is a joy
Which makes the heart to beat,
A bliss when we that beaming eye
Of sparkling lustre meet ;
And when we droop beneath the ills
That man is born to prove,
The cure is brought in pleasure's cup
By Woman—formed to love.

There is a blessing found alike
Where kings and peasants dwell ;
In high and lordly palaces,
And in the meanest cell ;
Oh ! there's a blessing in this life,—
Best gift of powers above,—
A healing balm, a halo bright :—
Dear Woman—formed to love !

*Toronto,
Upper Canada.*

J. H. VERRAL.

HYMNS TO NIGHT.

(Translated from the German of Novalis.)

II.

MUST ever the morn return? Is there no end to the sovereignty of earth? Unhallowed occupation breaks the heavenly pinion of the Night. Shall the secret offering of love at no time burn for ever? To the Light is its period allotted; but beyond time and space is the empire of the Night. Eternal is the duration of sleep. Thou holy sleep! bless not too rarely the Night's dedicated son in this earth's daily work! Fools alone recognise thee not, and know of no sleep beyond the shadow which in that twilight of the actual Night thou throwest in compassion over us. They feel thee not in the vine's golden flood, in the almond tree's marvel oil, and in the brown juice of the manna: they know not that it is thou that enhaloest the tender maiden's breast, and makest a heaven of her bosom; conceive not that out of histories of old thou steppest forth, an opener of heaven, and bearest the key to the abodes of the blessed, the silent messenger of unending mysteries.

III.

Once, when I was shedding bitter tears, when my hope streamed away dissolved in sorrow, and I stood alone beside the barren hill, that concealed in narrow, gloomy space, the form of my existence; alone, as never solitary yet hath been, urged by an agony beyond expression, powerless, no more than a mere thought of sorrow; as I looked around me there for aid, could not advance, could not retire; and hung with incessant longing upon fleeting, failing life;—then came there from the blue distance, from the heights of my former happiness, a thin veil of the twilight gloom, and in a moment burst the bondage of the fetters of the birth of light. Then fled the glories of the earth, and all my sorrow with them; sadness melted away in a new, an unfathomable world; thou, inspiration of the Night, slumber of heaven, camest over me; the spot whereon I stood rose insensibly on high; above the spot soared forth my released and new-born spirit. The hill became a cloud of dust; through the cloud I beheld the revealed features of

my beloved one. In her eyes eternity reposed ; I grasped her hands, and my tears formed a glittering, inseparable bond. Ages were swept by like storms into the distance ; on her neck I wept tears of ecstasy for life renewed. It was my first, my only dream ; and from that time I feel an eternal and unchanging faith in the heaven of the Night, and in its light, the Loved One.

S O N G.

(From an unpublished Tragedy.)

HARK ! the bridal bells are ringing,
Wherefore stays the lady fair ?
Hark ! the bridesmaids sweetly singing,
“ Twine fresh roses for her hair ”—
Yet ah ! yet she doth not smile :
She is weeping all the while.

See the bridegroom blithe and gay
Waits to lead her to the shrine,
And her mother chides her stay,
Deck'd in gems that brightly shine ;
Yet, ah ! yet she doth not smile :
She is weeping all the while.

Serfs are waiting by her side,—
Waiting till the train depart ;
One doth look upon the bride
With a sad, despairing heart.
He doth love that lady fair
Better far than any there.

She doth give that serf a glance,
Which he understandeth well,
As she bids her train advance,
While her tears her anguish tell :
But the serf is by her side,
Waiting on the gentle bride.

When they reached the abbey gate,
Where was she—the lovely bride ?
Still upon her steed she sate,
Still the serf was by her side :
But, ere one their flight could stay,
She and he were far away.

C. H. H.

TALES OF A SPANISH VETERAN.

HASSAN THE LION-SLAYER.*

(Continued from page 36.)

Not long did Gonzales remain silent; for shaking off, by a sudden effort, the gloomy thoughts that had taken possession of his mind, he again raised his head, and thus continued his tale, though with a somewhat subdued voice and manner:—

“ I told you, my friends, that the fair Zadie was beloved by all who came within the influence of her smile; but I said not there was one to whom that smile was as a gleam of light from paradise; to whom her voice was as the song of houries, who loved her with a passion deep and engrossing, and cherished within his breast a flame, quenchless and all-consuming as that fire the cunning Greeks devised of old. The children of the burning East love not as do those of our more temperate climes; their passion is a delirium, a fierce conflict of feelings, amid the tumults of which, when the heart's pulsations are too quick for counting, when the eyes flash fire, the nerves are tremulous, and the veins swell almost to bursting, the admonitions of reason are unheard, or heard but faintly. Of this frenzy of the soul, we Spaniards feel somewhat, owing to the admixture of Moorish blood within our veins; hence the too frequent use of the stiletto, hence the ghastly corpses that float nightly on the Venetian canals, or are borne by the waters of the swift Darro, and by other rivers, to be devoured by monsters of the deep.

* To those who, on reading the former portion of this tale, were tempted to exclaim with Pope, “Prose run mad!” the author feels that for his own sake some apology is due. “Hassan” was originally written in blank verse, but in that form it would have occupied far more space than could have been accorded by a popular periodical; it remained then to translate it into simpler prose, and those only who have tried to effect a similar metamorphosis can appreciate the difficulty of the task—the pen *will* “step to music,” as the horse that danced hornpipes at Astley's could not be restrained from responding to the piper, even when harnessed to a mourning coach. An irregularity of style was thus produced in the former number, exceedingly well calculated to confuse the sober-minded reader;—henceforth it is hoped this fault will be avoided, as the author has resolved entirely to rewrite the remainder of his tale, without more reference to the original composition than is absolutely unavoidable from its dwelling on the memory.

“ An English poet has asked,—

‘ Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?’

And Hassan (Zadie’s lover) was a true son of the fervid regions, which are in these lines so faithfully depicted; but before entering more fully into the circumstances of our narrative, let us conclude our walk through the vale in which the principal events to be described took place.

“ Leaving the fountain, then, with its groups of light-hearted maidens, and graceful acacia trees, amid whose boughs the breezes love to wander, we bend our steps upward, through the narrow pass which forms the entrance from the desert to this scene of peace and fertility. There is now scarcely room for three men to walk abreast, and the walls of jagged rock rise up some fifty feet, and then incline inwards till they nearly touch each other; the small space overhead is quite closed up by the vegetation which finds subsistence amid the interstices of the rifted sandstone, so that the passage is dark, and difficult to traverse by reason of the fragments of rock with which it is purposely strewn. The portal is now gained, and we look forth upon a wide expanse of sand, the level of which is unbroken save by the thinly scattered groups of towering palms, delighting the eye with their never-failing verdure, as fertile islands in a waste of waters might be supposed to greet the weary mariner.

“ But perhaps I weary you, my friends, by thus dwelling upon the features of a landscape; old age is garrulous, and the thoughts of one who has long been a wanderer over the face of the earth, love to fly back and linger amid the bright places that cheered and refreshed the spirit in days gone by. Many pleasant hours did I pass in the valley which I have attempted to describe; and for many acts of kindness am I indebted to the hospitable tribe by which it was then, and I believe still is, inhabited,—the descendants of those who dwelt there at the period of my tale, with which I shall now proceed, and relate, as succinctly as may be, the early history of its principal hero. Hassan’s sire was a fierce, blood-thirsty Arab sheik, who dwelt upon the eastern verge of the great desert of Zahara; he was the leader of a predatory band, who had pitched their tents in a mountainous defile, not far from the city of

Taboo. They were a daring, lawless crew, inured to hunger, and all the hardships of a desert life : mounted on steeds almost as fleet and untiring as the whirlwinds, full often did they bound forth, and with a dreadful shout, surprise the tired caravan ; then plunder was the word, and the blood of him who resisted was drank by the thirsty sands. Full often too did they make sudden incursions upon the cultivated lands and pasture grounds of their more peaceful neighbours ; bearing away the store of garnered corn, the camels, oxen, sheep, nay, even human beings, whom they sold as slaves, to swell the coffers of their rapacious chief, whose god was gold. Emboldened by success, at length they dared to cast a greedy eye upon the riches of the vale of Fez, and plan an expedition thereinto, for the purpose of pillage and spoliation. But they had better never have been born, than offer an insult to, or inflict an injury on, the powerful Emir who there held rule. Like tigers crouching for their prey they came, when shades of night were stealing fast around ; but there were eyes that looked upon their coming, and there were ears that heard their stealthy tread, of which they little recked. Their movements through the day had been observed by a scout, who kept constant watch upon the borders of the desert, and hence the Emir had timely warning of their approach. From the character of the men, and the manner of their coming, no doubt could be entertained of the intention of such a visit, and every preparation was accordingly made to receive them with due honour and respect. ‘What!’ exclaimed the prince, his very whiskers curling with rage, “shall miscreants like these dare to set foot upon our soil, and with hostile intent too?—They whom we could crush as easily as the nailed foot can a scorpion, as the tawny monarch of the wilds can rend a tender kid?” Then, with a laugh of fierce derision, he shouted forth, ‘Ah! ah! ’tis good! ’tis very good! praises to Allah’s name! They come to their destruction; they beard the couchant lion in his den, and think him sleeping;—think to work their evil will, and then escape; nor feel his talons in their quivering flesh, nor hear his loud reverberating roar! Yes, let them come; we’ll feign to be asleep until the fools are well within our reach, then shall they feel our power, then know how vain their puny strength is when compared with ours. Prepare my arms! they long have lain unused, and, like the steed at the shrill trumpet call, my soul rejoiceth at the voice of war, and only grieves to think that they with whom we shall contend are weak and all unworthy!

Quick, prepare! we will go forth to view the sport; there is a nest of hornets to be crushed, and we perchance may show them that there is valour in an old man's heart, and strength in his right arm!

"The night has come; and now, from out their hiding places, amid the rocks and sand hills, close by the mouth of the valley, the robbers issue, and cautiously proceed to enter the narrow pass. Their guide is one who is well acquainted with the ground, having there passed his youth and early manhood; love of a roving life in part, in part some fancied slight put on him by the Emir, and lawless passions not to be restrained, had prompted him to desert his home and tribe, and to become one of a band of marauders, who, as I before said, were the terror of the desert. He it was who had excited their chief's cupidity, by telling him of gold and gems in store, of gathered fruits and corn, of flocks and herds, horses and camels, too numerous for counting, and pointing out how easily the guardians of these treasures might be surprised and overpowered, though he knew well that certain destruction waited on the attempt. He had conceived hatred against his new companions, because they did not at once raise him to a station of command among them; and with the narrow cunning of a little mind, which generally over-reaches itself, he had determined to betray the meditated attack of his companions upon the valley, and thus, as he hoped, win back the confidence of the old Emir, and obtain a large reward for his double treachery. But his plans were frustrated; the wicked are ever suspicious, and he was watched too narrowly to allow of any communication with his kindred tribe. Foremost he rode now, his hopes of escape growing fainter and fainter, and by his side was the sheik with yatagan unsheathed, ready to strike him dead, should he prove treacherous.

"All seemed to favour the design of the robbers; the night was pitchy dark; no watchmen were abroad, for they had been purposely withdrawn, and they moved on amid the gloom with hearts elate. The men uttered not a whisper; and no sound was emitted by their well-trained steeds, that stepped as cautiously as though endowed with sense, and, with ears erect, seemed listening for the first alarm that might be given.

"Now have they passed the fountain amid the rocks; and now have reached the rows of camel-skin tents, whose inhabitants slumber, or seem to do so, in peaceful security; not even the bark of a watch-dog breaks upon the stillness, and onward pass the silent band towards the dwellings of the Emir, and principal

men of the tribe ; these once secured, it were an easy matter to awe and overpower the meaner herd. The open space is gained, and now the silver crescent gleams like a star amid the gloom of night. A whisper passes through the band, " Prepare ! " Each ready blade leaps forth ; loose is each bridle rein, and every heart beats high with expectation ; when suddenly, the deep tone of a gong awakes the echoes of the surrounding rocks ; and now a shout arises, and flashing lights are seen on every side, and gleaming blades, and swarthy faces fierce and threatening. The saddle of the faithless guide is empty now ; slain by the sheik's hand, he lies a mangled corpse beneath the hoofs of the trampling steeds, that, maddened by wounds caused by innumerable darts, are bounding wildly from side to side, and bearing their riders into the very midst of their justly incensed foes. Vainly the Arabs endeavour to effect a retreat, fighting with the recklessness of desperation ; behind them, as before, they are opposed by a wall of poised lances and uplifted scimitars, and one by one are cut down. Their chief met his fate from the hand of the old Emir ; and of the lately so dreaded band, none were left alive, save some five or six sorely wounded wretches, to whom death would have been a boon.

" Not content with the rich harvest of vengeance he had reaped, the Emir, who, once aroused, was like the tiger, which having tasted of blood, yet pants for more, determined to exterminate the robbers root and branch ; and for this purpose, he at day-break the next morning led forth a party towards their encampment. Traversing the trackless waste, they reached at length the destined spot. It was about the meridian hour of the day, and all had sought shelter from the sun's burning rays ; but few men had been left to guard the tents, and these, with the women and children, were reposing in fancied security. A shout rang through the rocky defile, and they awoke but to behold themselves surrounded by remorseless foes. The word was, Slay, and spare not ; and from the slaughter but one soul escaped,—this was young Hassan, a sturdy boy of some eight years old, whose struggles and undaunted demeanour attracted the notice of the Emir, and won his admiration, always excited by the display of a spirit congenial to his own. He bade them spare the child ; and when the work of destruction was done, the party retraced their steps to the valley. Hassan accompanied them, still resisting with all his puny strength those who bore him from his native spot. Soon,

however, does childhood become reconciled to a change of place and circumstance, and ere he had been many days amongst them, the boy grew fond of the strangers, thus rudely introduced to him, and began to look upon them as his natural friends and protectors; for by the Emir's orders, he was treated kindly, and kindness ever wins upon the youthful heart. Years passed away, and Hassan grew a stripling, tall and fair to look upon, a shapely youth as any you might see, with a light bounding step, and an eye of fire, that quailed not: through his clear, though swarthy skin, shone the rich hues of health; and on his open brow there might be read a tale of manly daring and true heartedness. His hold upon the Emir's affections grew stronger year by year; and the old man had half resolved, if Hassan should continue thus, all that a parent's fondest hopes could picture, to adopt, and make him leader of the tribe, and heir of all his wealth—save that, no trifling portion, which was put aside for Zadie's dowry. She was his only living child, the daughter of his old age, and at the period when Hassan had attained his eighteenth year, but twelve summers had passed over her head, scattering therein nought but sunshine and blessings. In the glowing East, all things attain maturity much sooner than they do in more ungenial climes, and human beings are no exception to this rule; sooner the girl expands to womanhood, sooner the youth becomes a man, with all man's powers and passions, and desires fully developed; hence it was that at the time of which I now speak, Hassan had long known what it was to love, and Zadie too had felt the subtle flame, working like magic in her guileless bosom. They had sported together as children, amid the rocks and groves, and pasture grounds of their happy valley; and though the customs of the land had long forbidden that free intercourse in which their souls delighted to indulge, yet did frequent opportunities occur for an interchange of looks and smiles, and those kind offices which, more than words, betray the heart's affections. No flowers were half so sweet to Zadie as those gathered by the hand of Hassan,—and of such she always had abundance, to decorate her room or person. No voice to Hassan sounded half so sweet as that of Zadie,—whether raised in song, or flowing forth in the subdued melody of conversation; and he would linger through the silent night around the Emir's tent, but for a chance to catch a single tone of that music so dear to his heart. He was a poet, too, and often during these midnight watchings, would he pour out his

soul in words like the following, accompanying himself upon the lute, which he had learned to waken with surpassing skill:—

‘Light of my soul ! oh, beautiful Zadio !
 Sleep I or wake I, thou art ever near ;
 In the dim night thy form bends over me,
 Thy face smiles on me in the sunshine clear,
 Light of my soul !
 Every breeze that bloweth whispereth thy name,
 Every stream that floweth, bubbles of the same,
 Beautiful Zadio !

‘Light of my soul ! oh, beautiful Zadio !
 Never bounding antelope had a step like thine,
 Never fragrant lotus flower might compare with thee,
 Never moonbeam seemed to me like thy glance divine,
 Light of my soul !
 Never bulbul singeth but thy voice I hear,
 Every soft gale bringeth its tones to my ear,
 Beautiful Zadio !’

“ Oh, maidens, who are listening to my tale with looks of deep attention, be thankful that you do not dwell beneath the Moslem rule ; no harsh restrictions are you subject to, but are allowed free intercourse with friends and lovers, who may sigh forth their passion at your feet, and in your looks of pity or disdain, read confirmation of their high raised hopes or of their trembling doubts ; fair faces have you, which it were a shame to hide behind an envious veil, and forms symmetrical, which it were a sin to conceal within a harem’s closely curtained rooms ; the rich glow that mantles in your cheeks, the elasticity of your graceful motions, how much better is it than the languor and want of energy, voluptuous though it be, resulting from such a mode of life as that which prevails with the females of oriental climes. A woman there is like a gem enclosed within a golden casket, too precious to be worn in public, and therefore the object of admiration to the favoured one alone who calls her his. But I am wandering from my theme again, and now return to our youthful pair, whose love was as a stream that flows on through a smooth channel, unlike, if writers of romance and poets are to be believed, the general course of that all-absorbing passion of the soul.

“ Fair Zadio, gentle Zadio ! she knew not that her passion was revealed,—she little thought her countenance was as a book, where all might read love’s written language, but deemed it was a secret

hidden within her own pure bosom. Indeed, she hardly knew that it was love that made her start, and colour to the brow, whenever Hassan's name was mentioned in her presence ; that made her feel a sense of weariness when not with him, and deem this life a lower paradise, when she could listen to his eloquent voice, and catch a furtive glance of his expressive face. The timid ostrich of the wilds, when nearly spent with flying from the hunter, thrusts her head into the sand, and happily believes herself unseen. Maidens, the foolish bird resembles you, who think you conceal the cherished passion, because you say not in as many words, 'I love.' But there are signs and looks which speak as plainly as words can do, and it was by such the Emir long had known on whom his daughter's affections rested ; with secret pleasure he marked the growing attachment, and rejoiced in the hope of uniting her before his death with one so worthy, and so well able to uphold the honours of his house and tribe."

Again Sebastian paused, for the vesper chime from a neighbouring convent now swelled upon the gale, and warned him of the hour for offering thanks to the Virgin-mother for her guidance and protection through the day.

H. G. ADAMS.

(To be continued.)

ODE TO HOPE.

RUSTLING there the shrubs among,
 Dancing streamlet, hear my song ;
 Swell the lay with rippling note,
 On thy bosom let it float ;—
 Far away to the distant plain
 Bear thou hence Hope's tribute strain !
 Birds of the forest, on early wing,
 That welcome give to the beauteous spring,
 Aid me while I gaily sing,
 And to Hope my tribute bring !
 Sportive zephyr, waft our lay
 To the realms of waking day,
 Where young Hope, 'mid budding flowers,
 Bathes in the dew of the spring's warm showers !

Ever-youthful ! Sorrow's child,
 Taught in heaven to live on earth ;
 Smiling maiden, meek and mild,
 Nature triumphed at thy birth !
 Blindness is thy boon below,
 For the joys of heavenly light,
 Tenant of earth, thou couldst not know :
 Fair boon then is the loss of sight.
 So blindly thou dancest and gaily dost sing,
 While the storm-brood is gathered beneath Night's wing,
 Thy heart is light and thy step is free,
 For the storm and its horror thou canst not see,—
 'Tis the vision of heaven that fills thy mind,
 To all that's earthly thine eyes are blind !

Darkly robed, with ashen face,
 Drooping eye and anxious pace,
 Sorrow seeks the haunts of men ;
 Thou with raiment rainbow-hued,
 Cheeks with tint of rose imbued,
 Sportest, dancing in her train !
 Sorrow lays her chilly hand
 On the young, the fair, the brave,
 And the ground whereon we stand
 Holds, alas ! how many a grave !
 But the wounds that Sorrow brings,
 Sister, comest thou to heal ;
 Darkness she around us flings,
 Through its gloom thy smile doth steal !

A husband mourns a young wife's doom,
 And decks with flowers her grassy tomb,
 While each sweet bud that's blighted there,
 A sacred emblem he doth wear
 Upon his aching breast !
 That weeping husband from his bride
 But a few frail clods divide,—
 Few and frail,—and frailer life,—
 Yet Sorrow dwells with him ; a wife
 Sleeps, and with her he would rest !
 Then com'st thou with thy visions gay,
 In girlish glee to sport and play ;
 Till marks thy fond mother thine innocent wiles,
 And Sorrow, forgetting her victim,—smiles !

The wild waves dash round the shattered bark,
 The mad wind tatters its flapping sail ;
 The storm clouds gather in canopy dark,
 And Sorrow rides on the raging gale !

The shrieks of the dying are ringing around,
 The thunders re-echo, the billows rebound ;
 No mercy ! no mercy ! Here Sorrow alone
 Shall gather her victims, all, all her own !
 That cry was the last, and that crew is lost,
 Yet one still lives, on the wide sea tost ;
 A mother clings to the splintered wreck,
 And an infant is hanging around her neck :
 Thou rid'st the whelming wave,—in thy embrace she dies,—
 And on her last brief prayer to heaven thou dost rise !

Thus, Hope, thou com'st to chase away,
 With smiling lip, thy mother Sorrow,
 And though she dwell with me to-day,
 I look for thee, soft maid, to-morrow ;
 Thou shalt come and lure to gladness
 Heart that now is clothed with sadness !—
 Sorrow seeks the haunts of men,
 Sorrow bows the soul with grief ;
 Follow'st thou in beauty then,
 Bringing comfort and relief !
 Hearts there are where thy mother dwells,
 Closed by sin to all but Sorrow ;
 Ah ! in them what anguish swells,
 When, sweet Hope, thou canst not follow !

HAL.

KÖRNER,

THE SOLDIER-POET.

“ Und nun wendet eure Blicke
 Noch einmal der Liebe nach ;
 Scheidet von dem Blüthen glücke,
 Das der gift'ge Süden brach ;
 Wird euch auch das Auge trüber—
 Keine Thräne bringt euch Spott :
 Werft den letzten Kuss hinüber,
 Dann befiehlt sie eurem Gott !
 Alle die Lippen die für uns beten,
 Alle die Herzen die wir zertreten,
 Tröste und schütze sie, ewiger Gott !—

KÜRNER.

TWILIGHT had replaced the bright glare of day, and the gloom within the chamber of, at least, one house in Dresden blended but too well with the sadness of the hearts that it contained. The weeping mother rested on a couch ; the husband by her side sought vainly to console her, and the son to whom she must say farewell,

perhaps for ever,—he who had so often caused her fond heart to swell with a mother's pride at the honours that were heaped around his name,—bade now adieu to all his glorious hopes, and had come to look, for the last time, she feared, upon the home he loved. It was a noble youth that stood before her, habited in soldier's garb, erect, his eyes kindled into an unearthly light, his face flushed, telling forth in every lineament unchecked enthusiasm. A guitar rested at his feet; it was his favourite instrument, and that evening, when he had entered, after a weary absence, the home of his youth, in the few moments of solitude, ere he clasped his dear ones to his arms, he had tuned it to one of those sweet lays that had already shed around his name the dawn of a poet's immortality. Since last he stood within that room, much had the world done for him; he had been in the capital, where, young as he was, (scarce two and twenty,) he became the familiar friend of those whose names were in all men's mouths, himself the darling of the people. Brilliant indeed had been the career of Theodore Körner during this brief period of absence from his home. In that short time, the poet was acknowledged, and the man was loved; too generous to possess an enemy, he won the highest posts of literature, and held them without envy. At the theatre, *his* plays kindled noble sentiments in the breasts of the people; on the public road *his* songs roused Prussian hearts against the tyranny of France, and planted the glow of patriotism in the German soul. Then Prussia rose to assert her freedom, and withstand the torrent of a tyrant's usurpation; Körner then arose, he who had sung of liberty, rose now with the rest to earn it; he cast aside the incumbrance of his laurel wreath, and placed the soldier's cap upon his head, threw down his pen, and grasped the sword for freedom and his country. Now, therefore, burning with a generous enthusiasm, he stood in soldier's garb, beneath his father's roof, to take one last long look at all he loved on earth, ere his young life was perilled in the noble cause.

Upon his bosom a fair girl was weeping, the object of his tender love; and around his neck hung an only sister, one whose heart was closely bound to his, into whose ear he had poured, when a child, all his early dreams of the glory of maturer years; who always had been first to read each newly written song, and always first to praise it; she whose breath had been upon his cheek, while the blood was mantling there, when he wrote of the honours of the patriot, and she leaned fondly over him. She leaned upon him now, when all those bright dreams had reached the end to which they pointed, and the Soldier-poet entered forth upon his perilous career.

“Weep not, mother,” exclaimed he, “that your son would prove himself worthy of his country: all Germany has arisen; the Prussian eagle once more is floating on the breeze, and proclaims the freedom of the land; my soul is knit unto the land of my fathers, should I not prove that I am worthy of its nurture? You tell me, dearest sister, that my fortunes point elsewhere—that I was destined for a higher purpose. Not higher, sister; shall I, in coward’s inspiration, echo hymns of praise to my victorious brethren? No; now that I feel what happiness can blossom in this life; now that all the favouring stars shine down in placid brilliancy upon me; now can I feel, before the face of Heaven, that it is a sincere and a noble impulse which would urge me on; now can I be sure that it is alone the great conviction that no sacrifice can be too great to obtain the highest earthly good—the freedom of a people.”

He paused, and in his expressive face, enthusiasm gave way to tenderness, as his sister passionately kissed his brow, and he pressed that other dear one to his bosom. A tear was in his eye as he continued:—

“I know that I bring sorrow into this house, that once has been so happy;—our mother weeps, God comfort her!—but I cannot spare this pain. To offer up my life, that is but little; but to offer up this life, decked as it is with all the freshest garlands of love and friendship and delight, to cast aside that thought which once was dearest to my heart—never to have given you one care, one pang,—to cast all this, sister, upon my country’s shrine, is it not worthy of a noble aim? Mother, mother, it is I who have done this; and canst thou weep over thy son?—And thou, love?”

“Theodore!”

“Ay, love, I relinquish *thee*. A few sweet months have I tasted of delight; not long has my heart learned to throb against thy tender bosom; the fond glance that now looks up into my face from out thy tearful eye, may be the last, the last that I shall see.—Oh, let me meet its gaze, and then—our parting kiss!”

And their lips met in that last glowing kiss of love, and their tears mingled with one another.

“Sister,” continued he, “you will sing my songs when I am away; and if I die, still sing them: if the thought be proud, to you it may be spoken; I would have them to remind you that my soul still lives. You sob when I speak of death.”

“You will return again! Dearest Theodore, this is a reckless deed, to cast aside so carelessly the flowers that the world had thrown in thy path, to leave all,—us,—”

“Must I leave you, sister, with the thought that you reproach my cruelty?”

The eye of the maiden lighted up. “No!” replied she, “I have learned too well the lessons of our childish years. I have wandered too often with thee, listening to thy glorious sentiments, that I should not feel and understand their noble nature. And yet I am a girl, at last, and cannot think of those bright hours—”

The door opened, and a little child bounded gaily in, and sprang into Körner’s bosom; it was the little sister of the one he loved.

“Theodore back!” cried she, encircling his neck with her little arms; “dearest Theodore, now you shall stay,—sister has been talking about you so often, and I too,—you will sing to me now, and tell me such stories about brave men, as I remember I used to pay you for in kisses. Kind Theodore, you will not leave us any more!”

Körner could make no reply, but kissed the child, and set it down, when it looked wondering upon the tearful eyes around. The short time which the hasty march of Lützow’s troop through Körner’s native town had granted, was almost expired, and with one sad farewell he parted from all those he loved,—never to see them more.

With the same enthusiasm that had urged him to take arms, Körner fought in the cause of his country. His inspired poems were upon the battle field in every soldier’s mouth, and urged him to a noble zeal; the songs of the Soldier-poet lent vigour to his cause, and his brave example led on many a hero in the fight.

As a hero should, he fell in the arms of victory: his country’s foes were flying before his face, the young Körner hotly in pursuit, when his horse was shot beneath him, and himself next became the victim. Thus did he meet the death that his immortal songs had celebrated as the most glorious on earth—he fell in the defence of his country.

Covered with green boughs of oak, his comrades bore the hallowed corpse to a neighbouring village, and there, beneath a gnarled and ancient oak, upon whose trunk they carved the name of KÖRNER, they gathered the Soldier-poet to the dust.

His sister, bowed down by grief, survived his loss but a short time, and rests now by the side of the brother, whom in life she had so fondly loved.

HAL.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

A TRAGEDY.

(*Translated from the Greek of Æschylus.*)

(Continued from p. 54.)

CHORUS. To willing ears the whole repeat—
Now lightly from my breeze-borne seat
I spring, and quit th' ethereal sky,
Where birds their liquid journey ply.
On rugged earth I stand ; my ear
Is bent, thy sorrow's tale to hear.

Enter OCEAN, riding on a bird.

OCEAN. I come, my distant journey o'er,
Thy woes, Prometheus, to deplore.
On winged steed through air I ride,
Nor need a curb his course to guide.
Thy fortunes I lament ; for chief
The ties of blood compel to grief,
And first of all beneath the heaven,
To thee, my heart, my love, is given.
I speak the truth ; it is not mine
In deeds to fail, in words to shine.
Say then how best my willing hand
May lend its aid to burst thy band,
That thou may'st say, " I never knew
Than Ocean's god a friend more true."

PROMETHEUS. What then ? Art thou too come to see
my sorrows ?

What boldness drew you from your kindred stream
And caves of rock, self-built, untouched by tool,
To iron-bearing earth ? Was it to view
My grievous fate, and sympathize with me ?
Behold a prodigy ; the friend of Jove,
Once faithful guardian of his regal throne,
Thus bowed beneath the weight of wretchedness,
Inflicted by *his* hand.

OCEAN. All, all I see,
And would advise thee, cunning as thou art,

What most may profit ; learn thou then to know
 Thyself, and bend thy spirit to assume
 New manners ; for new powers bear rule above.
 But if thou wilt such stern and bitter words
 Hurl forth in proud defiance, Jove shall hear
 Enthroned on high, and in such vengeance rise,
 That e'en his present wrath but sport shall seem.
 Check then, my friend, your rage, and strive to gain
 Deliv'rance from your suff'rings. Old, perchance,
 And worthless seem my counsels ; yet 'tis true,
 That such, Prometheus, is the due reward
 Of a too daring tongue ; but thou art still
 Unquelled, uncurbed by woe, nor fear'st at all
 To draw new pains and fiercer vengeance down.
 Oh ! if thou wilt not spurn my counsels, cease
 To kick against the goad ; since stern is Jove,
 And for his acts to none accountable.

But I will now depart, and will endeavour
 Your freedom to effect ; but oh, be still,
 And check these fruitless insults !—know'st thou not,
 Wise as thou art, that to vain-speaking tongues
 Swift punishment and stern of right belongs ?

PROMETH. I envy thee, who, once in every plot
 My comrade, and my equal in all daring,
 Now dwell'st at large and with impunity !
 But quit thy project, think no more of it ;
 For never canst thou hope to bend *his* soul
 By force of thy persuasions—vain th' attempt !
 Be wary lest some latent injury
 Thyself shalt suffer from th' intended journey.

OCEAN. It seems thy nature better to advise
 For any than thyself ; facts witness it.
 But check not this my purpose ; for I trust,
 Well do I trust, that Jove at my request
 Will grant the boon and free you from your bonds.

PROMETH. In part I praise thee ; ne'er shall I forget
 The proffer'd service, for in friendly zeal
 None forwarder than thou ; but spare your labour,
 For profitless and vain th' attempt will be,
 If it must be attempted ; better far
 Be still, and keep thyself aloof from danger,

For not, because my lot is wretchedness,
Would I have all copartners in misfortune.
Ah no! the fortunes of my brother Atlas
Grieve me, who, standing by the western main,
Aye on his weary shoulders, motionless,
The mighty pillars on which heaven and earth
Recumbent rest, stupendous weight! supports.
Him too I saw and pitied, who in caves
Cilician dwells, a mournful prodigy,
The valiant Typhon, hundred-headed monster,
By force of Jove subdued; for, proud in strength,
He dared the gods to battle, hissing forth
Fierce slaughter from his jaws, and from his eye
Flashed the wild light of rage to crush by arms
The royalty of Jove. Ah! vain his fury!
For swift the sleepless shaft of heaven was sped,
The headlong thunderbolt, red lightnings breathing,
That dashed his haughty boastings to the earth,
And smit him to the very soul, his strength
Consumed and blasted in tremendous ruin.
All feeble now his form extended lies
Near the sea-strait, and, with stupendous bulk,
Vast Etna ever presses on his breast.
High on the summit sits the god of fire
And plies his forge; whence burning streams amain
Burst forth, devouring with relentless jaws
The spreading plains of fertile Sicily:
Such blazing bolts and storms of fiery hail
Doth he breathe forth, insatiate with destruction,
Himself all withered by the thunder's brunt.
But thou art wise nor needest my advice.
Preserve thyself, then, as thou judgest best;
But I the cup of grief must drain, until
Such time as Jove his anger shall assuage.

OCEAN. But know you not, Prometheus, that of wrath
Unmeet sound words the best physicians are?

PROMETH. Ay, if in time applied, they soothe the heart,
Nor e'er the swelling spirit curb by force.

OCEAN. And seest thou, then, no punishment allotted
To wisdom and to daring? Tell me this.

PROMETH. Great is the woe therein, nor less the folly.

OCEAN. Let this disease be mine, then ; if indeed
'Tis best e'en for the wise unwise t' appear.

PROMETH. Herein *my* error lay.

OCEAN. Back to my home
Your words would urge me.

PROMETH. Lest your grief for me
Should bring you into enmity with *him*.

OCEAN. *Him* newly throned the monarch of the world.

PROMETH. Him fear, lest your heart too be torn by pangs.

OCEAN. The woes you bear, Prometheus, are my warning.

PROMETH. Haste back, depart, nor quit your present purpose.

OCEAN. Your words and counsels hasten my return ;
Now the smooth paths of air my winged steed
Cleaves with his pinions, and with joy at home,
Housed in his stall, would rest his limbs from toil.

[*Exit* OCEAN.]

CHORUS. Alas ! Prometheus, for thy woe STROPHE 1.

Thy wretched fate I sigh ;
The tear that flows from sorrow's fount
Is trickling from mine eye ;
My cheek is pale with grief.
But pitiless the rule of Jove,
My new-made laws commanding ;
How proudly from the olden gods
Submission tame demanding,
Inexorable chief !

All earth abroad with wail resounds ; ANTISTROPHE 1.

Thy ancient glories gone,
The honours of thy kindred race
For ever lost, they moan
Their might in battle bent.
From all around in Eastern climes
And holy Asia dwelling—
Wherever mortal foot hath trod,
The voice of woe is swelling,
Thy sorrows to lament.

Dwellers in the Colchian land, STROPHE 2.
Virgin warriors, fearless band ;
Wanderers of the Scythian plain,
Farthest wilds in earth's domain,
Around Mœotis shore ;

All Arabia's warlike flower,
 Guardians of the mountain tower,
 Hard by Caucasus, who shine,
 Famed in battle-fields, combine
 Thy misery to deplore.

ANTISTROPHE 2.

Him too erewhile mine eyes beheld,
 Standing by the western main,
 Captive bound in iron chain.
 Atlas, the Titan deity ;
 For ever on his weary head
 The sky's stupendous weight is cast,
 And, still in endless torture bowed,
 He groans beneath the burden vast.
 Lamenting for his fearful woe,
 The waves of ocean moan ;
 Earth weeps round,
 The depths resound ;
 The realms of night are muttering low
 With many a hollow groan ;
 And sacred streams their voice have lent,
 In one deep note of sorrow blent.

EPODE.

PROMETH. Oh ! think not that 'tis pride and high self-will
 That keep me silent, but my inmost thoughts
 Prey on my spirit, when I see myself
 Thus injured and insulted ; yet 'twas I,
 Nor any other, who to these new gods
 Distributed the honours they possess.—
 But let that pass,—for well you know the whole ;
 And listen to the story of the gifts
 Bestowed on men, who, senseless once as infants,
 Wisdom received from me, and right discernment.
 Nor blame I them for this ; but speak to show
 How great good will I bore them, who, of old,
 Though seeing saw not, hearing heard in vain ;
 But, like the shadows that in dreams appear,
 Long lived a random life, nor knew the art
 Houses of stone to raise, or framed of wood ;
 But, burrowing in the earth like ants, they dwelt
 In caves, where never shone the beams of day ;
 Nor of the seasons had they certain knowledge—

Winter, or Spring, or Summer's fruitful reign ;
 Nor followed judgment in their acts, till I
 Taught them how rise the stars, and how depart,
 Inexplicable motions. Number, too,
 Chief work of wisdom, I bestowed, and writing,
 And memory—mother of all arts confessed.
 'Twas I that taught them to subdue the beasts,
 And tame them to the yoke ; steeds too, of wealth
 Chief ornament, I harnessed to the car,
 That toils, once borne by man, they now might bear.
 None other, before me, devised for him
 Ships—chariots of the waves—with canvass wings
 That wander over ocean, breeze-impelled.
 Such arts I found for mortals ; for myself
 No art can find by which, perchance, t' escape
 The woes that now encircle and constrain me.

CHORUS. Disgraceful are the insults thou endurest ;
 But reason's guidance thou hast lost, and like
 Some ignorant physician, by disease
 Attacked thyself, despairing, knowing not
 What med'cines to apply.

PROMETH. But hear the rest,
 And let your wonder grow,—what arts for man,
 What methods I discovered, but of all
 This greatest ; for of old, when dire disease
 Oppressed with pain, no remedy they knew
 Of food, or drug, or ointment ; but by want
 Of med'cines were they wasted, until I
 Instructed them to mingle potions mild,
 Sure safeguard 'gainst diseases. Many forms
 Of augury I taught them, and bestowed
 Skill to distinguish true dreams from deceitful.
 Omens of sound, and such as men on journeys
 Are wont to meet, I showed them ; and determined
 The flight of birds, both what propitious are
 And what portend misfortune ; and of all,
 The several natures, enmities, and loves ;
 The smoothness of th' intestines, and the colours
 Which mark the gods well-pleased ; of bile and liver
 The variegated streaks, propitious signs,
 I taught them ; and the limbs by fire consuming,

And loins, rich offering! thereby guided them.
 To every hidden art of divination.
 And signs from flame derived, uncertain once,
 And clouded to their sight, I rendered clear:
 So far in this; but more—the secret treasures
 That rest within the earth, of brass or iron,
 Silver or gold, none other, before me,
 Laid open to their vision; none but I
 Can claim this honour, save in boastings vain.
 But, in a word, the mortal race derive
 Their every art from Wisdom.

CHORUS. Oh! of men

Be not thus over-careful, of thyself
 Neglectful, though by wretchedness oppressed.
 For I am full of hope that, from these bonds
 Released, thou yet shalt equal Jove in might.

PROMETH. Not such the will of fate, not yet th' event
 Inclines to its fulfilment; first must I,
 By many a pain, and many a woe, be bowed,
 Ere liberty be mine; for what is art
 Against necessity's decree?

CHORUS. Who, then,
 Directs the rudder of necessity?

PROMETH. The triple Fates, and the avenging Furies.

CHORUS. Is, then, the might of Jove to them subjected?

PROMETH. E'en he cannot escape his fated lot.

CHORUS. What lot for him, but everlasting rule?

PROMETH. That may not be revealed; press not the question.

CHORUS. Sure 'tis some weighty secret thou thus hidest.

PROMETH. Quit, then, the subject; 'tis not yet the time
 To speak it; but in closest secrecy,
 It still must be involved; for this concealing,
 I hope these woes and torments to escape.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

MAY is here—the blooming maiden that strews flowers before Summer's royal feet, and spreads the verdant carpet on her queenly path : sunshine glitters in her golden hair, and paints the garland on her brow ; she smiles ! and man, rejoicing, turns from the deserted hearth of winter to follow in her train. In the footsteps of May, spring up fresh flowers in their beauty ; we love them best, for they are the first to greet us when we exult over the banishment of Winter. We love the flowers,—their forms, their colours, and their fragrant scents ; but when we know how gloriously these little gems are made, then rise our hearts in adoration of Him who clothed the lilies of the field, so that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. None who have leisure should let summer pass and fail to improve the opportunity that flowers offer of gazing at the unmasked form of beauteous Nature, and adding one more triumphant testimony to those each day has already afforded of the bounteous goodness of his God.

At the commencement of the Spring, we trust, therefore, that a few notices of works tending to this object will not be considered labour thrown away.

De Candolle's Vegetable Organography. Translated by Boughton Kingdon.
Second Edition, in 2 Vols. 8vo. Houlston & Hughes.

Possessed of an interest to the lover of nature far superior to the details of artificial system, or catalogues of classification, are those departments of botany which lead us through the ways of Providence, and point out with what surpassing wisdom the living plant is made : its structure, and the laws by which its life is governed, form the most profitable and entertaining departments of our study ; and it is to these that this work is devoted. An eulogy on De Candolle as a botanist would be something like an expression of approbation upon Shakespeare as a poet : he stands the acknowledged chief among his brethren ; and throughout Europe the opinions of the great French botanist are looked up to with admiration and respect. Of the present translation, however, it may be worth while to speak : we are proud that from our own College has arisen one who has presented to the British public this work of standard authority, in a manner most worthy of encouragement. Mr. Kingdon we know to be an experienced botanist, and this translation has been a labour of love. It is a faithful version.

Le Jardin des Plantes. 8vo. Paris : L. Curmer. London : Clarke, Finch-lane.
Pp. 440.

In this age of cheap illustrated works, we must unhesitatingly award the palm of victory to the one before us. It is “gotten up” in the first style of elegance ; the typography is beautiful ; and the wood-engravings, of which there are about 400, are exquisite specimens of an art which here appears to have reached perfection. There is also a large number of engravings on steel, and a pretty collection of coloured plates of birds, flowers, &c. The letter-press (French) not merely gives an account of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, but consists also

of a *complete* introduction to the various branches of Natural History—Zoology, Ornithology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, &c. and all this is conveyed in the amusing and *piquant* style so peculiar to our French neighbours. The work has another recommendation—it is not only one of the most beautiful, but, unquestionably, the cheapest book ever published.

Floricultural Magazine. Tyas. No. 71, April, 1842.

This periodical has gone on gradually improving; and since it began to take the lead, it has left all its monthly gardening rivals still more and more in the rear. The coloured plates of the most beautiful modern flowers are executed in a style of excellence not hitherto met in these sixpenny works. The Letter-press is as practically useful as the plates are beautiful; we can confidently recommend every one who has a garden, whether it be large or small, to take it in.

Florist's Journal. April, 1842. How and Parsons.

This is another number of the numerous family of gardening periodicals. Its coloured plates were once highly finished, but latterly we fear that they have degenerated. The drawing of *Oncidium papilio* ought not to have been made from a faded withering specimen; and as for Dahlias, they are all so much alike, except in colour, at least upon paper, that sketches of these great flowers are not much to our taste. We would also advise the Editor to make his remarks more practical and rather less theoretical. Nevertheless, the work is by no means a bad one.

British Moths and their Transformations. No. VI. 4to. Smith, Fleet Street.

This very beautiful number contains three plates, in which are delineated, in the most accurate and artistical manner, about eighty sketches of Moths, Larvæ, Pupæ, and plants. As most young ladies are more or less entomologically inclined, we know of no work more calculated for a present to them than the one now before us.

Ornamental Perennials. By Mrs. Loudon. 4to. Smith, Fleet Street.

Each Part consists of three plates, containing several highly-coloured figures of ornamental plants, with illustrative letter-press. The work is in every respect worthy of recommendation.

The Botanist. Manns, Bromsgrove. Groombridge, Panyer Alley.

A work designed for the use of amateur gardeners, and completely answering the purpose for which it is intended. Each number contains four very excellent coloured plates, of the newest and ornamental varieties of flowers, exotic or hardy. The descriptions attached to each are as well popular as scientific, and generally wind up with a moral. To those whose botany extends chiefly to the adornment of their own green-houses and gardens, this work will be a profitable aid.

..* Miscellaneous Notices are necessarily deferred.

THE
KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1842.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

WILLIE BATS INDULGES IN AN IDEA, AND FINDS IT TO BE A VERY BAD ONE.—
THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.—THE HISTORY OF FATHER FRANCIS.

WILLIE BATS claims our attention. That worthy has acted upon schemes important in their result, however inefficient in their execution; we hasten, therefore, back to Ellerton, recurring to the period when last we quitted it. Willie Bats walks with Spenton in the fields;—how comes he by him for an associate? and Willie seems intimate with his companion! The cause of this?—Ambition. Willie Bats aspired;—to astonish the world by discovering a treasure, he knew not what, therefore he raked nightly among the bowels of the earth;—to delight those he loved by discovering a secret, he knew not what, therefore he walked with Spenton. It was no fault of Willie's if his heart was developed at the expense of his brain; true, if his heart was warm, his brain was glowing—ay, on fire with an idea; but then the stock of fuel was but small, and that idea was not particularly brilliant. He had heard of the good service done by Mat Maybird in professing friendship with the foe: he, too, would follow in the profitable path, and scrape acquaintance-ship with Spenton. Poor Willie! His thoughts, few and simple as they were, had never yet been denied access to his tongue, and now that he strove to put them in restraint they summarily rebelled, and refused to succumb to the interdiction.

"And so," said Spenton, in continuance of their conversation,
"thou wilt help me to win Kate Westrill?"

"I betray Mistress Kate!" exclaimed Willie indignantly; then, recollecting himself, "Yes, certainly."

Spenton smiled. Willie thought he had exhibited excessive caution; and proceeded to pump with unexampled vigour:

"Where's Curts?"

"In London."

Willie was delighted at the mark of confidence expressed in this prompt reply. He knew that Curts really was on the road to London; in fact, had told Spenton of the knowledge he possessed.

"What takes him to London?"

"He did not tell me."

"Canst not guess?" inquired Willie, who was determined to gain all he could by a rigorous cross-examination; but a simple negative stopped him in mid career.

"Where is Kate Westrill?" asked Spenton in return.

Willie was taken aback by the sudden demand upon his inventive powers. "I—I—she—yes; in London," replied he.

"In London! When went she thither? eh, Willie?"

"Oh," cried Willie,—"*ay*,"—taking time to reflect,—"*yes*.—What saidst thou?"

"When went Mistress Westrill to London, if there she be?"

"When went she, didst thou ask, or why went she?—Why went she?"

"Both. When and why."

Suddenly Willie remembered Spenton's answer, and used it in default of a better: "She did not tell me," exclaimed he eagerly: "that's it! she did not tell me!"

Spenton grinned from one grizzly whisker to the other. "Hast then nothing to betray!"

"I!" cried Willie; "I play false to poor—Oh, no; nothing at present."

"Adieu, then, Willie! When thou visit'st the good priest next, after Cicely hath kissed thee, give my love to Kate!"

Willie here might have averted suspicion; but the sly, and somewhat public, allusion to his Cicely's kisses completed his confusion. "I never told thee—"

"Thou hast told me now. I see it all—I understand thee well. Learn thy part, Willie, ere thou actest hypocrite again!"

Thus speaking and chuckling as he went, the satisfied Spenton left the crest-fallen experimentalist. Poor Willie fetched a groan from some corner of his frame, if corner that round body could

contain, and stood aghast at the mischief he had made: very often, indeed, as he walked slowly homeward, did he stop on his way to gaze earnestly at nothing, or stray aside from his path, more closely to examine something that he knew full well; for he dreaded the hour of his return, and could not sufficiently linger. At last he could withstand no longer, and throwing his rotund substance upon a bank, groaned and wept in misery; partly, indeed, on behalf of himself and Cicely, but yet more for the sorrow he had occasioned to "sweet Mistress Kate." Be our journeying fast or slow, one day the bourne must be arrived at: and, with all his contrivance, Willie could not rob the road to Ellerton of its accustomed end. At length, therefore, he deposited himself in Kate Westrill's presence, and with honest grief and true contrition told, as well as he was able, his unhappy tale. Poor Kate felt sympathy for his sorrow, and appreciated the kind motives that made Willie blunder; while her heart writhed at the thought of the tortures her simple friend had so unwittingly prepared, she was not too selfish to remember that he acted on a warm and kindly impulse; and with a soothing word she calmed the turbulence of his regrets.—But there was Cicely! What would Cicely say?

"Beat me the villain soundly! Willie, I will try by this whereat to value thee. Until thou hast soundly cudgelled Master Spenton, seek not a word with me!"

"Agreed!" cried Willie; "I will redeem my character! Charmer, I will not give thee a lock of my own hair; a nobler gift, Cicely, shall win back thy smile; one that Sir Edward might not scorn to bring—a handful out of Spenton's head.—I'll pummel him!"

With this effective speech, and a heroic strut, Willie departed, bent on lofty deeds. Cicely gazed upon his retiring form, and sighed at the contemplation of her lover's courage.

Spenton's measures next should occupy our attention; but we will not dwell upon so unprofitable a subject. He visited the priest—encountered the whelming avalanche of Cicely's indignation—demanded Kate Westrill at the old man's hands—and received a mild but firm denial.

"Law is against thee," exclaimed Spenton.

"Heaven will be with me," replied Father Francis. "In the name of Him who hath mercy on the fatherless, I will detain her from thee."

With an angry threat Spenton departed, but it was not for long.

Scarcely had the good man's duties called him from the house when he again entered, and demanded an interview with Kate Westrill. Kate thought to move him when she granted it; and the blue eye of the unhappy orphan was raised for a moment in tearful supplication: she appealed to every manly feeling, but Spenton had not one to respond to the invocation; what wonder, then, that he met her with a brutal answer! The noble spirit of the maiden was aroused—her eyes flashed once more as of old—and Spenton once more cowered beneath her gaze. He would have spoken, and looked up to speak, but he dared not meet the eye of outraged innocence; and with a threat, a threat that awe scarce suffered him to utter, he left Kate Westrill's presence.

And yet this coward was a thing to fear!

The good priest, when he returned, found Kate in tears, and heard the cause of her affliction.

"Father, if I stay, I bring ruin upon thy grey head; and—father, good father, I must leave thee!"

"To wander in a friendless world! My child, art thou a-weary of the old man's love, and wouldst thou break his heart to save him from a doubtful danger?"

"Nay," replied Kate, "I have a friend thou know'st not of, and he hath offered me an asylum. I will not name him; it were best, if men ask thee, that thou shouldst not know. Father, the world is not a friendless world!"

"I have heard," said the priest, "that there are men abroad who wound beneath the mask of friendship. Daughter, beware of such."

"He who conveyed the offer wore a face of truth," replied Kate; "I will trust in this new friend."

"And I resist not," said the priest; "difficulties now surround us; this may be a gate that leadeth from them. This unknown friend may have been raised up by Heaven to rescue thee from the hands of thine enemies. Yet," and a tear was in the old man's eye, "I love not, Kate, that thou shouldst leave me. There is a feeling at my heart that binds me to thee; wert thou mine own darling child, that dear daughter of my soul, whose infant guileless spirit rests in heaven, I could not part from thee with greater pain."

The old man was evidently touched by some long-cherished recollection, as he passed his hand before his eyes, and sighed in sadness.

“My dear Kate,” continued he, “if thou but knewest how I love thee —”

“I do know it,” replied Kate, taking his hand in hers; “I know thy kind heart loveth all of us.”

“Thee, my child, above others,” replied the priest, sadly. “I will tell thee my tale, and thou wilt partly understand this feeling. Often hast thou heard me speak of sorrows passed; till now they have never been revealed; locked hitherto within my breast, to thee will I make them known, if only for the sake of thy sweet sympathy.”

Kate listened with interest, as the old man continued.

“When I was young,” said he, “with my mind fresh and active, like all the rest, I loved. Love is, commonly, the master passion in a soul that is maturing; it was so in mine. My passion was returned, unopposed; I married, and was happy. In time a daughter was given to me; and my wife, whom I dearly loved, was taken from this world ere she had been two years mine. This was a heavy blow. On her death-bed lay, nestling beside her mother, my infant Mary. She knew not, in her happy innocence, the sad scene of which she formed a part, as my wife put her arm around the child, and bade me love and cherish it. I needed not words to induce me—words, dying words.—I promised that Mary should find in me father and mother; that she should learn to think of that parent she had never known, and to respect and love her memory. The little babe looked at me, and smiled as I promised; then clung more closely to her mother. A thin arm encircled her little neck, and so my poor wife died. When I took the child from the embrace of that loved corpse, I kissed it fondly; it stretched its little arms to her who was dead—but these, Kate, are sad recollections,—the scene is before me now,—forgive me for having dwelt upon it. Little Mary grew, and with her growth my fond love increased; I doted upon her almost to madness. In her were wife and child; all that torrent of a young heart’s warm fervent feeling that in me had been arrested so suddenly, fell upon little Mary. Ere she could speak I taught her to love her mother’s grave: it is in a sunny corner of the churchyard; and there I used to sit, by hours together, and my love still grew more violent as I looked on the child’s gambols, and thought the while of her who slept beneath. She became a scholar, apt for speaking; I taught her then to lisp her mother’s name; and oh! there was a mournful pleasure in hearing it fall from the child’s little lips! I loved her then still

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more. When little Mary was able to talk to me, and understand what I said to her, I told her what a mother was, and who and what was her's. There was a feeling when I told the little daughter of her unknown mother's virtues that endeared her to me still more; and then, when she grew to love her, to ask of her,—and when tears fell from the child's round blue eyes, as her mother's name was mentioned,—my love for the little creature exceeded all belief. By such ties and by such feelings were my affections raised. Little Mary was my all—my treasure; she shared in all my feelings, and returned my excess of love. At last, death once more visited my house; it seized upon the child. I shall not soon forget that young thing's dying hour. I took the babe in my arms and kissed it; it smiled sweetly upon me. I knelt and prayed earnestly—earnestly—that God would spare me that dear treasure, that I loved so fondly! That was a deep—a heartfelt prayer, but it pleased Heaven to ordain otherwise; and, though I then thought not so, I have since lived to confess the justice of the decree. Little Mary told me she was dying, and asked me to kiss her. The kisses of a young father as I was, about to be bereft of all, were hot and frantic; I paced the room in despair, then paused, and gazed upon the dying girl; she stretched her arms, as if to embrace her whose name she whispered, and, with that name—her mother's name—upon her lips, she died, and her soul flew to join my wife in heaven. Then followed frantic grief; my dearest child, she whom I had loved so madly, was no more. I buried her on the same sunny spot where her mother sleeps; even now the old man visits often the spot where the young man's love and hopes lie buried. It was long, very long, ere I had sufficiently recovered this shock to act in any way; then I forswore the world, became a priest, and what you see me. When I first saw thee, thou wert a blue-eyed child of my Mary's age; thou, too, hadst lost a mother. I took thee in my arms, and fancied Mary there; it caused new sorrow, but I loved thee dearly. I have watched thy growth, and thought each year—thus, had she lived, my Mary would have been; when thou wert praised—thus little Mary would have been. I see thee now as Mary would have been; therefore, above all else on earth, I love thee!”

Kate had been in tears while the old priest spoke; his earnest tone of sadness and his tale of sorrow had deeply moved her; now, as he ceased, she dried her eyes, and smiled cheerfully upon him as she took his hand.

“Thy love, good father, is beyond all price; but, alas! in gain-

ing it I must have cost thee bitter pain. Thou canst not sorrow more in losing me, than I in leaving thee, my kind and early friend ; but it is well that we should part. Thou art in danger if thou affordest longer shelter,—I, if I escape not hence.”

“Thine enemies, Kate,” said Father Francis, mournfully, “have hunted thee down in every place of thy security. Poor girl ! This is a hard lot for one like thee !”

“Nay, good father,” replied Kate Westrill, in a cheerful voice, “I am not yet cast down ; the blackest clouds blot not the sun for ever ! When the storm is past, and its golden beams again prevail, how doubly sweet is all that we behold !”

“True, my child,” said the old priest, “but the raging storm may strike down many a bud that will no longer behold earthly sunshine ; others it may injure, so that when the bright hours come they will blossom no longer to enjoy them. Let, therefore, the shelter we seek be safe as earth can offer ; our duty then is done when we throw ourselves humbly on Divine protection.”

“In my new asylum,” replied Kate, “I shall be, at least, secure ; for safety I confide in Heaven.”

No more was said ; Kate Westrill and the old man dined together, but they ate little. In the afternoon, each avoided the painful topic, and they spoke, as they sat by the crackling wood-fire, of former times ; when Heringford lived in the village, and shared with Kate his dreams of love and glory ; when the two would visit at eventide the old priest’s cottage, and sit with him to receive the instruction his benevolence prompted : they spoke of those times of old when Edward sat by Kate Westrill in the village church, and they knelt and prayed beside each other ; of the visits Edward would make to old Westrill’s cottage ; of the village revels and the village happiness ; the sports in which Heringford excelled, the wrestling, the leaping, the archery ; of the last meeting, when Edward fully told his love, and all those dear remembrances of days now sadly changed.

Evening came, and they separated for the night. Kate took leave with more than usual feeling ; she knew not for how long was the parting ! In the day-time she dared not leave the village, for she feared observation ; in the night, therefore, she quitted her protector’s roof. With Willie Bats a kind message was left for the old priest, when, in the morning, he should find Kate fled ; for she had not courage to endure the pain of a farewell. Thus do we find Kate Westrill, on a December night, with the faithful Cicely by

her side, treading the crisp snow with trembling foot, as she bends her steps towards a new asylum; her heart still light, cheered by immortal hope, and an implicit confidence in the word of One who hath promised to protect the fatherless and the orphan.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

THE HISTORY HEREIN PROGRESSETH ONLY TO THE SATISFACTION OF WILLIE BATS, YET IS OTHERWISE NECESSARY THOUGH UNIMPORTANT.

THUS stood affairs at Ellerton when Heringford, as soon as possible after the death of Esther, hastened to the village. Kate had been gone some days; none knew the place of her concealment. There was one clue alone;—Cicely had promised to her swain, that if he executed vengeance upon Spenton, she would reveal, in strictest secrecy, where she was to be found, that reconciliation might on the instant be effected. Visions of victory and glory were in the head of Willie Bats; already had imagination circled with bays his narrow brow, and placed his thin grey locks in competition with the fiercest; already did his soul look forward to the immortal glory which after-ages would lavish on the name of Bats—Bats the Avenger, Willie the Scourge of Vice, Willie Bats the hero, at whose name the Spentons of every succeeding generation should tremble and turn pale! Woe, woe, a thousand times woe to the unhappy wight against whom was directed the raging fire of Willie's indignation! Woe to him whose punishment was a task assigned to the consenting lover! Woe, woe to Spenton! Ill-starred wretch! Unlucky for him the hour when Willie Bats was born! unlucky the years that nurtured and strengthened the destined avenger! unlucky for him that future moment when the consummation of vengeance should take place! Oh, at this instant, doth not Spenton tremble? If it be true that men are darkened by the shadows of approaching fate; if it be true that a presentiment of ill can warn the victim of suffering to come; doth not the devoted head of Spenton shake like the slender-stalked leaf of the aspen? do not his devoted limbs shiver and quake as the shadow passeth upon them? If they do not,—if Spenton be unmoved, unconscious,—then is the doctrine of presentiment most false, most erroneous, most unjustifiable; for Spenton ought to tremble.

Sir Edward Heringford, having learned from Willie Bats the extent of his misfortune, crossed the village green and entered the wood. Vexed at his new disappointment, anxious for Kate's welfare, and irresolute as to what steps he should take to ensure or promote it, he cared not whither he wandered. Yet, insensibly, he struck into the same paths that, of old, he and Kate had loved to tread; no birds sang now, no wild fruits ripened, no green leaves decked the trees. The walks were yet the same; the whole was not so much changed but that old associations could be traced. There was the spreading tree under which they had loved to sit,—the bank, still green, on which they had told their love,—last summer. How changed was all since then! It was winter now; and the brightness of the summer flowers, whose bloom the lovers cherished, fled not sooner before the season of destruction, than the happiness of that fond pair before the chill breath of persecution. For his own danger Edward would have cared but little, had not Kate Westrill shared it; against him alone the plots would have been directed, had not Spenton arisen, and, by bestowing upon her his vile love, made sorrow her lot also. Thus as he thought, his indignation was yet more violently excited against the wretch, whom, on raising his eyes, he beheld standing in his path.

Heringford's sword was speedily unsheathed when he saw the villain near, but the weapon was as speedily returned, on a second glance at his antagonist. Spenton's appearance, pitiful as it was, has already been described; his thin weazen face and pinched up nose were now rendered by the cold yet sharper; his teeth chattered; and his meagre body was doubled up, as much by fright as frost. His small grey eyes were bent anxiously upon Edward to watch his offensive motions, as a spell-bound animal might watch the snake preparing to devour it. His whole appearance was so mean and contemptible, that Heringford felt it would be only disgrace to himself were he to acknowledge such a man as this to be worthy his resentment.

With cringing gesture Spenton was preparing to proceed, when, through the leafless bushes from an adjoining path, rushed Willie Bats. Eager as a bloodhound for his prey, on came the avenger; with his full weight he threw himself upon the enemy and bore the little body of Spenton to the ground, where, himself falling upon it, the astonished victim gasped for that needful breath squeezed from him by the superimposed weight of his corpulent and solid antagonist.

It is said by philosophers that the lighter will always rise above that which is heavier; Spenton discovered, to his cost, that this theory is open to exceptions, for he, far lighter than Willie Bats, in vain endeavoured to be uppermost.

The immortal Willie, flushed by the buoyancy of his spirits, and the very severe exercise of manual dexterity and strength in thumping his enemy, panted for breath. Heroic being! Obedient lover! Mean is the honour our recital can afford to one whose acts were so daring and so brave. No; his life is for the poet to celebrate; his deeds are worthy of the epic page. The poet alone can, in the hearer's mind, lend force to the hard blows that passed; alone a poet can describe how the undermost gasped for breath knocked out of him,—how the uppermost panted for breath expended in the work. Willie rested, as a giant, from his labours, but would not leave his prey: remaining upon him, and spreading each arm and leg upon the earth for support, he rested. Alas, that even the most ardent sometimes feel fatigue! for the exertions of Spenton were now successful, and he succeeded in rolling over his antagonist.

Spenton, now uppermost, meditated a more tragical termination to the contest than hitherto had seemed likely to ensue. He drew from his belt a long dagger; it gleamed an instant in the air, and would have ended the career of the valiant Willie, had not another hand, till then neutral, intervened. Edward Heringford had enjoyed the contest, so long as fists and fleshly weapons only were employed, but naked steel was far more serious; grasping, therefore, the upraised hand, he wrenched the dagger from its grasp and flung it into the brushwood. Spenton was thus thrown once more upon his own natural resources. The weight of his foeman, however, was too trifling to cause Willie Bats much inconvenience, whilst that courageous lover, having recovered his strength, mauled his adversary more severely than before. One alternative remained; and Spenton, no longer chained to the ground, sprang to his feet, and fled with all speed through the forest. Here he triumphed. The rotund Willie was never celebrated for fleetness of foot, and, before he could raise himself from his extended posture, the foe was out of sight.

“Let him go,” said Willie, hot and breathless, “let him go; I have done my duty by him; my character is redeemed; the charming Cicely is appeased; and I am satisfied.”

“He will never forgive thee this disgrace,” said Edward.

“Never mind that,” replied Willie Bats; “Cicely will forgive me now, and will forget her anger. Little do I care what else befalls me.”

“Art verily a hero, Willie; when wilt thou see thy Cicely?”

“Foolish! foolish!” cried Willie, as a thought now struck him; “she will see me when she is told of this, but no man knoweth where to find her; how, then, is she to be told?”

Here was a problem to solve, abstruse as that of the Delphian cube: pity that Willie Bats had not thought of it before! In gloomy mood, Willie accompanied Edward back to the village, after having duly divested himself of the dust and dirt that remained as a consequence of his mode of contest.

At the entrance to the village Edward parted from his companion, and went to his own home.

Heringford's cottage differed not from the generality of cottages in the village. There were some with more pretension, there were many inferior to it. It was built, like the rest, of stones from a neighbouring quarry, and thatched with straw. There were latticed windows, and creeping plants around them, now leafless; a garden before, an orchard behind, with turf plots and well-swept walks; there were birds' nests under the eaves of the roof; there was moss upon the mellow thatch, over which spread the branches of a beech that, in summer, shaded the spot. Lifting the latch, Edward entered the brick-paved kitchen, and found, pensively gazing into the crackling fire, his old housekeeper, Alice.

Alice had been a servant formerly to Edward's reputed parents, and, when his wife died, old Heringford advanced the favourite domestic to that authority in the management of the household which, by this event, became vacant. After the old man's death, the care of Alice became a part of Edward's duty, as bequeathed to him by his foster-father.

Alice was not very old, for she had entered the service of the house that now sheltered her at an early age; she was not young, for, before Edward's birth, she had been a widow of some years' standing, after having shared the delights of the state matrimonial during two complete lustra,—a period of experience to which, in doubtful matters, she loved often to refer.

She wore a long gown of dark-coloured stuff, with a deep stomacher of similar material, and a plain cap of white linen on her head; every thing about herself, and every thing within her jurisdiction, was clean and orderly.

The noise made by Edward in entering disturbed her reverie, and she looked hastily round : perceiving who caused the interruption, she rose, with mingled respect and affection, to welcome her young master.

“ Art thou well, Alice, and happy ? ” asked Edward, after the first greeting.

“ I should be better pleased,” replied the housekeeper, “ if my young master were less seldom at home : it is lonely enough to live here and work only for myself. Time hangs heavily when there is nought to occupy one’s hands or one’s attention.”

“ It is because this house is now so lonely,” replied Heringford, “ that I am thus often absent. Shake not thy careful head, my good Alice ; I go not into the world to seek society in riot and dissipation ; that is no cure for lonesomeness : the solitude of a life cannot equal in misery one interval between such sallies. No, Alice ; the laugh of one I love, resounding within these walls, would soon render them cheerful ; the society of her who to me is all in all, would put a happy end to solitude.”

“ Success to thee, Edward ; ” said the old housekeeper. “ Mistress Kate is the prettiest and kindest-hearted girl in the village : she is well worthy of thy love. Oh, I could tell thee many a tale of Kate Westrill, that would make thy young heart beat.”

“ Tell me, tell me, good Alice,” said Edward. “ It will be music to mine ear.”

“ I may not,” replied Alice, “ for she would not wish them known ; but I have seen her bend over the dying, and heard her sweet voice comforting their sorrows and praying for them, so like an angel of heaven, that I have sighed and wished that, when I die, such an one as Kate may be at my bedside to cheer the parting from this world. I have known her voice bring happiness into a house of sorrow, and reconcile those to life who had deemed its joys, to them at least, lost for ever. I have known her part with all her little store to lend assistance to the distressed. I have seen her wearied with active toil in their behalf, all, as she thought, in secret ; but I have watched her : thine eye of love may have observed some of this, but very little ; since from thee, of all others, she strove to keep it secret,—I cannot see why ; for, before I married, I always strove to let the departed Philip know every thing that could raise me in his estimation. But people were wiser in those times than they are now. Times are altered strangely ! ”

So said old Alice then ; and so have all old women said from

that time to the present. How rapidly do things degenerate! Each succeeding age is pronounced by its oldest, and therefore its most experienced, cotemporary to be far inferior to the last; all the old men agree that no times were so good as those they knew in boyhood. And they are right; for then the heart of each was warm, his senses keen, open to every delight; then he lived in an age of love and pleasure, to which, as he grew in years, he became more and more insensible. Thus, in the natural temper of man, will he explain his own impaired powers of observing, by an impaired state of the things to be observed; his own lessened power of receiving pleasure, he will unconsciously attribute to the world's new apathy; and, because his own feelings are less warm, he bewails the decay of his country's warm-hearted generosity and old nobility of spirit. These feelings, masked by others, work imperceptibly in the human heart; and to these we owe the constant repetition of that absurd, improbable, nay, impossible, fable of the degeneracy of the present times. How far the conduct of Alice towards the departed Philip in his bachelor days proved, by its contrariety to that of Kate Westrill, the degenerate state of man, or rather woman-kind, we will not profess to determine, lest our decision should be opposed to that of a venerable and experienced lady; an opposition which Edward scrupled not openly to express.

Anxious, if possible, to relieve himself at any cost from the painful doubt he felt as to Kate Westrill's safety, Heringford determined to seek through the village to ascertain if her shelter was in Ellerton. But search was vain; and yet, in each cottage that he entered, he found that which served to root his love more firmly. Among the poorer families he found constant proof of Kate's kind disposition. Those whose better circumstances placed them above other aid acknowledged, with fond gratitude, the benefit of Kate's advice, Kate's friendship, Kate's sympathy in distress. Girls loved Kate Westrill for that she was mild and unassuming, shared in their feelings, and assisted in their little schemes; joined, too, so gaily and so gracefully in all the village sports. Old men loved her; for she treated them with respect, listened to their oft-told stories with attentive ear, and heard not their advisings with contempt. From all ranks in the village and from every age—from the prattler she had sported with, to the venerable man whose failing step she had supported—was poured into Edward's ear one general note of praise. Some, with tears, told of benefits conferred; others spoke with affection of her mirth and kindness: some had

tales to relate of her childhood ; others, anecdotes of her youth : none could tell whither she had fled.

With his love confirmed, and his troubles increased, Edward Heringford returned to London.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

ESTHER AVENGED.

EVENING had already thrown its shade over the village, when Edward started upon his journey. His mind was too much troubled to admit delay : he knew too well the road he was to travel, to feel alarm at the thought of journeying in the dark ; there was little chance of his missing the way : other dangers were not thought of. It was a cold, chilly night ; the wind moaned among the trees ; light clouds flew across the sky ; there was no sound or sight of living creature to encounter him as he rode rapidly onward. Now and then a cottage was visible through the obscurity, planted close to the road side ; then, perhaps, a dog would bark ; and the deep tones of the roused animal, as the disturbers proceeded on their way, became less and less distinct, until they were lost in the wailing of the wind, and solitude again prevailed. With regular and rapid stroke the horse's hoofs beat upon the frost-hardened road : the wood, beyond Joe Bensal's cottage, echoed back the sound that disturbed its brute tenants in their rest. The wood was passed ; the open road attained ; the journey speedily continued. By the time they reached Iseldon the dawn had broken, and a few shops were in readiness for the day's traffic. Edward stopped to rest and refresh his horse ; then continued his journey ; passed over the city moat and under the gate, through street and lane, to London Bridge, dashed across it, and stood at Bruton's door. Dismounting, he led his horse to the stables, and entered the house, having seen his night's companion carefully provided for. Ascending to the room usually inhabited, Edward found Mat Maybird alone, seated at the table before an abundant breakfast. A huge joint of beef and a flagon of ale were at his elbow ; loaves, pies, and pasties, capons, scattered over the table, gave testimony of inroads past, present, and to come.

"Thou'rt most welcome," said Mat, rising when he saw Edward, and greeting him heartily, "welcome within the bounds of

my jurisdiction. As there is breakfast here sufficient for two, I am not sorry to have thee share it with me."

"Where is Bruton?" asked Edward, after acknowledging Mat's welcome.

"Bruton?" replied Mat; "for the present, Edward, I am Bruton. Our friend is out of town, and hath left to me the care of his household. I make myself comfortable, as you see." Mat pointed to the breakfast table.

"There is no appearance of discomfort here, certainly," said Edward, laughing.

"No," replied Mat. "I often—but I have not finished breakfast: we waste time in talking. Sit down, Edward—eat;—thou hast travelled on a frosty night—art ravenously hungry,—eat. Here is a venison pasty; I have tasted it myself," (it was half demolished,) "and can assure thee I found it excellent: the poultry I have also tasted; and can recommend the beef I am at present engaged upon. Take a draught of this ale,—by Jove, I have emptied the flagon! It shall be re-filled. Sit, Edward; hungry traveller, sit and eat."

Heringford wanted no pressing to refresh himself after a night's ride; and Mat Maybird was soon contented. More ale was ordered and brought; when Mat renewed his hostilities, by a spirited attack upon the beef, that made it shrink before the knife of the insatiable destroyer.

"Now, Edward," said Mat, after a while, "what news from Ellerton? I have been most anxious to know, but I feared it was ill by thy speedy return, and would not inquire before breakfast, lest it should spoil mine appetite."

"The news," said Edward, "may be called good or bad, according to the manner in which we interpret it. Kate Westrill is lost to her persecutors and to me: she fled from Ellerton, as she said, to a more secure asylum; but I fear that was only to quiet the fears of the old priest, and that she has wandered friendless, without resources, upon the wide world, to perish in obscurity: the faithful Cicely with her. Kate! Kate! would that I but knew the truth! To hear that thou wert dead would be relief at least in this most fearful doubt!"

"We must hope that she has found a friend," said Mat Maybird.

"Ay, Mat!" replied Edward, "where should a humble orphan, persecuted and wretched, seek friends in this world among those that know her not? She is not in Ellerton. Say there are many

that would befriend her: I know there is charity on earth; there are many pure, good hearts, that can sympathize with sorrow;—Say there are hundreds—thousands—that would lend their aid with ready kindness, when they knew of the orphan's sufferings;—is Kate Westrill one to seek pity of strangers? Can Kate beg relief of those who may refuse it? Will Kate Westrill tell to the world her own virtues, and claim commiseration for the sorrow of one who, in prosperity, distributed happiness and mirth around her? Can she—can she do all this? Rather would her honest heart cease to beat: rather would she—No, no. Kate is not one to beg friendship or assistance. She knows no one out of Ellerton—in Ellerton she is not. She must have wandered forth to escape the persecution of Spenton, hither and thither, in a world—wilderness to her:—she must have perished!”

Heringford, who had paced the room as he spoke, now threw himself upon a seat, and, burying his face within his hands, remained silent. Mat Maybird seated himself near him, and spoke in a gentle voice:—

“Abandon not thyself to despair,” said he; “there is hope yet. Sweet little Kate is not destined to so hard a fate as thou hast pictured, Edward; it cannot be! While thou wert speaking, Edward, the memories of old were upon me. Think of Kate as she was when thou and I were villagers; think of her mild blue eye, that was lighted alike by love or mirth, or sympathy with distress; think of her dancing on the village green, thyself her partner; think of her singing at her own cottage door, when we would hide ourselves to hear her sweet, clear tones; think of her soft mirthful laugh, and of that sweet smile that brought happiness where’er it lighted: think of all this, and tell me now, is it possible—is it consistent—that this innocent village favourite can have met so hard a fate? Answer me, Edward!”

Mat Maybird gently removed Heringford’s hands from his face: his friend looked at him through fastly-falling tears.

“I do think,” said he, “of old times; they are sadly, sadly changed!—but I will trust in Heaven!”

Let us change the scene.

From the hovel so often mentioned, the hut which Spenton called his own, a man emerged, tall, enveloped in a thick black cloak, his bonnet drawn over his face—it was Sir Richard Ellerton. With slow and irresolute step he walked through the lane into more open streets. As men jostled past him he shrunk from their touch: if one looked at him he started timidly back, and endeavoured yet more

effectually to conceal his face. Sometimes he met one he had known in former times; then he would slink aside to escape observation: perhaps he was recognised; the other then quickened his pace, as though pollution hovered in his neighbourhood. He met one he had known in France; one that had been an associate in his crimes; one that had been his friend and confidant; he advanced to greet him: the other dashed aside his proffered hand, and passed upon his way. Sir Richard again, with a sad smile, that united contempt and anguish, folded his cloak about him, and continued on his lonely walk.

In time, the houses became less numerous, the roads less frequented, as London was left behind. He arrived at a churchyard with an old church beside it; here he paused, looked around, and seeing no one near, opened the churchyard gate and entered. In one corner was a newly-filled grave—the grave of Esther. To this Sir Richard Ellerton advanced, and over it he stood in silence: the destroyer over the dust that concealed his unhappy victim. Strong emotions were at work within his breast. He rocked to and fro, as he stood with his feet fixed to the spot, his lips forcibly compressed, his brow bent, relaxed, and a tear at length fell upon the new-made heap of earth; a tear—the most acceptable sacrifice at the shrine of her he had injured. There was much of penitence in the feelings that gave rise to that drop: he would gladly have recalled the past. There was much of penitence, but also much of selfishness; for the feeling of humiliation was repugnant to his pride.

“She is gone!” said he; “she is gone, and I am desolate,—the last that loved me is departed.” The tears fell fast, for he was deeply moved. When next he spoke, it was with reverence and awe:—“Now is the gloomy hour of retribution come!—to feeling, honour, Esther, I was dead;—now I have bowed her into the grave, now I love her. O God! thou hast prepared for me a fearful doom; that the love which met not life and faith should bind me to a corpse!—Esther! lost, ruined Esther! wert thou restored, thy Richard I would be; for thy sake I would leave the world; repent—repent!”

Sir Richard had not observed that he was not alone. Edward Heringford was standing by the grave, and gazed upon him with the deepest sympathy.

“Repent, then, now!” he said. “Sir Richard, thou repentest—Here—”

“No, no,” cried the other, in a rapid voice, “I have nothing on earth to live for but myself; thou hatest me: I know it—it must

be so ; but I hate thee. Boy—hence ! Tempt me not to slay thee—even on this sacred spot ! Away ! or there will be blood shed ! Hence ! thy sight is agony. Leave me ! leave me ! Let this spot be peaceful !——Seest thou !”

His diseased brain, once more excited, conjured up before his superstitious mind the old illusions.

“ See !” cried he. “ See there ! the grave—the grave is open !—the coffin lid melts away !—Esther lies there enshrouded !—her eyes are fixed on me. Look ! she is rising,—how pale and wan her figure. Esther !—Esther !” He threw himself on one knee before the imaginary figure. “ She takes my hand in hers !—how chilly cold !—she standeth between me and thee. Esther ! let me kiss thy hand ;—’tis air ! Now it is Beatrice standeth beside thee, younger and fairer than Esther ;—but Esther, when first I saw her, was young and fair as she ;—Beatrice, in wedding garments, as when she wedded me and ruin ; Beatrice, with a garland on her brow, such as I wove for her then ; in her bosom the myrtle sprig that told my first tale of love. Why comest thou to me thus ? I am not here to receive thee such as I then was ; years—years have rolled onward since that time ; and every one hath added to the list of unpardonable crimes that oppress me. Ha ! the festive garb hath fallen—it concealed the shroud and grave clothes : a mask is off her face—it concealed care and death. Such was Beatrice at last ; such as now standeth there, and is vanishing from my view. There,” added he, violently, turning to Edward, “ there standest thou—a sight more agonizing to me than all these : there—flesh and blood—there standest thou, a living witness, to remind me of crimes past ; to urge me to future sin. My brain is crushing under its load : I feel, I *hear* it giving way ! Oh, oh, that the past could be recalled !—that I were young again ! Would I had not been born !”

“ Away ! away !” cried Sir Richard furiously, “ thou temptest that thou mayst betray ; thou canst not love me. Hence ! my blood is hot, my hand ready for thy death, Esther’s grave is the only barrier between us, even that I will overleap if thou urgest me farther ! Hence, I say, hence ! Thou wilt drive me to madness if thou remainest. Would we were on some other spot !—Listen !—This mound of earth is sacred to me ; I have hallowed, I love, I would not desecrate it ; to look in solitude on Esther’s grave and mourn her loss is the only consolation that is left on earth—this is the only bright spot I love—leave me but this !—thy presence disturbeth me—in pity, go !”

Edward finding that he could remain to no good purpose, slowly and sadly quitted the churchyard.

"Yes," said Sir Richard, turning to the grave when again alone, "here resteth the dear corpse I love; the spirit of Esther hovereth around this hallowed spot;—it will hear my words and vows, and it will count my bitter sighs! After death there will be no communion between a soul like mine and a spirit pure as Esther's. No, no—here I will tell, here I will give proof of my love; on this dear clay I may perhaps rest peacefully."

Heringford, meanwhile, who, when he visited his poor friend's grave, had little expected such a scene as this, returned to meet Mat Maybird by appointment at De Vermont's lodgings.

Annette was from home; De Vermont's spirits appeared much depressed.

"We are grateful, Sir Edward," said he; "lonely as we are in this strange land, my poor sister's loss is most acutely felt; your friendship, and that of Master Maybird, form our greatest consolation."

"Poor Esther!" said Edward; "little of happiness did she know in life; to herself, at least, was her release a blessing."

"Little happiness," said De Vermont, "shall that wretch know who, not content with having doomed his victim to a life of misery, must embitter by his cruelty her dying moments. I will avenge my sister! Yes, Esther, thou no longer livest to plead for the villain, to palliate his conduct; he hath sealed thy doom and his own;—no rest for him on earth!—ever at his heels, I will hunt him down.—I will not take his life; not so, not so!—years of misery, such as Esther knew, these shall he endure;—I will pursue him through every turn of his existence, until, driven to distraction, he shall rue the day when he ruined the peace of my unhappy sister!"

De Vermont, in agitation, threw himself upon a couch.

"Look there," said he, again rising, "that was Esther's seat; there her pale, anxious face would be turned to us, inquiring for the news of Richard! That was Esther's work-table; and see," added he, with tears in his eyes, taking up a piece of embroidery, "this was her last work! There is her lute, which she would tune to the plaintive song that bewailed her lonesomeness. And, when she died, what thinkest thou we found in Esther's bosom? There, where it had lain through all her years of trouble; there, where her broken heart had beaten with slow, grief-impaired stroke against it;

there was the first written note that assured her, with a thousand lying vows, of her Richard's faith and lasting love. Are not these things sad, heart-rending—but, by them all, I swear, by all these remembrances of Esther's wrongs, I am admonished, and vow a terrible vengeance on the head of the destroyer!"

De Vermont, for some time, hurriedly paced the room; by degrees he became more calm. Edward then asked after Annette.

"My girl," replied De Vermont, "is as well as sorrow will let us be; she is gone to seek laurels to deck her poor aunt's grave. I promised to go with her, but I fear the trial. Even this room, with old associations of my sister, is more than I can bear to see unmoved!"

"If we might bear her company," said Mat, "on this sad errand, it would spare the pain without denying to Mademoiselle the mournful pleasure she expects from paying her tribute to poor Esther's memory."

"It is kindly offered," said De Vermont, "and my daughter, I doubt not, will be grateful for thine escort:—she is here to answer for herself."

Annette entered from her walk, the laurels in her hand. Her wonted vivacity had given place to sadness; the traces of sincere mourning were in her face. The smile that welcomed Heringford and Maybird was not now the merry, roguish one of former days; there was melancholy even in that.

Her father having explained to her the subject on which they were speaking, she, after vainly endeavouring to persuade De Vermont to accompany her, assented to the arrangement.

On the way few words were interchanged; Mat Maybird intruded not on Annette's sorrow, and the walk was completed in silence.

Arrived at the churchyard gate, Edward saw that Sir Richard, enveloped in his cloak, still stood over the grave of Esther; he was doubting how to act, when the other perceived them, and turning from the grave, passed over the low wall from the churchyard.

Mat Maybird then lead Annette to the grave side, and deposited at her feet the laurels he had carried. But the grave was decked—with myrtle!

(To be continued.)

+ LITERARY LIFE.

“Ah,” said Aram, gently shaking his head, “it is a hard life we bookmen lead—and yet the harsh world scowls upon us: our nerves are broken, and they wonder we are querulous; our blood curdles, and they ask why we are not gay; our brain grows dizzy and indistinct, and, shrugging their shoulders, they whisper their neighbours that we are mad;—I would I had worked at the plough, and known sleep, and loved mirth,—and—and—not been what I am.”

BULWER'S *Eugene Aram*.

“However, of all princes, thou
Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or slow:
Thou that rewardest but with popular breath,
And that, too, after death.”

COWLEY'S *Complaints*.

THERE is, perhaps, no passion more strongly rooted in the human heart than a disposition to regard with envy the lot of others, and to complain of its own fortune as the most bitter and miserable in life. So long ago as the reign of Augustus, the greatest philosopher and moralist of his day, looking upon the world before him, exclaimed with wonder—

“Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat?—laudet diversa sequentes?”

and, although nineteen centuries have well nigh rolled by since his description of the feelings of men was written, it needs but little more than to lay open the book of the world and the page of the poet together, to see how slightly we differ from the men of his own time in this unhappy temper. Still does the weather-beaten veteran, whose “feats of broil and battle” have ploughed his cheeks with furrows and his brows with scars, speak with envy of the peaceful lot of the home-dwelling merchant;—still does the merchant, sick of the inglorious toil in which he is engaged, long for the soldier's life, and the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war”—panting to stake life against victory, and to “stand the hazard of the die;”—still does the citizen, “juris legumque peritus,” envy the simple rustic;—still the rustic praise the lot of the citizen;—and so is it “through all the employments of life.”

Each complains that he alone is ill-treated by the world—when, for the most part, the cause of the evil rests entirely with himself.

But if there be any class of men, whose complaints can be made to stand on juster grounds than others, it is that class of men who lead a literary life. I do not speak of those mere selfish drones who collect the precious gold of knowledge to lay it up in its rude heap in the storehouse of their memories, merely to look upon the uncoined ore with a miserly eye—or those cuckows of the literary aviary, who lay their worthless eggs in the nest of some more useful birds (I mean those empty critics who, unable to build a pyramid for themselves on their own foundation, gain a paltry fame by defacing the goodly edifices which others have erected by the frequent scratching of their own names thereon)—but of those poor, unfriended geniuses, who toil throughout life without enjoyment, and, in the end, die in penury.—From beginning to end, the life of the literary man seems compassed about with every misery and anxiety: unfitted by very nature for all other more useful and lucrative employments, he may well echo the words of the unfortunate Cowley—

“Thou slackenest all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.”

Poverty, neglect, and disappointment, stare him in the face at the very threshold of the temple of the Muses; and as he toils up the steep of Parnassus, he sees nothing before him but a worthless posthumous celebrity to encourage him to proceed. His journey through life is characterised only by the absence of all those enjoyments of which other men partake, and the total want of society;—for to the cultivated mind, the converse of all others less so is irksome;—while genius, longing to soar with eagle-wings through the immensity of space, and to bring the laurel wreath back to the poet and the author, too often finds itself chained and fettered down by

“Those twin gaolers of the human heart—
Low birth and iron fortune.”

Want of patronage is, too, the means of repressing great and original talent; and while “some mute inglorious Milton” sings his melodious strains to the lark and the nightingale alone, some titled scribbler is dinning his bombastic blank verse into “the ears of the groundlings” at one of our national theatres, which might and

should be made a stage to bring before the public the talent not only of the actor but of the author—and what is the end of this fatal distinction? The man of merit, unable to plead his own cause before the public, languishes for want of support and reputation—nay, too often for want of means—until at length he dies; and then—too late, alas!—"the fame that all hunt after in their lives," and which might have prolonged his life in comfort, "lives ever registered upon his tomb" in useless parade, which serves only to bring to light his poverty and misfortunes. Moreover, by these means the taste of the public is pampered with unwholesome literature, and unfitted to appreciate a great genius which might in after time arise. Of the poverty and misery of authors why need I bring examples? Shall I refer to the melancholy and untimely end of Chatterton?—shall I recall the wretched fate of Savage and of Otway, or the hard penury which was the companion of Johnson? It would occupy more space than could here be afforded me, and more time than any reader would wish to bestow upon the subject. Of the effect of the neglect of genius in life, and its appreciation after death, we have, in the present time, a striking example—that of one who, feeling his own power, strove to exhibit it to others; but who, being unsuccessful, "pined in thought," and, denied the privilege of wearing the wreath his own pen had gained him, "after life's fitful fever sleeps well,"—while the praise that should have blessed him falls only on the ear of his surviving relatives.

Why should these things be? The literature of a country, despised though it be in its own day, survives that country's fall. Greece and Rome, dead indeed as states, yet live in the authors who sprang from them; and our own Shakspeare shall be read when the other glories even of England shall be heard no more.

Indeed, the author and the poet give immortality not to themselves alone, but also to the land of their birth. The laurels of the hero, and the fame of the statesman shall perish, while the name of the poet shall live throughout eternity. When the armour of the warrior shall have rusted, and the statutes of the statesman shall have mouldered into dust,—when the tongue of the orator shall have become dumb, and the fame of a people shall have perished,—perhaps upon the very site where once it flourished, shall some simple song of its poet be sung by some traveller from distant lands, who recalls from the wreck of past generations the "melody that cannot die." And Time himself, as he pauses to behold the

ruin he has made, shall behold springing up, phoenix-like, from desolation, the memory of that nation which in the poet's verse lives ever young, and

" Finds its monument,
When tyrant's crests and tombs of brass are spent."

Let, then, that nation that would stand chronicled in all ages keep this in view, and lend all aid and encouragement to authors and to literary men : so shall it be able to say, in the words of the poet,—

" Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens .
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum."

C. H. H.

A POET'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

Too long unknown, too soon removed
From all I sought and all I loved ;
Just when my bud of ripened fame
Was bursting to the full-blown flower,
And men began to praise my name,
Death broke upon the happy hour.

Life, toil, and genius thrown away, —
Oh, Death, canst thou this loss repay ?
Hast thou some hidden good to show
To those thou snatchest from the earth ;
And when thou bidst leave all below,
Hast thou some prize of greater worth ?

Yet do thy worst : unknown I fall ;
And I must perish ;—but not all.*
Thy conquest, Death, is not complete ;
For though thou tak'st my life away,
My fame thy purpose shall defeat,
And live beyond thy tyrant sway.

Too long unknown,—not soon forgot !
Though now renown be given me not,—
Though present fame my fate denies,—
My living thoughts remain behind ;
And those, although their author dies,
Nor time shall hurt, nor death shall find.

S. T. S.

* Non omnis moriar.

NATURE'S POET.

METHOUGHT I wandered upon fairy ground, in a garden where grew flowers of every hue, and spirit-forms—souls as yet uncumbered with a shroud of clay—were roaming there at freedom.

And I knew the mystery of that enchanted place:—the varied blossoms are the sources whence emanate all Nature's gifts, and the free soul, as it wanders in that garden, drinks in from the flower it loves the best the virtue of its odours. Thus influenced it enters into the form of man, its earthly habitation.

There, among others, tall Ambition grew, as a lofty spreading tree, hiding the bright sunshine from all beneath its influence, and causing a barren waste around the spot that gave it birth. Under its shade some spirits revelled,—spirits of the future great,—and inhaled its noxious power. Love, too, grew there, in fragrant beds, more delightful even than the tender violets of earth, and souls unborn there first were taught to sympathize with one another. And there were countless more; but, above all, was one whose perfume each breeze wafted through the garden until it formed the sweetest character of that enchanted ground. Those who felt its influence from afar confessed its wondrous power, though bedded amid weeds, fetid and noxious; and the souls that wandered near paused with reverent rapture by the beauteous flower;—no violence could tear them thence; and the witching fragrance was infused into these favoured spirits, and they became more beautiful than their fellows.

The flower I knew was POESY; and I beheld those souls which stood around, that, when at length they entered into their appointed tenements of earth, they retained that surpassing beauty even so that the world admired and worshipped them as divine, and held their names as sacred syllables. And the odour of the fairy flower streamed from those glorious souls, and men crowded around them to catch the hallowed influence, pouring the offering of softened hearts at the feet of NATURE'S POET.

HAL.

TO A SPIRIT GROWING ON A FLOWER.

—(*From Jean Paul.*)

LOVELY Poesy art thou. Only in the fairest flower art thou rooted; but thence springs forth a being that is divine.

TALES OF A SPANISH VETERAN.

HASSAN THE LION-SLAYER.

(Continued from page 98.)

WE left Gonzales and his companions performing their evening devotions, after which the old man retired into his cottage, having bidden a kindly good night to the band of attentive listeners; who, after lingering awhile to talk over the incidents of the tale, likewise sought their homes amid the hills, and upon the green slopes, where they dwelt in peace and security, for as yet the devastating war of succession had not broken out, and the names of *Carlist* and *Christino* were unknown amongst them.

The next night they met again beneath the umbrageous chestnuts, and the tale was resumed, no more to be interrupted until its conclusion.

“Thus stood affairs, when there happened an event which gave Hassan an opportunity of proving his love for Zadié, and earned for him a title which he ever after bore. One evening the maiden went forth, according to custom, to meet the other daughters of the tribe beside the spring of gushing waters, which I have already described to you. She passed slowly along the tangled path; her lovely face bent earthward, for her mind was wandering in the realms of fancy, and many bright images and fair scenes were presented to her inward view. None behold the workings of that beautiful countenance, for the veil, without which highly-born eastern maidens go not abroad, enshrouds it; but the gentle heaving of that finely-moulded bosom, just budding into the ripeness of womanhood, and the soft sighs that now and then steal upon the breezes, eager to catch and to waft them around, betray what thoughts are astir within that guileless breast. Were these signs and symptoms not sufficient, the name of ‘Hassan,’ whisperingly and lingeringly articulated, as though it were a name sweet to dwell upon, would at once assure us of the nature of the maiden’s thoughts. What startles the fair dreamer from her reverie? Why does she suddenly pause, and, with clasped hands, stand, statue-like, half turned, in act to fly, yet seemingly bound to the spot by some strange power of fascination? A crashing sound is heard among the branches, and a low growl, like thunder muttering in

the distance : louder and louder yet it swells, until it bursts in a terrific roar that fills the vault of heaven, and curdles the very blood in the veins of her who now stands confronting a furious and angry lion, that, through the negligence of its keepers, had escaped from the enclosure before described. The monster had started up from his crouching position amid the long grass which bordered the narrow and retired path, wherein, for the better indulgence of pleasing reflections, Zadié had chosen to walk ; and, now, with tail erect, and flashing eyes, and far-projecting fangs, seemed preparing to spring upon his shrinking victim. For a moment only did Zadié's heart fail her, when the blood, rushing back to its citadel, left her tremulous and irresolute ; for soon the natural courage of her warlike race vindicated itself, and she was enabled to reflect on her perilous situation, and call up all her energies to meet the threatened danger. She knew that an attempt to fly would entail certain destruction ; for the lion, with a single bound, could overtake her, sped she never so swiftly, and would be sure to spring upon one who fled from him ; whereas, by continuing to face the creature she might keep him at bay, by means of that mysterious power which the human eye possesses over the fiercest of created things. She knew also that it was in vain to call aloud for help, for she was far from any tent or path frequented by the people of the tribe ; and, therefore, tearing off her veil, that her glance might have the more effect, she turned full upon the growling animal, and with arms crossed upon her bosom, that heaved and fell with the quick breathing of intense excitement, with feet firmly planted, lips compressed, and the veins standing out like knotted cords upon her ample brow, usually smooth as polished ivory, she seemed the personification of dauntless resolution, prepared to suffer the worst that might betide, and yet not without an effort at self-salvation, since in one small hand was firmly grasped the poniard, which, in conformity with the custom of the land, she ever wore in her waist-girdle.

“The lion quailed beneath her stedfast gaze, and drew back like one who is dazzled with excess of light. Shaking his flowing mane, he half closed his eyes, and sunk gradually down into his former crouching position ; there, with head resting upon his outstretched paws, he lay vigilant, his eyes gleaming from out the umbrageous shade like coals of living fire. The maiden now stepped back a pace, and half withdrew her gaze, and again the monster sprang from his covert, with a threatening growl ; again

she confronted him, with the same result as before ; but, alas ! the shades of evening were stealing fast around them, and with the daylight must depart the maiden's only hope of safety. Thrice did she attempt, by almost imperceptible movements, to leave the spot ;—but in vain : the lion was up in an instant, each time seemingly more angry than before ; and now he began to show signs of impatience, disappearing and coming out again, on this side and on that, so that Zadie had to turn continually, and keep every nerve upon the stretch, to detect the rustle of his stealthy footstep. The maiden felt that her strength was fast failing ; her powers of endurance had been taxed to the utmost ; and now, with the deep shadows around her, with no sound of coming help to cheer her sinking spirits, she lifted her voice audibly in prayer, and her words naturally assumed a poetic form, as true *heart-eloquence* often does :—

‘ Oh, gracious Alla ! grant thy servant aid ;
 Look down with pity on the lowly one.
 Oh, mighty prophet, listen to a maid,
 For whom, save in *thy* arm, there help is none.
 Save me, and succour me, or I am lost ;
 The roar of death is sounding in mine ear ;
 A ravenous creature hath my pathway crossed,
 And my heart shrinks with horror and with fear.
 Alla ! O Alla !
 My supplication hear !

‘ Oh, it is very hard to leave so soon
 The world, with all its fair and pleasant things !
 And must my sun of life set ere the noon ?—
 No consummation of Hope's whisperings ?—
 No fruits of joy, for all that flower and bud
 Gave promise of in happy future years ?
 And must my light of love be quenched in blood ?
 And must my memory be embalmed in tears ?
 Alla ! Great Alla !
 Close not thy pitying ears.

‘ My sire,—my grey-haired sire,—will he not go
 Down to his grave, a sorrow-stricken man,
 With no kind soul, in sickness or in woe,
 To tend him as a daughter only can ?
 And Hassan ! there is madness in the thought !
 Yet, oh, forgive, and bend me to thy will ;
 If I presumptuous seem, by fear o'er-wrought,
 On me thy destined purposes fulfil,
 Alla ! Great Alla !
 Be it to save or kill.’

Ceasing, the maiden, for a moment, bowed her graceful head, as bows the lotus on its slender stem, when a blast from the desert sweeps over it; then rising again, like that beautiful flower, when the pressure is withdrawn, she stood erect, hopeless, yet calm and resigned to what seemed her inevitable fate. The shaggy monster now seems determined to wreak his direful will upon the defenceless maid; he is lashing his sides with the long-tufted tail; he is bristling his tawny mane, and beginning to emit the low ominous growl which shall herald the death-roar. Alas! and *must* she die? Is there no help, no succour from heaven or from earth? Yes, there is help, for a shout is heard at no great distance; another and another nearer yet, and Zadie, with clasped hands, and looks beaming gratitude and hope, ejaculates, 'Great Alla! thou hast heard my humble prayer, and I shall yet be saved.' Now there are sounds of hasty-coming feet, and human voices heard on every side, and above all the Emir's, exclaiming in phrenzied accents, 'Zadie! my child! where art thou? Oh, come forth, if yet thy life is spared to bless my sight once more. Slaves! by Mahomet I swear, if aught of harm has happened to my daughter,—if but a hair of her head be injured,—your lives shall answer for it. Hasten! Oh that my aged limbs could bear me swifter!' The roar of the chafed animal again breaks forth, drowning all other sounds; and Zadie sees his glaring eyes, flashing like meteors amid the gloom,—feels his breath come hot as furnace-fumes upon her face,—hears the gnashing of his pointed fangs ground together in savage fury; but sees, feels, hears no more, for now her senses fail, her brain whirls round, and her trembling limbs refuse longer to perform their wonted office. Yet, though overcome by mortal weakness, her dauntless spirit rose triumphant over the horrors of the hour; and, despite her own imminent peril, she could still think and feel for the safety of others, as, while sinking to the earth, she exclaimed, 'Approach not, for you cannot save me now!' Her sire and the attendants, still too far to yield assistance, redoubled their efforts to reach the spot. But vainly was every nerve and sinew strained; and the monster was just about to commence rending asunder those limbs of faultless symmetry, which now lay inanimate before him, when suddenly a whizzing javelin cleft the air, and, with its barbed point deep buried in one of his distended eye-balls, caused him to start back, and utter a wild yell of agony; and leaping lightly into the space thus left between him and the insensible maiden, came one, whose nervous arm had launched the

feathered dart. I need not tell my hearers that this was Hassan, for they have doubtless already guessed it; neither need I pause to describe the look of tenderness and pity which he cast on the prostrate form of her who was dearer to him than life itself. He had been out upon the desert in pursuit of the ostrich, and returning but now, was informed of Zadié's danger. Vaulting from his tired steed, on the wings of love and fear he flew towards the spot indicated by the shouting attendants, and arrived thus opportunely. Short time had he to prepare for the desperate struggle with his formidable antagonist, and therefore, turning from Zadié, he addressed himself to the task. Planting his feet more firmly on the earth, swift as light he drew from its jewelled sheath his flashing scimitar, having cast aside the looser portions of his dress, that his movements might be free and unimpeded; and he now stood with every nerve braced, and every latent energy called into play,—a youthful Hercules, wanting only the knotted club, and somewhat fuller muscular development.

“Meanwhile, the lion, blinded and maddened by the anguish of the wound, knew not on whom or what to vent his rage: he whirled round and round, ploughing deep furrows in the earth with his horny talons, rending off the lower boughs of the trees, and grinding them to atoms between his enormous teeth, as though they had been but stubble of the maize,—uprooting the shrubs and grass-tufts, and whirling them aloft,—and uttering fierce yells and deafening roars in rapid succession. At length, with his one remaining eye, he espied his hitherto unseen foe, and sprung forward to seize him. Nothing daunted, the youth received him upon the point of his weapon, which, entering the monster's tawny breast, buried itself even to the hilt; at the same instant springing lightly aside, Hassan strove to avoid the death-clutch of his assailant; but, alas! he was caught by one of the uplifted paws, the talons of which, entering his unguarded shoulder, dragged him to earth, there to mingle his own blood with that of his dying foe, now, luckily, too weak to take advantage of the youth's defenceless situation.

“All this had occupied but the space of a few moments; and now the Emir and his attendants reached the spot, wherein lay Zadié, just recovering from her swoon,—Hassan, senseless from pain and loss of blood,—and the lion, almost at his last gasp, making a vain effort to inflict further injury on his destroyer. Quickly were several spears plunged deep into his vital parts; his limbs became

rigid and motionless; a thick film spread itself over his glaring eye-balls; and his enormous jaws fell apart, disclosing the fearful array of pointed fangs and immense wedge-like grinders. So, now they have raised Zadio from the ground, and for the first time she becomes aware of her lover's danger; breaking from her father's supporting arms, she runs, or rather staggers, over the few paces of ground which intervene, and, casting herself down on his motionless form, kisses his pale cheeks, lips, and brow, and bathes them with her fast-falling tears, heedless of the many eyes that observe her distracted motions, and the many ears that listen to the endearing epithets and words of fondness which betray her depth of love for him whom she believes to have died a sacrifice for her. But, oh! joy of joys! he lives. Never were the balmy breathings of spring so welcome to the frost-nipped early-coming flowers, as the warm breath of her lover, which faintly played upon the pale cheek of the delighted maiden. He lives, he breathes, he speaks, and hush! for his words are but faltering whispers, scarcely to be heard or understood by any other than the acute ear of affection. Half unclosing his eyes, he murmurs, 'Where am I, if not in Paradise? It must be so; for such a form, and such a face, as that now bending over me, does not exist upon earth. There was but one, and she has fled from hence, to dwell with houries,—slain by a fierce animal that knew not pity or remorse. But no; my senses wander: art *thou* not Zadio, my own love, she whom I fancied lost to me for ever? Yes; oh, transporting reality! Oh, bliss beyond compare!' During this affecting scene the Emir—albeit but little given to the melting mood—had looked on with tearful eyes; and now, as if ashamed of having displayed so much womanly emotion before the attendants, he started, and suddenly exclaimed, 'Why stand you thus idly gazing, loitering slaves; prepare a litter quick, and bear the youth to my pavilion, that the proper attention may be paid to his hurts; pray Alla they be not fatal!' Then, after a pause, during which the slaves had hastily twisted a rude litter from the branches of the neighbouring trees, and, aided by Zadio, had covered it with such loose garments as they could divest themselves of for the occasion, so as to form a tolerably soft couch, he continued, in a lower tone, 'Brave youth! Brave youth! There; raise him gently; so; he is well worthy of our utmost care. Zadio, my child! come to thy father's arms, and let me embrace and bless thee, thus, thus rescued from the jaws of death. Nay, tremble not, nor blush to

find thy secret hath escaped.' For the maiden now, for the first time since her swoon, conscious of the presence of all but Hassan, stood like a guilty thing, with glowing cheeks and downcast eyes, vainly endeavouring to hide her confusion. She needed not a second invitation, but, flying to her father's outstretched arms, buried her face in his bosom, and gave vent to her feelings in a hysterical gush of tears,—tears, not of bitterness, but speechless rapture; for, in the Emir's kind looks, and encouraging smile, she read approval of the choice her heart had made, and the doubts and the fears that had hovered, like threatening clouds, over the bright pictures drawn by fancy in the veil of the future all vanished. Oh, what a relief to the overburthened heart is this unsealing of the crystal fountain!—that loosening of the springs of deepest emotion, whether it be of joy or of sorrow!"

"The grief that cannot vent itself in tears,
Will work sad havoc in the brooding mind;
As smouldering fire 'neath ancient floor confined,
It eats, till all support be undermined,
And the fair structure into ruin wears.

"Our common joys may beaming smiles display;
But rapturous delight—the thrill intense—
That cometh o'er one like a deeper sense
Of life and love, the speechless eloquence
Of gushing tear-drops *only* can betray."

S O N G.

THE winds of the south love the rose,
They kiss it, and pass away;
The flower loves the stream as it throws
On its bosom the glittering spray.
But the wind passed by, and the flower gave
To the stranger wind the kiss of the wave.
The wind to the rose, the flower to the stream,
Faithful and true hath their love not been.
But the rose loves the wild winds yet,
And its perfume gives to the gale;
And the streamlet doth never forget
The flower that heeds not its tale;—
It murmureth still at the feet of its flower;
And gems on its heedless breast it doth shower;
And the flower's sweet chalice is never so fair,
When true love's gift is not resting there.

PUCK.

CHILDREN.

" Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the Child's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded joyous gaze,
 As torches that have burnt all night,
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays."

MOORE.

LOVE you not rosy children? Traveller upon earth, wert thou ever weary with gazing upon the infant's smile,—listening to the right cheerful laugh of the harmless prattler,—while thou hast felt that there, at least, hollow deceit not yet hath taught her language—that there, at least, dwells not an anxious heart concealed beneath the repulsive thing, the tinselled shroud, that men call merriment? The laugh of the exultant scorner—of the poor trifler, and the simper of the flatterer—these are all sounding in our ears, when, as celestial harmony, through the discord of despair, ring the clear echoes of an infant's mirth, that tell alone of joy and happiness. Truly, clear and smooth may be the tongues of men; but is there one so free as the little prattler's voice, that utters not a thought the warm heart hath not coined—tells not a love save those which it possesses? The infant's love—who so cold that he glories not therein? How many a right hand hath each day clasped mine! It is a sombre thought! Palm to palm the man of wealth; but he had the left hand in his pocket, grasping, with a yet more loving touch, his sleek round-bellied purse. The pedant; but his left hand at his brow; there, with one finger pressed with tender love against the hallowed spot where rests his giant brain. The flatterer, with that hand, strokes his chin,—the downy chin, that dances such fair time to hollow tinkling words. The flirt adjusts her scarf, and mocks a loving pressure. But the honest child, that clambers on my knee, and fondly puts a little hand in mine, and looks with smiles of love into my face, and nestles at my heart,—to that alone the beating heart responds. Thus blest, how gladly would I then forget how erring is the childish judgment, that we deceive the infant's ignorance of ill, although in innocence it thinks

not of deceiving us; then would I feel that the cold chains of worldly intercourse bind me not wholly from a higher sphere, and would believe that, full of sin, the love of one of these without all guile comes as an earnest that, though bruised and fallen, we may one day hold communion with the sinless blest!

I have a creed concerning children.—We know well, that each of us, as he wanders through the world, is watched over by his guardian angel; so much we most of us believe. Our good angels look down from heaven upon us; in the hour of peril, invisible, they stand beside us upon earth; our sinful bodies are no temples for them: but in our sinless childhood,—then, when we are fresh from Heaven's hand, and when we are free from every stain and taint of earth,—then may these blessed angels even in our spotless bodies—worthy temples!—take up their abode, until sin drive them thence. Far purer is not then their dwelling than if they wandered near us on the spotted earth? Ay, it is even so! and therefore, then, because an angel dwells within,—therefore shines there forth a beam so mysterious, so full of heaven, from the infant's eye! What, if this creed be superstitious?—it is a pleasant one to hold; and I will not repay the kind logician with one thank who shall undertake to convince me that it wanteth reason.

The proud and worldly man avoids the child; the child, too, avoids him: well do I know by which avoidance I should feel myself most deeply humbled.

Sweet, happy children! Are they not like to the first leaves in April, when, as yet, the hedges are but tinged with green? Pure and joyous they shoot forth, springing from a barren stock, born among thorns and briars that life's winter hath robbed of their verdure. Alas that the bright creation cannot last for ever! that even this must change! Over them, also, as they expand, shall sweep the storms and the blights—the cruel blights—of earth: a season must come when even their glory too shall fade, and leave again but barrenness behind!

HAL.

A BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH.

(From the German of Jean Paul F. Richter.)

LET it fly, whether in the little church, or in the universal temple; it is a preacher still.

DIFFICULT POINTS AND PASSAGES OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

“After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their perusal.”—
Dr. Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare, 1765.

PREFACE.

AN author, however great, who writes in a remote age, stands but a very indifferent chance when placed before a tribunal of critics in a modern one; so that it unfortunately happens, that he who lasts the longest is the most likely to be misunderstood,—not only because the years that have passed since the date of his authorship must have tended to render his expressions obsolete and his meanings obscure,—but also, because he has to contend against the foolish alterations of those who are unable to appreciate him, and the “darkness visible” of those mistaken friends who, construing their desire to elucidate him into their abilities to do so, only succeed in deteriorating that which they endeavour to improve.

This has been the case in a strikingly peculiar manner with our author for very many reasons,—not the least of which is, his extreme carelessness and negligence with regard to his own works. Pope, in his celebrated Preface to Shakspeare, says, “*It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself.*” So that we have to contend against the foolish and ill-judged interpolations of the players, (for the plays were printed from the MSS. which belonged to the theatre, scarcely two of which agree exactly,) the errors of illiterate printers, and the ignorance of presuming editors. It appears that the first edition of Shakspeare's collected works was undertaken by Rowe, the poet and dramatic author. After Rowe came Pope, from whose well-known taste and judgment much was anticipated; but, alas! his edition at length appeared, and disappointed not only the public but himself also. After this came Theobald, whom Johnson describes as a man zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it, yet vain of the little which he did, and a contemner of all other critics. Sir Thomas Hanmer, known generally as “The Oxford Editor,” next undertook the great and

weighty task ; but, like others, he did but little. His great fault appears to have been a strong faith in the infallibility of critics, most especially of Pope and Theobald. Soon after, an edition was published by Warburton, who appears to me to be a sensible and clever critic, but a man far too fond of altering, where he cannot understand. Of Malone and Steevens it is scarcely worth while to speak ; the notes of the latter are (almost without an exception) either far-fetched and arrogant, or ridiculous and trivial. Of more modern editors little can be said ;—some have done much for the poet, others less ; but all have contributed their mite, and deserve the praise due to industry and merit. Yet, as Johnson says, “ after the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage.”

Doubtless many who cast their eye upon the heading of this series of articles, will cast a hasty, and I trust unmerited, censure upon the presumption of one who dares to attempt an explanation of passages and points of our great bard, which the most learned, and the most abstruse have vainly attempted to unravel ; while others, less interested in the subject, will pass it over as dry and uninteresting. Against these difficulties I am prepared to stand ; and if I should gain the good opinion of one real lover of our poet I shall be amply rewarded. Should I fail in the attempt, I will wrap myself up in the consciousness that it is better to fall in a good cause than triumph in a bad one.

I have for a long time given Shakspeare my constant and almost undivided attention, and have, I trust, not done so entirely in vain. I therefore set about my task cheerfully and confidently, hoping to be able to give satisfaction, both to the public, and also to my friends the editors.

As it is necessary to observe some order in a work of this kind, I propose to examine the plays in succession ; observing, first, the grand points which present themselves on a general view of each play,—then, the principal disputed and difficult passages in the order in which they occur ; making brevity my chief aim, subservient only to clearness and accuracy.

I intend to commence with the first paper next month, which will contain general points observable in the play of Hamlet ; and I trust that our readers will be amused with the remarks even of so poor a critic as myself.

C. H. H.

HYMNS TO NIGHT.

(Translated from the German of Novalis.)

IV.

Now do I know when the last morn will be; when the light shall no more give alarm to the night and to love; when the slumber shall be without end, and there shall be but one exhaustless dream. Heavenly weariness do I feel within me. Long and wearisome had become the pilgrimage to the holy grave,—the cross a burthen. He who hath tasted of the crystal wave that gushes forth, unknown to common eye, in the dark bosom of that hill, against whose foot the flood of earthly waves is dashed and broken; he who hath stood upon the summit of the world's mountain bounds, and hath looked beyond them down into that new land, into the abode of Night; he, well I ween, turns not back into the turmoil of the world,—into the land where the light, amid eternal unrest, dwells.

There, above, does he erect his huts,—his huts of peace; there longs and loves, until comes the most welcome of all hours to draw him down into that fountain's source. Upon the surface floats all that is earthly; it is hurried back by storms: but that which was hallowed by the breath of love,—freely streams it forth, through hidden paths, into that realm beyond the mountain chain, and there, exhaled as incense, becomes mixed with loves that have slept. Still, cheerful light, dost thou waken the weary to his toil; still pourest thou glad life into my breast: but from the mossy monument that memory has raised, thence canst thou not allure me. Willingly will I employ my hands in industry and toil; I will look around me at thy bidding; I will celebrate the full glory of thy splendour; trace out, untired, the beauteous consistency of thy wondrous work; willingly will I mark the marvellous course of thy mighty, glowing time-piece; observe the balance of gigantic powers, and the laws of the wondrous play of countless spaces and their periods. But true to the Night remains my heart of hearts, and to creative Love, her daughter. Canst thou show me a heart for ever faithful? Hath thy sun fond eyes that know me? Do thy stars clasp my proffered hand? Do they return the tender pressure, the caressing word? Hast thou clothed her with fair hues and pleasing outline? Or was it she who gave thine ornament a higher, dearer meaning? What pleasure, what enjoyment,

can thy life afford, that shall overweigh the ecstasies of death? Bears not every thing that inspires us the colours of the Night? Thee she cherishes with a mother's care; to her thou owest all thy majesty. Thou hadst melted in thyself, hadst been dissolved in endless space, had she not restrained and encircled thee, so that thou wert warm, and gavest life to the world. Verily, I was, before thou wert: the mother sent me with my sisters to inhabit thy world, to hallow it with love, so that it might be gazed on as a memorial for ever; to plant it with unfading flowers. As yet they have borne no fruit, these god-like thoughts; but few as yet are the traces of our revelation. The day shall come when thy time-piece pointeth to the end of time; when thou shalt be even as one of us; and, filled with longing and ardent love, be blotted out and die. Within my soul I feel the end of thy distracted power, heavenly freedom, hailed return. In wild sorrow I recognise thy distance from our home; thy hostility towards the ancient glorious heaven. In vain are thy tumult and thy rage. Indestructible remains the cross; a victorious banner of our race.

I wander over,
And every tear
To gem our pleasure
Will then appear.
A few more hours,
And I find my rest
In maddening bliss,
On the loved one's breast.
Life, never ending,
Swells mighty in me;
I look from above down—
Look back upon thee.
By yonder hillock
Expires thy beam;

And comes with a shadow,
The cooling gleam.
Oh, call me, thou loved one,
With strength from above;
That I may slumber,
And wake to love.
I welcome death's
Reviving flood;
To balm and to ether
It changes my blood.
I live through each day,
Filled with faith and desire;
And die when the Night comes
In heaven-born fire.

FROM HORACE.

FREE from the cares of state and pelf,
And only master of himself,—
Blest is he who can daily say,
“Thank Heaven—I’ve lived another day.”

THE MAGIC TREE.

IN a garden, decked with lovely flowers, shaded by widely spreading trees, and watered by gently rippling streams, there grew one tree that far surpassed all its companions in beauty. Its roots were deep; its stem sturdy; and its luxuriant branches were covered with the most beautiful and delicate blossoms, that filled the whole garden with their rich and exquisite perfume. And not only in the spring-time and summer, when all the other trees were blooming, but even in the cold bleak winter, this tree blossomed in all its beauty; and it remained uninjured in the wildest storms, when the mighty wind bent down and broke all the trees around, and scattered their leaves and flowers away.

But there came a cold chilling breeze from the east, and its lovely blossoms withered and fell.

The name of this tree was LOVE; whose roots will remain unmoved, and stem unbroken, under the wildest storms of affliction; but whose flowers will all fade before the breath of unkindness.

PUCK.

SONG.

FILL the bowl; drown care with drinking:
Hence, away with moody thinking!
None but fools would, mad with folly,
While there's wine, be melancholy.
Fill,—but know that grief and sorrow
May be thine, 'tis like, to-morrow.

Wreath around the goblet's brim
Rosy chaplets, dewy dim.
Laugh and jest; and, while there's mirth,
Lose all thought of baser earth.
Laugh,—but know thy flowers will die,
And thy laughter breed a sigh.

Sing, in music's liveliest strain,
Pleasure's songs,—then drink again:
Dance around a joyous measure;
Bask awhile in short-lived pleasure:
Dance and song will yield to-morrow
Hours of deep unceasing sorrow.

C. H. H.

FAITH AND FALSEHOOD.

How the moments flew by as I gazed on thy face,
 And noted each lineament there,
 And thought the bright myriads of heaven could place
 None beside me more lovely or fair ;
 Those, those were the hours whose remembrance can still
 Shed a glow o'er the desolate soul,
 Which not even age nor desertion's sad chill
 Can wholly or always control.

As enraptured I looked in thine answering eyes,
 Not then so averted from mine,
 I envied not angels their beautiful skies,
 For methought they were far less divine ;
 And thy voice's sweet music—it fell on my ear
 As the tones of a rapturous dream,
 Which entice the fond soul from its mansion to hear
 What scarcely of earth it can deem.

But why should I strive to recall to my mind
 The thoughts and the joys of the past ?
 Time soon leaves our happiness distanced behind,
 And hope, too, will leave us at last.
 Till taught to believe it by lasting despair
 I never could think thee untrue ;
 But thy heart was as false as thy features were fair,
 Which too late for my comfort I knew.

My youth's fairy vision has vanished away ;—
 Joy ever too soon would depart ;
 Now only the faint beams of memory play
 Round my ruined and desolate heart :
 From delusion awakened I fain would return
 To that scene of delusion again,
 Were it only to flee from suspicions that burn,
 And the thoughts that would madden my brain

As the wretch whom the world and its troubles have torn
 With misery's cankerous tooth,
 In his sleep from the present is happily borne
 To the scenes of his home and his youth ;
 When he wakes from his slumber to find it a dream,
 He turns in his feverish bed,
 And could weep to recall that too transient gleam
 Of the moments of joy that have fled.

I. S. H.

L I F E.

“Bruder—ich habe die Menschen gesehen ihre Bienensorgen, und ihre Riesenprojekte—ihre Götterplane und ihre Mäusegeschäfte, das wunderseltame Wettrennen nach Glückseligkeit;—Dieser dem Schwung seines Rosses anvertraut—ein Anderer der Nase seines Esels ein Dritter seinen eigenen Beinen; dieses bunte Lotto des Lebens worein so Mancher seine Unschuld, und—seinen Himmel setzt, einen Treffer zu haschen, und—Nullen sind der Auszug—am Ende war kein Treffer darin.”—SCHILLER.

“This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.”—TIMON OF ATHENS.

LIFE! What a word is that! What thoughts does it not suggest of childish innocence, soon to be corrupted; youthful hopes, soon to wither; manhood's gigantic plans, destined to fail; old age, with its waning powers and feeble limbs; and then death,—death which is so mixed up with all our life; which erects all the landmarks which point us on our way; which forms the stepping-stones by which we rise to fame, or wealth, or titled name; and then, when it has given us the possessions of our ancestors, and made us the envied of others, lays its cold bony hand upon our heads, and gives our wealth to our successors. It is strange to mark the different characters men play in the pageant of life; from the beggar, who knows not whence he shall get bread to save himself from starvation, to the monarch, whose regal appetite palls with excess of luxury. Varied are their parts in the play, and different are their aims; and, while toiling and calculating on the success of their schemes and prospects, they consider not on what a frail thread hang all their hopes. The storm-wind has but to arise, and the ships laden with precious merchandize are sunken, and their owner, who was yesterday rolling in wealth, is to-day a beggar. The fire rages in its fury, and our homes are in ashes, our cities are a desolation. The rich man lies down on his luxurious couch, and draws the curtains of rich purple around his

head, and he glories in his gold and his silver, and in the splendour of his palace ; but in the stillness of the night there is a cry of trouble and sorrow—his palace is in flames, his silver and his gold are melted and lost, and ere morning he also is a beggar.

And thus men, mighty as they deem themselves in their power of intellect, or strength of frame, are but the playthings of a higher destiny, ever to be made or marred at the sport of the elements. But these—the consuming fire, or the destroying whirlwind, or the lightning's fearful stroke of death—these are merciful compared with that power which men have set up over themselves. From the dark gloomy depths of the earth, regions to which the pure holy light of heaven never guided him, man hath fetched forth Gold, and hath formed it into his god. And a fearful tyrant hath it proved. It hath bound men for its slaves with galling though gilded fetters ; and they toil day and night, waste their youthful strength in its service, and bow down their manhood's pride before its shrine ; and their reward may often be an old age of beggary and want. But a more fearful service doth it demand of its slaves than toil and labour. It giveth the word, and the heralds of war fly abroad, and the sword and fire and desolation walk through the land. At its command, children are torn from their parents, wives from their husbands, and the hearth of the aged man is left without consolation, when all that are dear to him are borne away into slavery. Oh ! the elements in their wildest fury are merciful beside this tyrant ; for they stir not up our hearts against one another, they poison not our affections, they enter not into the hidden life of a man's own breast.

How beautiful is the first dawn of life, when all is bright and innocent, before the fair smooth brow hath learnt aught of guile ; when the heart knows not deceit ; when the fresh air, and the glad sunlight, and the green fields are all that are wanting to minister delight and happiness ! But this time of loveliness is not spared by the tyrant ; and the fair round limbs, that should sport in healthful exercise, are chained down to drudgery and hard labour, and the brow wears wrinkles of another age, and the youthful form becomes a withered and unsightly object, like a flower blighted in its first budding.

But more certain is the tyrant's grasp as life goes on,—when it becomes a struggle often for the necessities of life ; and deep and deadly is the poison it then pours into our hearts. Gold ! gold is the key that opens the door to all that men desire ; and, in pursuit

of it, they sacrifice but too often even their very souls. The beggar hath it not; in the pressure of stern necessity he steals to save himself from starvation. Imprisoned for his petty crime, he there learns the mysteries of systematic guilt; and scarcely is his punishment over than he commences a course that leads him ere long to the gallows. The tradesman, scarcely able to support his family, is tempted, by fraud and dishonesty, to increase the profits of his business. The lawyer, with his "quiddits, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks," grinds down his clients to the last farthing. The sick and dying may perish in their wretchedness, if there is no gold to buy them aid. And this is LIFE!

Would that the tyrant's power extended no farther,—that it influenced only our relation to the world! But there is an inner, a more sacred life, a life of mysteries, understood only by our own hearts; and even here is his power felt. I speak not of those cold hearts, in which all the affections have been dried up, and all kindly feelings withered, by contact with the world; but of those that are unseared, that are full of high and lovely thoughts, that are overflowing with a love that could make even this earth a heaven. And how often have such hearts been sacrificed at the shrine of wealth! How often has the gorgeous bridal garment been folded round a breaking heart!

But it is to this inner life, (where the tyrant's rule is not so absolute,) that we owe all our happiness in this world. We may turn our thoughts from the cold realities that surround us, and let them dwell upon holier things. And while we cherish that flower of a better land within our hearts, whose blossoms, woven into a fairy-like garland, bind together husband and wife, father and child, sister and brother, we may also bathe our wearied spirits in those springs of deep and mysterious thought, which, flowing through a fairy land, have many bright and heavenly flowers upon their banks. And if we guide our bark along these streams of meditation by a right compass, they will lead us at last to another and better life. For who loves to separate from this outward life, and communes so much with his own heart, as he whose mental eye hath learned to mark—

———— "Th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!"

Viewing this life as a pathway to another, his mind is fixed upon the home to which he is journeying; and many bright dreams, and visions of glories yet unseen, fill his imagination; and many sweet communings doth his spirit hold with the messengers of mercy from above. Living a life that is unseen, he goes on his pilgrimage, as a stranger travelling through a country, in whose changing fortunes he hath but a passing interest, towards his native land,—a land of life eternal.'

PUCK.

TO THE SPRING.

I WILL not rob thee, beautiful Spring,
Of a single flower of thy cherishing;
I will not gather the violet blue,
Or the delicate cowslip of golden hue.
No! I'll not rob thee, beautiful Spring,
Of a single flower of thy cherishing.

Many a child of thy fruitful womb
Opes to the sunlight her tender bloom;
Under the hedge is the pale primrose,
And in the meadow the oxlip grows.
Yet I'll not rob thee, beautiful Spring,
Of a single flower of thy cherishing.

Oh! that the rude wind would prove like me
Gentle, and kind, and good to thee;—
Oh! that its blasts would pity and spare
All the sweet blossoms that scent the air,
And never steal from thee, beautiful Spring,
One of the flowers of thy cherishing.

Oh! that the Winter, whose iron arm
Withers the forest, would cease to harm;
Hanging upon them its icy gem,
Like crystal stars of a diadem;
Yet never steal from thee, beautiful Spring,
One of the flowers of thy cherishing.

Oh! that the winter of life were kind,
Sparing life's flowers its killing wind;
Leaving Youth, Beauty, and all things gay;—
Vain is the wish—for they wither away—
Fleeting and fading, beautiful Spring,
E'en as the flowers of thy cherishing.

C. H. H.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

A TRAGEDY.

(*Translated from the Greek of Æschylus.*)

(Continued from p. 110.)

CHORUS.

OH, never may my stubborn will
Be thus opposed to Jove's decree ;
For he in heaven supreme is still,
And all things own his sov'reignty !
And when the gods their holy feast
In Ocean's sea-green palace keep ;
And on their purple couches rest,
'Neath the wild dashing of the deep ;
Then ne'er may I reluctant be
To join the glad solemnity ;
Nor ever at the sacred board
My unguarded tongue offend in word :
Deep engraven in my brain
May this high resolve remain.

STROPHE 1.

Long life is sweet, if Hope will lend
Her cheering light to soothe the way ;
If joys their mingled radiance blend,
And shine on man's neglected day :
But thine—I shudder thus to see
A fellow-being doomed to woe ;
To view thy hopeless misery,
And gnawing grief torment thee so.
Prometheus, ah ! thou didst not fear
The power of Jove, though great it were ;
For men thou rashly durst defy
The ruthless tyrant of the sky :
Too generous to deserve thy lot,
Though gods despised man, thou wouldst not !

ANTISTR. 1.

STROPHE 2.

Uncomely is thy comeliness ;
 Alas, too weak thy vaunted power !
 Can men relieve thy fierce distress—
 Those insect flutterers of an hour !
 Weak and impotent art thou ;
 No strength is thine—no glory now !
 For, vain and transient, like a dream,
 Is human strength,—man's life a gleam
 Of flickering light, which, for a day
 Casts dimly round its feeble ray.
 Entangled in their powerless pride
 Men must the wrath of Heaven abide ;
 For never can a human counsel move
 From its firm base the ordered rule of Jove.

ANTISTROPHE 2.

Gazing on thy wayward fate,
 Prometheus, this I learnt to know :
 Wisdom, alas ! oft comes too late ;
 But quickly forth to meet her go.
 Late have we raised a twofold strain—
 One to rejoice, one to complain ;
 And different far this woful measure
 From those soft tones of love and pleasure,
 As, moving round thy bridal bed,
 We virgin sisters dances led,
 When, the daughter of the sea,
 Thou weddedst bright Hesione,—
 A dowried partner, and a noble bride,
 In bloom of beauty, and in virgin pride.

Enter Io, (in the form of a heifer.)

Io. What land, what race is this ? whom see I here ?
 A mortal, girded round by rocky chains !
 His form exposed to winter's blast and storms !
 What is thy sin, that thou must undergo
 Thy torment here ? Oh say, whoe'er thou art,
 To what lone land my harassed footsteps stray.
 Alas ! that sting again ! the spectre still
 Pursues me : hide it, earth ! his hundred eyes
 Are glaring on me still—I see, I see

The earth-born Argus rise before my face;
 And horror numbs me at the dreadful sight!
 For still that herdsman of the cunning eye
 Follows my footsteps; nor, though he is dead,
 Can earth conceal him: like a hound of hell,
 Crossing the gulf from the infernal world,
 He hunts me down; and o'er the sea-washed sand
 Drives me forth frenzied, wanting food and rest.
 And now the reed's subdued and sleepy tones
 Hum in my wretched ear! Oh, gods on high!
 When will my troubles—where my wanderings end?
 And thou, too, son of Saturn, why hast thou
 Linked me by curses to such woful fate?
 How have I sinned, that with these madd'ning torments
 Thou crush'st my stricken soul? What have I done
 To merit such extreme of agony?
 Hear me, thou ruler of the deities!
 Nor coldly spurn thy suppliant's eager prayer:
 Blast me with lightnings, or beneath the earth
 Hurl me, or cast my body to the waves,
 Food for the monsters of the briny deep;
 But make my wanderings cease; in pity spare
 To drive me further! I have toiled enough,
 Nor know I where to seek a place of rest.

CHORUS. Hear'st thou the horned maiden's voice
 of woe?

PROMETH. How can I fail to hear her loud-toned grief?
 Daughter of Inachus, who fired the heart
 Of Zeus with love—but now a tortured wanderer:
 Her jealous Juno forcibly compels,
 Without a resting-place, about the world.

Io. Whence didst thou learn, who speak'st, my father's
 name?

Oh, tell a harassed maiden, who thou art!
 Comrade in pain, who to my woe-struck ear
 Speakest so truly; naming the disease
 Which, Heaven-inflicted, drives with madd'ning stings
 My frenzied soul a furious race o'er earth.
 Hurried with pangs of hunger, close pursued
 By hellish wrath, my tortured steps I turn,
 Whither I know not. Juno's ireful care,

Still closely watching, crushes down my spirit.
 Who, born of mortal race, has ever felt
 The wrath of Heaven so grievously as I?
 But tell me clearly what awaits me still
 To suffer, what be spared of future woe:
 Show, if thou canst, a cure for my complaint
 And pain——Oh, tell a hapless wandering maid!

PROMETH. I'll tell thee clearly all thou wouldest know;
 And not with words mysteriously enwrap
 In dark enigmas; but with simple speech,
 As it becomes a friend with friends to hold
 Plain conversation. Thou beholdest here
 Prometheus, him who gave to mortals fire.

Io. O thou, who provedst thyself a general blessing
 To all mankind, why art thou suffering this?

PROMETH. Scarce have I ceased my sorrows to deplore.

Io. Hast thou, then, power to grant me my request?

PROMETH. What wouldest thou ask? for I can tell
 thee all.

Io. Say, then, who bound thee on this craggy rock.

PROMETH. The harsh behest of Jove, but Vulcan's
 hand.

Io. For what crimes pay you thus the penalty?

PROMETH. So far—no farther—can I let thee know.

Io. Unfold, besides, to me, the appointed term
 Of these my wanderings; and how long must be
 The period ere my misery finds relief.

PROMETH. 'Twere better for thee that thou shouldst
 not learn.

Io. Oh, hide not from me what I must endure!

PROMETH. 'Tis not that I this favour would deny.

Io. Why, then, delay'st thou to declare the whole?

PROMETH. I grudge it not, but yet am somewhat loth
 To grieve thy heart.

Io. Consider not my feelings
 More than I wish, as if 'twere pleasing to me.

PROMETH. Since, then, thou so desir'st to learn thy fate,
 I will unfold it.—Be prepared to hear!

CHORUS. Not yet, Prometheus; let me too, like her,
 Obtain my wish from thee; and let us first
 Inquire of her the story of her woes.

PROMETH. Yield, Io, to their wish, and 'twill be well,
Since they the sisters of thy father are ;
And sure it does some recompense deserve,
When they, who hear a piteous tale of woe,
Would weep in sympathy, nor stand aloof.

Io. I know not how your wish to disobey ;
And so ye shall hear all, as ye desire,
And clearly told. Yet when I strive to speak
The blasting storm which Heaven has hurled against me,—
My form thus sadly changed,—and all the ills
Which rush upon me from relentless foes,—
I scarce from lamentation can refrain.
But this my tale :—When on my bed I lay,
Each night bright visions hovered in the air
Within my chamber, and, in whispered tones,
Soothed me with flattery and sweet-honied words :
“ Oh, maiden, far above thy fellows blest !
Why be so niggard of thy virgin love,
When highest nuptials wait for thy consent ?
From thee the fire-tipt bolt of soft desire
Has touched the heart of Jove ; and, warmed with love,
He longs to raise in thee an equal flame.
Spurn not, O gentle maid, the bed of Jove !
Go forth to Lerna's deep and hidden shades,
Where, in the meadows, graze thy father's herds,
And bless the god who longing waits for thee.”
Such visions every night returned again,
And occupied my soul, until at length,
Harassed, I to my father did disclose
The dreams that haunted me, and never fled.
Then he to Pytho and Dodona's grove
Sent forth his soothsayers, a numerous band,
To learn by what of offerings or of deeds
He best might please the mighty god of heaven ;
And they, returning, doubtful answers bring—
Words dark and folded in ambiguous sense,
The meaning hid beneath a tangled guise.
But one at last to Inachus there came,
Clear and distinct,—its mandates plain set forth
Beyond dispute ; which straitly charged my sire
To thrust me forth from his paternal home,

And let me roam, forsaken and despised,
To earth's remote uncultivated bounds ;
" And," said it further, " should thy heart refuse
To yield submission to the will of Jove,
The wingèd lightning on thy head shall fall,
And all thy house, nor leave a trace behind."
He, to the mandate of the ambiguous god
Obedient, (for he feared him,) drove me out,
And 'gainst his wretched daughter shut his door,—
Unwillingly expelled, nor he less loth
Thus to entreat his child ; but Jove's high power
Imposed a curb upon his feeble will.
Straightway my form was changed ; my senses lost,
Perverted from their common path ; my head
Encumbered with these horns ; and when the brize
Drove in my tender flesh its pungent sting,
Infuriate with the pain I rushed along
To Cenchrea's beautiful and bounteous stream,
And Lerna's heights,—the while, in surly mood,
Argus, the earth-born, close pursued my flight,
Marking my footsteps with his myriad eyes.
But he soon perished ; for a sudden fate
Found him, and death o'ertook him unawares.
Whilst I, thus tortured by a heaven-sent curse,
Am driven from land to land with frantic speed.
You hear, then, what has brought me to this pass ;
And if you can disclose my future lot,
Oh, tell me plainly !—do not raise my hopes
With feignèd words, in pity to my woes,
And glozing falsehoods ; for to fabricate
A specious tale I think a base offence.

CHORUS. Oh ! gentle Io, cease thy tale ;
Forbear to speak of further woes :
Thy misery I can bewail,
But would not wish to hear again
Recital of thy dreadful pain,
Although for thee this tear-drop flows.
Oh ! never did I think to hear
Such griefs from mortals here below,
Such startling pangs, such words of fear,
Though man is born and nursed in woe.

Alas ! alas ! for mortal fate !
A two-edged woe has pierced my heart ;
Grief occupies man's troubled date,
And sorrow never will depart.
And, oh ! I shudder when I see,
Io, thy hopeless misery.

PROMETH. Too soon thy sighs and groans burst forth—
too soon ;
Restrain thy sorrow till the rest be heard.

CHORUS. Speak, then, and show us all ; for this is true,
That to the sick some pleasure it affords,
T'have known before the pains that were to come.

PROMETH. With ease your first request have ye obtained
From me ; for ye desired to hear of her,
From her own mouth, the story of her woes,
Before all else.—Now, mark what I shall say,
And hearken to the rest—what torments yet
The maid must suffer at the hands of Juno.
And thou, imprint my words upon thy mind,
Offspring of Inachus, that thou may'st learn
To trace thy way by these marked boundaries.
First, turn thyself towards the rising sun,
And leave the barren soil of this lone spot
In journey onwards : thus thou wilt arrive
Where the rude wandering Scythian twangs his bow,
Well skilled his arm to strike a distant mark ;
And in his woven hovel, raised from earth,
Rolls on his wheels, as will or pasture prompts.
But go not near him ; turn thy steps away
To the rough surges of the roaring sea.
There live the Chalybes, whose clumsy hands
Fashion the glowing steel ; these must thou shun,
For savage are they, and unused to cheer
The weary wanderer in their gloomy homes.
Thence to the loud Hybristes thou wilt come,
Whose torrent proud belieth not its name ;
But cross it not, for it will spurn th' attempt,
Until to Caucasus itself thy steps
Have safe arrived, from whose hoar temples pours
The bursting flood his proud expanse of wave.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Sentiment of Flowers, or Language of Flora. By Robert Tyas. Tyas.

A VERY beautiful book, on a subject that is, of all others, most to be recommended to a lady's study. It does not seem to be a literary prodigy, but rejoices in being excellently printed; the significations of each flower, and the reasons for which such meanings have been assigned, are attached to a number of very beautiful coloured plates, and the gilding of the edges is superlatively thick and beautiful. We would dwell in raptures on the green morocco cover, and the golden vase of golden flowers embellishing its centre, floral embellishments round the margins, and—we heartily wish we were in love, that the lady of our choice might study conversation out of so very elegant a volume.

Ceylon Moss, for the Cure of, &c. &c. &c. Communications read to the Royal Medico-Botanical Society. By George G. Sigmond, M. D. Second Edition. Renshaw.

Our readers, who have so long observed upon our Advertising Sheet the history of Ceylon Moss, will, we doubt not, be eager to buy this book with the view of discovering what it is all about. They will not be unwise to do so; for the outlay of capital required is something under ruin, and the essay really is a very amusing one, embodying a good deal of general information. We rise from the perusal, too, with a very high respect for the virtues of the Ceylon Moss,—virtues which, it seems, unlike those of humanity, *can well endure a trial.*

Electrotint; or, the Art of making Paintings in such a manner that Copper Plates and "Blocks" can be taken from them by means of Voltaic Electricity. By Thomas Sampson. Palmer. 103, Newgate-street.

This is a short pamphlet published by Mr. Palmer, in explanation of his process of Electrotint painting. The discovery is a valuable one, since it enables the artist to infuse into the copper plate his own touch and feeling without the mediate assistance of a copier; and we cannot doubt, that an art presenting so great advantages as that of Electrotint will speedily arrive at an increased state of perfection. The printing surfaces it produces are either raised or sunken: each is explained; and the pamphlet contains technical directions concerning brushes, tools, plates, handling, &c. for the use of artists in Electrotint, or of such chemists as may desire to amuse themselves by practising, as a matter of curiosity, this new application of the powers of voltaic electricity. To these we recommend it as an indispensable assistant. The specification of the patent is appended, containing a concise description of the invention, and the mode in which it is applied.

Village Pencillings, in Prose and Verse. By Elizabeth Pierce. Pickering.

We feel, of course, a natural diffidence in enlarging, to any great extent, upon the merits of our own correspondents; consistently, therefore, with the modest vein in which this month finds us, we shall only refer to "The Primrose," a poetical trifle, in a late Number of our Magazine. To those who admired that little piece, we have no hesitation in strenuously recommending the purchase of the book. The Pencillings are made in a sound, religious, spirit, and with an earnestness of feeling that atones for many of the defects attendant upon the first effort of a lady in the world of Literature.

The work is dedicated to her Majesty, the Queen Dowager; and is got up in superior style.

The School Room at Home. Houlston and Hughes.

Contains introductory chapters on History, Geography, Grammar, and Botany, for children. Don't, reader, be startled by the grandeur of the contents; it is really a very excellent book, simply written, and admirably suited for the purpose that it has in view.

We have been requested to take notice of the "Kentish Standard," a monthly literary newspaper. The idea of monthly news is odd enough, but fortunately there is but a little summary, and monthly literature of course is (ahem!) the most exalted, delightful, and proper thing that could have been invented. The conductors don't mean to belong to any party, but pledge themselves to be true and sturdy politicians, with a leading article that shall make Sir Robert reflect, and aid Lord John with ideas in opposition. For literature, the Editor discourseth on society with editorial correctness. Our friend, H. G. Adams, asks if we are fond of poetry, and presuming that we are, entertains us with the history of "Edmund Bolton," the first of his "Hours with the Old Poets;" Richard John discourseth verses upon "Cromwell's Grave;" and a page on Woolwich dock-yard matters feeds the vanity of the brave men of Kent. There are extracts illustrative of public opinion, and reviews expressive of the state of literature; with the genus of "It is rumoured," "Gigantic turnip," &c. &c., to fill up the ends of columns. We have no fault whatever to find with the "Kentish Standard."

. A firm of witty publishers, residing in Crane-court, has transmitted to our review department a "Report of the Proceedings at the Conference of Delegates of the Middle and Working Classes, held at Birmingham, April 5, 1842." So much do we detest and abhor all politics, Radical, Whig, or Tory, that we have not yet recovered the shock to our feelings, caused by the sight of the "Report," while it was in daily use as waste paper.

THE
KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1842.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

No. IV.

IN the first paper of this Series we spoke briefly of that method of study by which history is broken up into a collection of individual men and distinct actions; and from each the lesson was drawn which it seems intended to teach us. We subsequently considered another system, by which we look on history as one connected whole, and pointed out some advantages arising from this view of the past. We found this connexion to exist partly in an unbroken chain of causation, tending throughout the whole world to some ultimate object; partly in the operation of general moral laws, founded on universal principles of our nature; and we briefly mentioned a few leading points to be noticed in the investigation of these laws. That this second method of historical study is most valuable, nay, is absolutely necessary, in order to the practical use, on a great scale, of the experience of the past, it is impossible to doubt; yet it is not without its attendant danger, which, if we be not on our guard, will greatly detract from the advantages it offers us. The moral laws which are acting on human transactions, inasmuch as they are founded on general principles, and will apply under similar circumstances, are strictly analogous to the laws of physical nature; they have the same constancy, and may be equally, though by a different process, made subjects of calculation. Now it is in this very fact that the danger lies; we may be insensibly led to forget that we are dealing with *men*, thinking, living, moving, like ourselves, influenced by the same passions, imbued with the same emotions, destined for the same high purposes, as we feel, or ought to feel, that we ourselves are. We may accustom ourselves to think of the great events of the world—of all the revolutions and changes which we see clearly marked in the past, or dimly shadowed in the horizon of the future—as a mere working of

an inanimate machinery; beautiful, indeed, in its mechanism, most worthy of our admiration, yet never calling forth the inmost sympathies of our human nature. So surely as we glide into this error, be our investigations of history and the laws which it develops ever so close and accurate, the benefits on which we reckoned will be sapped away from beneath our feet; we shall cease really to understand the principles we discover, because we shall no longer sympathize in the feelings which are moving the *men* who act under them. "But is this so?" some one may ask. "Is it true, that, by losing this vividness of sympathy with those whose lives and actions are placed before us, we miss the advantage to be drawn from the knowledge of the laws, which reason deduces from the data supplied by history? May we not have a clear conception of probabilities founded on such known laws, sufficient to guide our actions?" It may, indeed, appear so at first; but longer reflection shows the fallacy of the supposition. It is manifest that before we can deduce a principle we must have sufficient data, and must understand those that we have. Now, in the investigation of a moral law, we find that the motives and feelings of men constitute the data from which, in great measure, our conclusion is to be drawn; and before we can come to a right conclusion, we must comprehend these feelings, both as distinct and relative inducements to action. But how is this to be attained?—by the exertion of reason, and the usual process of induction. But we cannot see how reason, which, when analyzed, resolves itself into the perception of relation between known data, can become aware of the existence of such feelings. The mere observation of effects will not lead us to see the hidden human cause in such sentiments, unless we have in our own mind something answering to these motives of others. In fact, each sentiment dwelling in us takes cognizance of the *existence* of a similar sentiment planted in other minds; reason aids us in tracing its *operations*, whether in ourselves or others. For example, the man who should be totally destitute of the love of praise could never understand it as a motive influencing others. You might tell him of the desire of fame; you might draw his attention to persons and actions, wherein it is most conspicuous; but the strongest efforts of intellect could never enable him to appreciate it as a motive: there would be nothing in his mind able to form a conception of it; he never could allow in his calculations for its power. If a man has no feeling of benevolence, or veneration, or pride, he can never understand or allow for them in others. Now it is wisely appointed that every man should, in some

degree, at some time, experience every human emotion ; he cannot be quite incapable of comprehending them in the minds of others, yet it is possible for any one to be influenced himself much less by one than by another feeling ; nay, he may be less altogether under the power of feelings at all ; intellectual calculation may be predominant in his mental constitution, and on this account he may not *sufficiently* appreciate this one feeling or feelings in general as moving men and directing their conduct. By *sympathy*, we understand, then, this infusion of ourselves into the minds of others,—this sense and perception of the motives and feelings which are lying at the bottom of all they say or do, whether generally or under particular circumstances. Hence we easily see how such sympathy, strongly and vividly entertained, is indispensable to the understanding the moral data from which our conclusions are to be deduced ; and perceive the hopelessness of resting merely on reason, with a view to the real comprehension of history and the laws which are moving the masses of mankind. An illustration will best explain my meaning, and the nature of the spirit of which I am speaking. Suppose, then, that we are engaged in the study of any portion of history in which we see the passions of men strongly and deeply moved ; in reading, for example, the records of the Crusades, or the more recent convulsions of the revolution in France. In both these events we shall find the laws of moral action strikingly developed ; from both, and especially from the latter, the historian may deduce great principles, and gather stores of political wisdom and experience. He may point out to us the causes of the rapid fall of the French empire in the reaction produced by the galling weight of the military despotism of Napoleon ; he may tell us of the effects of revolution and anarchy on national character, and the external and internal relations of a state ; he may trace out the combinations of circumstances which contributed to every great event. All this he may do in a great degree by the simple force of reason. But will he succeed in interesting us—will he have power to enchain our attention, and carry us along with him in his train of thought ? Certainly not, be his intellect ever so subtle, unless he feels that of which he is writing. He may tell us that the overthrow of France was caused by the patriotism of Germany, or the noble devotion of the nobles and peasants of Russia ; or, on the other hand, he may show how the strong sense of military glory in the mind of France tended to support the power of the emperor ; but unless he can enter deeply into the glow of patriotic feeling, chastened and purified in

the furnace of affliction, which animated every breast in Germany, or burn for the time with the religious devotion and deep sense of duty, which dwelt in the ranks of the Muscovite soldiery, he can never move us as he ought, he can never enter into the feeling of the greatness and sublimity of the deeds which he is relating. We should be inclined to wonder at the folly of men who struggled for freedom in those mighty contests, to smile with pity on the enthusiasm which prompted them to give life itself for the liberty of their father-land, and hold them at the best for honourable madmen. But let him write as he should—moved himself with deep sympathy in all they did and all they endured—and we shall soon feel that as men, as capable ourselves of like suffering, and, we hope, of no less nobleness of energy and devotion, we can and must enter into the spirit of every peasant who died in defence of his country at Asperne, Wagram, or Borodino. Then we shall glory in the thought that such men are an honour to our common humanity; we shall derive from the contemplation of their actions not only the sharpening of our intellect, but the strengthening of our highest moral resolution.

Thus it is that we must sympathize with the feelings of men. But it may be objected that, if such be our rule, we shall be called on to sympathize with much that is evil, and every bad and selfish motive of the human heart. Unfortunately it requires little instruction, little practice, to render us proficient in this sympathy. We are far too often under the influence of such feelings ourselves not to understand their force in the conduct of other men. But we do require to enter with fellow-feeling into the good motives and the noble principles which dwell in the soul of man, and we never can do so without benefit to those principles in ourselves. Nor need we fear, lest, in contemplating great actions, we should find nothing good in which to sympathize. No men ever produced by their own act great results, or acted a conspicuous part in the history of mankind, unless they had in them some good feeling—something higher than the mere selfishness which is the great antagonist principle to all that is pure and noble in the moral nature of the universe. When we see the devotion with which the military of France regarded their beloved emperor, we cannot but feel that, blinded as they were—wrongly as, in many respects, they judged of him and his actions, there were the elements of good in this love and devotion to an ideal object, which checked the selfish passions of their mind. True it is that this good is mixed up with much that is worthless, and much that is positively evil; yet it does exist,

in some degree, in every heart; and with it, from its very nature, we ought to sympathize.

We may observe here that it might appear on these grounds desirable that a great historian should possess a mind free from national feeling, but capable of entering into human feeling generally; lest a partiality for his own people should exercise a distorting influence over his view of the course of events in which they were directly or indirectly concerned. But it will be found, that so far from national feeling being opposed to that which we ought to cultivate as much of the great body of mankind, it is both in unison with it, and we may almost say the origin of it. Sympathy with humanity is founded on inherent mental principles, but these require cultivation to mature them; and how is this nurture afforded but in the relations of family life, and in a more extended scope in the community of national spirit? The writer who could so free himself from such influences, as in truth to feel an equal interest in all men, would probably only attain his object by feeling no interest at all in any men. On the other hand, he, who grieves for the misfortunes, blushes for the crimes, glories in the great deeds of his countrymen, will in all probability have a more sincere sympathy with similar sentiments in the breasts of others, whether individuals or nations, inasmuch as those non-selfish principles which enable him for the latter, have been developed under the fostering and genial warmth of the former relation. I speak, of course, generally; particular instances there may be which form exceptions to the rule; peculiar circumstances may in some minds develop the latter feeling independently of the former, yet it may be questioned whether it will exist in such strength and vigour, deprived of what seems its natural root and support. Nor do I in the least mean to underrate the danger of national prejudice: no man can become a truly great historian till he has subdued this weakness; but prejudice is not found in necessary connexion with the feeling of which I have been speaking, albeit not unfrequently found in the same mind, and apparently indissolubly linked with it. I had intended to have mentioned here some of the methods by which we can best cultivate this sympathy—so invaluable an element of our minds—and attain the vividness of expression in writing, and of conception in reading, which is the natural offspring of it; but space is wanting here, and the subject itself is worthy of separate attention at some future time.

G. S. W.

MIRABEAU'S LAST HOURS.

WREATH blushing roses round my hair,
 Their virgin hues let lilies lend,
 I'd have no gloom or mourning there,
 Where I await my change or end.

Strew flowers upon my dying bed,—
 Fit emblems of the life of man ;
 Pour perfumes on my drooping head—
 I live in truth whilst live I can.

For roses fade, and perfumes lose
 The fragrance which they once possessed ;
 The flow'ret, gemmed at morn with dews,
 Will sink at noon on earth's hot breast.

Let no grim pageantry of woe,
 No sorrow vex my latter hours,
 But let me rather perish so
 With thoughts of joy in cheerful bowers.

Midst music let my soul depart,
 Let flowers enwrap my lifeless clay ;
 For Music's tones entrance the heart,
 Though passing like a soul away.

Another measure, and a strain
 More brisk, more joyous than the last !
 Such dreams as this can leave no pain,
 Too bright to stay, too quickly past.

My friends, why weep ye ? that ye see
 One feeble who has mighty been :
 To think this dying form is he
 Who ruled at will his fellow-men ?

The brightest star in heaven must fade,
 The sun himself must pass away ;
 And cheerless death's sepulchral shade
 Quenches man's dim and little ray.

Why grieve ye ?—When the soul is gone,
 Both friends and foes alike will know
 What life hath lost, what death hath won,
 How little lasts of Mirabeau !

WORDS.

—
 “ Wherefore doth this word lay hold upon me thus ? ”
 —

STRANGE things are words, and mighty is their power for evil or for good ! How many hearts have seen their brightest and fondest hopes withered by a word ! How many have been driven by a harsh word into a course of sin and misery that has led them to ruin ! How often would a life of sorrow and trouble be saved, if one light word could be recalled ! One idle word, idly spoken, may chill the heart, and break the bond that should have been one of love and kindness ! One angry word may arouse the fellest passions, and urge their fury, till they lead men to murder and the scaffold ! A word misunderstood or wrongly written, may give the oppressor power, and take from the orphan all that was his own. And who has not felt the power of a word in season, a word of encouragement, when we are inclined to despair of success, how it has given us vigour to pursue our course, till we have at last arrived at the desired goal ?

Mighty and spirit-stirring are the words the warrior addresses to his soldiers on the eve of battle. Country, home, children,—these are words which thrill to the hearts of all who hear them, change the craven to the hero, and lead men on with eagerness to victory or to death. When the poor outcast, whose misery of heart is for the time drowned by the pressing want of bread, supplicates relief, how often is the paltry alms accompanied by a harsh word, that takes away all its blessing, when a single word of kindness and compassion would have fallen as balm upon the wounded spirit, and have sent the poor beggar away with a lighter and better heart. How often has a word, thoughtlessly spoken, called up in the heart sad memories that had almost died, brought back bright and glad hours, when the soul was filled with holy thoughts that had not yet been poisoned, with warm affections that had not yet been chilled ; when all nature had seemed too beautiful for the blight of sin and sorrow ever to fall upon it ; the sky too clear and deep ever to be clouded. And then the change, the awakening from a dream the heart had fondly fancied would last for ever ; when, perhaps, one word had destroyed the foundation on which the hopes of years had rested, on which a superstructure

of fairy-like beauty had been raised. The spirit might have been calmed by time, the heart have become almost as cold as the cold world around it; but one word hath opened all the wounds, and made them bleed again.

And that last word, scarcely heard, hovering on the lips that death is closing for ever, the word of warning, how does it not haunt our memories through all our lives; when we are beset with temptations to sin, until we almost yield, and enter the path that may lead us we know not how far from the right way, that word comes to our minds as a guardian angel, bringing with it thoughts of our childhood and our innocence, and we are saved, perhaps for ever.

If these words have such power, if a word can sow the seeds of a whole life of misery, if a word can add another drop of bitterness to the cup that is already overflowing, or, on the other hand, can lighten the burden of affliction, how careful should we not be how we use them heedlessly! Let us always remember, that by a kind word we may have it in our power to give consolation to a breaking heart; we may arrest a guilty wretch in his course of sin before it be too late.

Puck.

THE SNOW-DROP.

THOU comest, as our earliest pleasures come,
In thy white lovely robe of purity,
Bringing us many a bright and blooming hope
Of joy and gladness in futurity!
Thou comest with the sunshine's earliest beam,
While yet the wintry earth is cold and drear;
And on thy pale cheek is the rain-drop seen,
Like childhood smiling through a childhood's tear.

The summer cometh soon with all its hues
Of gaiety and brightness;—but its sun
Shines with a ray too hot and feverish;
It withers thee, thou frail and gentle one!
The summer comes with many gorgeous flowers,
But they have not thy lowly, humble sweetness.
Our life may bring us many brilliant hours,
But they have naught like childhood but its fleetness.

Puck.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

A SHORT season of prosperity in the life of Heringford preceded his last and most distressing trials. To dwell upon this we have less space than inclination; gladly would we, and easily could we, fill up chapter after chapter with the records of delight, but space forbids, and so—we don't intend it.

At the church-yard gate Edward and Mat Maybird parted:—let us follow Edward home, where Willie Bats was awaiting his arrival. Willie is supremely happy. He is performing an impromptu dance with active gesticulation, in which frequent clapping of the hands performs the task assigned now to the castinets. There is but one thing can make Willie happy; we need not tell his errand. Cicely was found, and Kate was found,—nay more, he would convey Edward to them. Edward was——! (let some lover fill the blank!)

Mat Maybird's errand—not so immediately delightful—led ultimately to his own delectation. He went to Spenton's hovel, where, as usual, had arisen in his absence, from a recollection of his strange conduct on various occasions, suspicions by the score, which it required his utmost ingenuity to still. The results of his visit are all we shall detail:—Simon Byre acted towards Curts in a manner most mystifying to behold. Sir Richard Ellerton had been unlike himself, and reserved towards the conspirators, softened since Esther's death, and since the burial had not been seen; but the said conspirators were not greatly troubled thereat, since they knew their duties, and had lately been seized with a desire for their speedy and extemporaneous fulfilment. Old Jessamine they had not seen; she must have been starved; there was no alternative: at all events, she could not bear witness against them, save with the halter round her neck. Spenton had intelligence of importance to communicate, and they invited Mat Maybird to join them on the

following morning in a visit to that gentleman at Ellerton Cave. Of the cave, now for the first time mentioned, more hereafter. Mat accepted the invitation. The following morning—(our history travels now at a good pace; not so Edward and Willie Bats, for Prento was in company, when)—on the following morning Edward and Willie, the latter acting as guide, set forth in search of—shall we say, Cicely? Their road was through Ellerton, and since Mat Maybird and his companions would follow the same path that day, it was arranged that Mat should go first, in order that Prento might have time for amusing himself on the journey without fear of being overtaken.

Before starting, Mat was invited to breakfast with his comrades, but, for a marvel, he declined.

“No,” said he, “I have breakfasted.—Moreover, that pie of yours appeareth deficient in respect of cleanliness: it must have been made a fortnight since by old Jessamine, and concealed under a dust heap;—for the liquids,” he added, examining with curious scrutiny the interior of a tin mug; “drink out of dirty vessels grates my teeth.”

It is night, and in the cottage of Mat's father at Ellerton sits the hopeful son, with Heringford and Willie;—the father and mother sleep, while a wondering sister does the honours of the house. It is night. Edward and Willie have but just arrived, for Prento was in good spirits to-day. Mat Maybird has been to Ellerton Cave, and for the following reasons has returned excited:—Spenton is as wise as Heringford concerning the place of Kate's concealment—he obtained his information from the same person who told Willie. Mat Maybird's conduct, especially his constant refusal at the cave, repeated after a whole day of fasting, to break bread with the conspirators, had gone so far to confirm Andrew Westrill's suspicion against him, that he found himself compelled to save his credit by giving information of the intentions of Edward and Willie Bats. It was then resolved, in consultation, to waylay the travellers on the morrow; Mat Maybird being with them in disguise as a friend, would with Andrew Westrill be sufficient. Now, Mat knew that he was suspected, and was also very well aware of the object of Andrew Westrill, in leading him to believe that while he went with Heringford, there would be but one enemy to combat; therefore he was in excitement; for to-morrow Curts, and Westrill, and Spenton, and Simon Byre would openly—or at least with tolerable openness

—attack him, and he should then be enabled to break all their heads.

Over this, as at supper he compensated for his unusual fast, Mat Maybird sat exulting.

“But—but—” said Willie Bats, who listened in astonishment to these warlike thoughts—“but I cannot fight!”

“Tush, Willie! hast thou not beaten Spenton? What will Cicely say?”

“Yes—ah—no—yes—that is to say I am not in the least afraid.”

The conversation became general; but Willie still brooded over the unpleasant topic.

“I think,” said he, “I had better not go to-morrow, because Cicely—”

“Will think you coward if you stay, and disbelieve the story of your former valour.”

“Of course,” said Willie, “if you need my assistance, of course I’ll go—but Prento—”

“Is a mettlesome steed, and when he scents a fight, is sure to rush into the thickest.”

“No!” groaned poor Willie, “do’st think so? Well! Heaven help us!”

All things necessary having been arranged, and things eatable consumed, Mat’s sister stole back to the sleep from which she had been awakened. Heringford thought not of the coming contest, but of once more, so shortly too, beholding Kate, until fatigue brought sleep and happy dreams. Willie Bats felt such a peculiar vacancy in that part of his chest in which the heart usually is seated, that he could not sleep for wondering whither that organ might have fled; the conduct too of Mat Maybird disturbed him; for that restless individual rose from his seat every three or four minutes to pace the room, to kick the leg of the table, examine his cudgel, and then take a draught of ale ere he returned, in the hope that by that means he might compose himself to sleep.

In good time the morning came. To a sleepless man never did night fly so fast as this night did to Willie. A vision of breakfast and a gay hum of voices were about his eyes and ears; but he was scarcely conscious until the rough shaking Prento gave him reminded him that they were already on the road.

“Rouse thyself, Willie,” exclaimed Heringford; “look around thee this fine morning; is it not bracing, invigorating?”

“Very,” replied Willie, looking round. The result of his observation was, that he reined in his Preto, and argued concerning the murderous intentions of a holly bush, that clothed itself in mortal guise.

Though Willie’s eyes beheld but a Curts or a holly bush, had he looked beyond he would have seen scenery, that in summer, must be of the most beautiful description. It was diversified with hill and dale, which now spread out before them as they emerged from Ellerton Valley; there were patches of woodland and cultivated fields, green meadows, brooks, here and there farm-houses with their ponds, now frozen; a small river meandered through the scene, and was lost in the distance behind swelling land. The road, the twigs and branches of the trees, the blades of grass, were covered with hoar frost; the sun was gradually breaking through the red mist; it was a beautiful winter’s morning.

Riding at a rapid pace along a road like this must exhilarate the faintest heart, and Willie Bats waxed courageous as half the journey was completed, and still no one appeared to call his metal into question.

“I think,” quoth he, “I really think they have thought better of it, and are afraid to meet us!”

“We must not lose them,” replied Mat; “we had better slacken our pace to give them a chance of overtaking in case we be in advance.”

Here was a prolongation of torture! Willie wished he had held his tongue, and made a resolve that he would not speak again, as his eyes left the bushes, and turning round obedient to the new supposition, he twisted himself on the saddle, and kept strict watch upon the road behind.

A loud shout caused him to jump trembling round. Those he feared were in the road. Simon Byre held Heringford’s horse by the bridle, Mat Maybird was similarly detained by Westrill, whilst poor Willie perceived with consternation that the cross-bow which Curts carried was levelled against himself. This was the perception of an instant, and in that instant the ardent Preto, enraged by the noise around him, reared suddenly, and for the last time; for, receiving into his own head the bolt intended for his master, he fell lifeless to the ground.

“With or against us?” demanded Westrill of Mat Maybird.

“On the side of justice,” replied Mat. Andrew understood him—

a sword gleamed in the air—but, ere it struck, Mat Maybird's cudgel came with full force on Westrill's head, and felled him bleeding to the ground. Without delay Mat leaped from his horse and grappled with Curts, who was preparing to make an attack on Willie Bats, as he lay rolling in whiteness on the frosty sprinkled road. One hand held firmly the right arm of the villain; at Mat's iron grasp the sword dropped from a powerless hand; the stout cudgel was in the air, about once more to descend:—

“Stay!” exclaimed Curts, “I always trusted thee; strike not!”

“I never trusted *thee*,” replied Mat, as the cudgel fell—and Curts.

Heringford, meanwhile, was grappling with the sturdy form of Simon Byre. His sword—the only one in company, for Mat relied upon his staff—with sheath and all belonging to it, had been torn suddenly from him at the very first, and Edward had no means of defence against his gigantic antagonist.

“I will avenge mine insult!” cried Simon, fiercely, in his woman tones. With all his immense power he lifted the slight frame of Heringford, and strove to dash him to the ground: but he clung firmly, and the attempt was vain. Heringford grasped the man's arms; his own were seized tightly in return; foot to foot, the brawny arms of Simon Byre interlacing with his own, Edward strove in vain to move the angry ruffian. Violently they worked to and fro; every vein in Byre's face was swollen with rage at finding his vengeance thus resisted; he yelled and shrieked, and shook his enemy with all his force; in his eagerness he slipped and fell, when Mat Maybird knocked him on the head.

The globular form of the body of Willie Bats, and the excitement of his soul, had caused that valorous individual to roll about the road in a very peculiar manner during the contest now described, and he continued rolling hither and thither, until, by the aid of Maybird and Heringford, he was placed upon his feet. His first lamentation was that, by the chances of war, he had been prevented from sharing the honours of the fray. Mat Maybird considered that nothing could sound more glorious than to tell that a steed was shot under him, and this gave rise to the second chapter of lamentations over the defunct and well-beloved Prento.

“Alas, poor Prento!” exclaimed he, with tears in his eyes, and his arms around the neck of the dead animal. “Good horse! I am sorry thou art gone—we were used to one another, and I loved

thee as a leg of my own flesh, that carried me from place to place. They were slanderers that called thee vicious—thee, that hast died to save me. Alas! alas! I shall never mount another like thee.”

“To me,” said Mat Maybird, “that would be no slight consolation.”

But it was not so to Willie, and it was a long time before he would be persuaded to complete what little remained of their journey, leaving the remains of Prento to be called for at a more convenient opportunity, for the purpose of enforcing the victors’ right of burying the dead.

Before they proceeded, a consultation was held over the bodies of the vanquished. Nothing useful could be done. From the thought of slaying them as they lay thus insensible, honour recoiled as a murderous intention; they could not lead them as prisoners to justice, for reasons already frequently explained. Mat Maybird found in a bush cords that Curts had brought for other purposes:—his somewhat absurd idea was, to tie the conspirators all three together as a bundle of faggots, in close and brotherly embrace. From this conceit he could not be dissuaded: it was carried out; and so they were left peacefully resting by the hedge side.

When the journey was continued, it wanted but an hour of noon. The morning mists had rolled away, leaving a clear, pale-blue sky, blotted by a few fleecy clouds, that seemed almost stationary. The travellers had reached the banks of the little river, and now journeyed along its side; blocks of ice floated rapidly down the centre of the stream; at its margin others were collected; the banks of green meadow land sloped gradually upwards, swelling at a little distance into gently undulating hills. Willows, ash, and other trees, now covered with the crystal foliage of white hoar frost, grew beside the stream; at a little distance the old oaks and stately elms formed noble groups; they were in the domains of the lord of Carnwood, Kate Westrill’s unknown patron. A little forest, extending to the verge of the river, was now entered, and, when they had passed through it, the travellers beheld the house itself, situated on a gentle slope of turf, that led downwards to the water. It was a large stone mansion, not very regularly built, but picturesque withal; it abounded in nooks and corners, wings and stacks of chimneys, pillared porticoes entwined with monthly roses, bay windows, towers here and there, of any shape—square, round, or octagonal. Many generations

of minds had been engaged in its construction, all actuated by unity of design, not certainly in an architectural sense, for the design was to make it comfortable.

The owner of this mansion, and the protector of Kate Westrill, was Sir Hubert de St. Fay, already alluded to in the first chapter of this history as the half-brother of Beatrice, baroness of Ellerton. He lived in the exercise of charity and kindness among his tenants, and by all who knew him, Willie Bats deposed, was universally beloved.

A connected narrative of such happiness as here follows we find it impossible to give. Edward and Willie were expected. Edward found Kate alone—Sir Hubert was among his tenants. Oh, the joy of meeting!—we cannot describe. Willie found his blooming Cicely—no, there too we cannot describe. Before the assembled retainers he embraced and kissed her. Mat Maybird danced with delight from Kate's parlour to the servant's hall and back again, enjoying both the scenes. Kate spoke with warm gratitude of the kindness of Sir Hubert, who entered in the midst, and was recognised as—Bruton!

Several knots were immediately untied in Edward's mind. The reader must imagine what was said and done. We have glanced at five minutes of happiness. Days and weeks followed. Kate walked as of old, with Edward in the woods; Willie and Cicely—Mat Maybird became jealous, and was suddenly seized with an idea that the De Vermonts must be very lonely in London, and that a change of scene would in some degree relieve their sorrow. Within a week of the idea's commencement, De Vermont walked with Bruton among the tenants—Annette with Mat Maybird among the fields.

Christmas came, and all its old English customs—warm-hearted customs—but, alas! men romp not now. Mat Maybird was master of the revels, and took good care that the Yule clog was the largest he could get, the ale the choicest. Right submissively did he wait upon the servants as, in the merry spirit of the ancient Saturnalia, they lorded it for a brief season over their masters: right industriously did he ply them with the ale-cup. Christmas-day, and the mumming; the lions, the dragons, and the serpents, arose early to serenade the house. Mat was the Lord of Misrule, and well did he prove his right to the title. Neither with Christmas-day did Mat Maybird let the gambols end; but enough:

amid mirth such as this, the mourners speedily forgot their care, or thought of it only with resignation. Annette's laugh was again heard, seldom at first, but soon more frequent. A happy month had fled, and Mat feared lest a formidable rival should deprive him of his character as the merriest in the house—yet not the happiest. Daily did he engage in trials of skill with his laughing adversary, who quarrelled with him every hour in mimic anger, and did not think of concealing the pleasure she felt in his company.

Kate and Annette too became bosom friends, and as they walked one day together by the river side, Annette was for the first time informed of her heart's captivity. Until Kate told her, she had no idea she was in love; she wished she had not known it now, for it would check her pleasure; she had not thought of such a matter, but confessed that it could not be denied. She discovered too that Mat loved her, and declared she was heartily glad of it, as love on one side only must be somewhat disagreeable; thus comparing notes, conversation became interesting and confidential, so that the friends were beguiled into the forest beyond the usual limits of their walk. They were about to return, when a sudden crashing among the brushwood arrested their attention, and, with a yell of triumph, Simon Byre rushed forth, and seizing Kate Westrill in his brawny arms, almost before she was aware of danger, bore her off into the forest.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

HOW KATE WESTRILL WENT ON A VISIT TO HER OTHER LOVER, AND WHAT HE PROVIDED FOR HER ENTERTAINMENT.

ON the other side of the wood a horse stood ready saddled; this Simon mounted, and placing Kate before him, with his hand upon her mouth, urged onward rapidly. Within an hour, they were beneath the ruins of Ellerton Castle, and soon after at the cave's mouth.

Ellerton Cave was situated in the midst of the wood skirting the village, half-way up the hill on which the castle had been built. There, at one part, the vegetation suddenly ceased,

and a comparatively narrow strip of perpendicular crag, irregularly bounded at each side by the hill's slope and continuation of the wood, appeared to rise out of the turf. It was as though there had been torn away from the hill in its complete state a vast fragment, leaving, where it had stood, a rugged, fractured surface of chalk cliff, about fifty feet in height, and forty broad. At the base of this crag was a small aperture, leading into the cave itself. Here Simon Byre dismounted. Kate had been silent: she could see by his face that he was not to be moved, and was too proud to supplicate for a refusal. Mechanically, therefore, she obeyed his commands, wondering at the soft tones in which they were uttered, —tones that almost tempted her to beseech pity at his hands, until she looked into his face for the purpose, shuddered, and remained silent. The shaggy hair, the blood-shot eye, dilated nostril, and thick, sneering lips, the fiendish countenance, were too sure signs of a soul fortified against compassion.

Tacitly, therefore, she obeyed the commands that bade her creep through the small aperture, and Simon followed. After many turnings and windings, the cave itself was entered, and Kate looked shuddering around. Art had assisted nature in its formation. It was spacious, enclosed by huge blocks of the chalk cliff, that seemed irregularly piled on one another; holes for air and light were pierced through that side which led to the exterior; seats, shelves, retired corners, and artfully contrived hiding-places, were excavated in the rock. There was a hearth formed, on which a wood fire now burned brightly, and its smoke filled the cavern.

But there was one thing which Kate saw, that cut more deeply to her soul than all her own misfortunes. By the fire her brother sat, as a lord within this den of villany; her brother, who should have avenged a sister's insult, smiled when he saw her enter. Oh! then her soul was moved, and with bitter tears she fell at her lost brother's feet in eloquent appeal;—she bade him think of their mother in heaven—how she had loved them—recalled the warnings of a dying father, seeking with a sister's love to lure him from the fearful path he had chosen. In vain. The silvery voice of Simon Byre called her to follow, and Andrew Westrill cast her from him, when she fell swooning on the floor.

A secret door, concealed by a mass of rock, that formed a natural porch before it, opened on the touching of a spring. Simon Byre entered with a lamp, bearing in his arms Kate's life-

less form. Through a long narrow passage, hewn artificially through the chalk, he arrived at a flight of winding stairs; all was dark without the influence of the lamp he carried. At the stairs' head was a thick door, strongly barred; this Simon Byre unlocked and opened; it led to another small natural cavern within the cliff, made, as we have seen, to communicate with the larger one below. Here Kate was placed, and Simon Byre retired, having securely barred and fastened the door behind him.

When Kate awoke from her swoon, she was possessed of the calmness of despair. Every bright anticipation on which that morning's sun had risen, every hope of happiness and thought of joy, the last hour had wiped away, and left a fearful blank. Calmly she looked around upon her prison. It was of no ordinary character—a broken, rugged cavity, within the substance of the rock; floor, walls, and roof, one continuous uneven surface, formed of rent blocks of limestone. At some height was a small cavity, admitting light and air. Climbing among the huge blocks that formed the rugged floor, Kate wandered over the cavern. It had been tenanted by others, for care had been expended upon some of the masses over which she stumbled, to adapt them to some use: one had been smoothed and hollowed into a rude hard couch, bedewed, doubtless, by many a tear of misery, on which Kate's tender form would be extended; others had been otherwise moulded, some into grotesque shapes, by those that knew no other mode of whiling away the weary period of captivity. Thus, the walls were adorned with grinning heads of men and animals, or with hieroglyphic scratches, that, doubtless, to the inventor's eye afforded the representation of some scene or other. Proceeding on her search, Kate Westrill had nearly fallen into a deep, black pit, obscured in the shadow of one corner of the cavern. Shuddering at her escape, she retired,—then, approaching, she looked down, but into impenetrable darkness; she took a small fragment from the cliff, and let it fall,—once it struck against a projecting side; then, after a few instants, a dead sound, as though it had fallen upon something soft—a horrid thought possessed her—she tried again, listened again, intently: this time it struck not until it reached the bottom, and then the same dull sound! A cold chill came over her; turning away, she buried her face in her cold, damp hands, but could not shed one tear. The dread calm within her mind was more fearful than the most boisterous grief.

She looked up at the little opening that admitted light; former captives, anxious to gaze upon the world they had lost, had formed steps to it, and a little seat beside it, in which they could sit and gaze all day; these steps Kate ascended, and placed herself in that seat: she looked out: above and around was the perpendicular cliff; a projecting shelf of rock concealed the aperture from those below, rendering escape utterly hopeless. But then, beyond, she could look down upon Ellerton—her own native home, the ivy tower of the village church, the brook and its rustic bridge, the green, where last summer she had presided as the village queen,—below, as on a map, all these were traced; she could follow with her eye—for it was undimmed and tearless still—the paths along which of olden time she and Heringford had roamed, and every spot hallowed by the memories of happy childhood—all—all were there to mock her misery.

An hour had elapsed, when the door of the cavern again opened, and Spenton entered. Kate Westrill was before him, peacefully sleeping on the bed of stone. Spenton paused, for he had not expected this: he had prepared his mind, though truly it required little preparation, to resist tears, anguish, and supplications; but to find her in calm, quiet rest—she, whom the most fearful dangers threatened—she, who was shut out now from every hope of earthly happiness—she, who had that day been borne from the midst of pleasure to this wretched den; that she should sleep, surpassed his comprehension. And well it might; for what could Spenton know of the strength which suffering innocence draws down by prayer? Kate Westrill slept, and the vile heart was awed. Spenton feared to tread, lest he might waken her; he had heard that guardian angels watch over the rest of guileless souls; and surely she was guileless,—surely angels guarded her also, as she slept without a fear of danger. A smile, like a gleam of sunshine, passed across the placid face of the sleeper; she was dreaming of Ellerton—a child again in fancy. At no frown could Spenton have trembled, or felt more keenly his own abject nature, than at that smile of his sleeping victim. He was about to retire; he could not look at her longer thus; he would come again, when she was awakened. A soft voice arrested him,—the sleeper spoke; he could not hear the murmured words, but fancied the name of Heringford, and his lust and his rage returned, as he clambered over the unhewn floor, towards Kate Westrill. The

noise he made awoke her ; she looked up, and put her hands before her face, seeking to dispel a dream ; then she became conscious that her sleep was ended—that Spenton stood beside her.

“ Mistress,” exclaimed he, “ I am not here to sue. At the priest’s cottage thou might’st taunt securely, not so here ;”—he looked round with a smile, that in its distortion might have expressed the agonies of a decrepid, tortured Jew. “ How sayest thou now to my wooing ? Ay, is it—or still nay ? No answer but contempt—Come ! look thou here.” He led her to the pit. “ Knowest thou this ?” Kate shuddered. “ Thou hast found it ?—Understand, then, mistress, thy choice now lieth not ’twixt Heringford and Spenton ;—I will give thee a reading less difficult—Spenton, or death ?—thine answer !”

“ Death before Spenton—”

“ Death, then, be thine !” cried Spenton furiously, “ but Spenton first. Mistress ! I leave thee a few hours, and I return ; meanwhile,” cried he, pointing to the pit, “ look there !—there—I leave thee, to look well upon thy grave !”

Thus speaking, and quivering with rage, Spenton hastily quitted the prison.

And Kate Westrill ?—Was her blue eye tearless still ? Ah, no ! Affliction woman’s soul can bear, and nobly bear, but insult—oh, how it stings into her gentle heart, when man, to whom alone she looks for succour and protection, man, around whom her tender trust is twined, when even man insults and spurns her !—Kate Westrill wept, and heavily on thy head, Spenton, as a thunderbolt from offended Heaven, fell each tear-drop of the hapless orphan. Ay, weep, thou gentle, thou afflicted one ! Weep forth each tender fear, each weakness of thy woman’s nature,—weep now, thou hapless one, until the fount be dried, for the hour is near, when but a filmy drop upon thine eye shall hurl thee into ruin, one timid thought, nay, one fond hope of love shall bring thee to a fearful, an untimely end !—Weep, weep, afflicted girl, pour forth upon each crystal tear the poison sorrows from thy brain,—already is planted there the germ of that which maketh man a fearful ruin !—Kate Westrill sank upon the bed of stone, and wept convulsively.

(To be continued.)

BURLAL AT SEA.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE shadows of night had covered the deep,
 And the sea-maid had sunk to her first sweet sleep,
 And dimly the stars their lustre gave,
 Like topaz gems from a darksome cave !

They carried the corse of the soldier-lad,
 In the garments of death all rudely clad ;
 No shroud to hide the ghastly face,
 Or veil from the eye death's finger-trace !

No coffin contained his ashes cold,
 For his hammock was destined his corse to hold ;
 And they bare him in silence,—but not one tear
 Was shed to hallow the soldier's bier !

The service was read, and a loud, dull crash,
 And a hollow sound midst the billow's dash,
 Bade welcome wild from the yawning wave,
 As his body sank to its dark, dark grave.

“ That plunge, in the silence that reigned around,
 As his form was gulfed in the depth profound,
 Say, did it not waken a thrill and a start,
 That spake the fear-chill at your heart ?

And were there no sighs—no tears for him ?”
 No voice sobbed grief—and no eyes were dim ;
 Yet far, far at home, perchance there were
 Hearts would have burst had they been there.

 THE TEARS OF YOUTH AND AGE.

(*From the German of Jean Paul Fr. Richter.*)

“ YOUTH weeps, Age has its tears ; but in the one are the dews of the morning, in the other those of evening only.” Thus praised a youth the beauteous tear-drop in the eye of childhood. But when the hot day had scattered the dews of morning and their flowers, and the youth grew to an old man, he said ; “ True it is, the dew of evening lies through a long' night, dull and cold ; but then its sun comes, and it glittereth again.”

DIFFICULT POINTS AND PASSAGES OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

No. I.—HAMLET.

THE first point which must strike the attentive reader of Shakspeare in this noble tragedy, is the question, "Was, or was not, the Queen a confederate with Claudius in the assassination of the late King Hamlet?" In almost every case in which I have sought a solution of this query, I have met with considerable difficulty in obtaining a decided, well-grounded, and satisfactory opinion, and from this circumstance, have been induced to give the subject a more than ordinary share of study and attention. There are but very few passages in the play which lead to this point, but it is one which involuntarily occurs to the reader, and one of no slight importance with regard to the character of the Queen, as on it depends whether we are to consider her as a murderess and traitoress, or, simply as a weak and credulous woman, duped and sacrificed by the art and cunning of Claudius. My own opinion is, that the Queen was *not* a confederate with Claudius; and the only passage I have ever found at all opposed to my view on this, is the following:—

"The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks,—and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)—
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not, but by her." ACT IV. *Scene 7.*

But those who bring this solitary passage to support their point, forget that it might be quite as easily referred to a totally different circumstance. Hamlet is undoubtedly the rightful and proper heir to the throne of Denmark, and Claudius reigns only by usurpation. To this very fact, the passage may, (and probably does,) refer: meaning, indeed, that Claudius could not reign, without the favour of Gertrude, any more than a star could move out of his sphere. But there are several points and passages which seem to back up my opinion. Had the Queen been an abettor in the murder of the late King, she would surely have partaken, in some degree, with Claudius in his consternation during the performance of the play before the court: but it is not so: she appears to go through that dreadful ordeal with perfect apathy.

Perhaps the strongest point of all is, the direction given in the dumb show before the play (which, I think we may safely infer, was a counterfeit of the real murder). In this stage direction, we find the following passage: "The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but in the end, accepts his love." Observe how "the poisoner" wooing the Queen with gifts, corresponds with the story of the Ghost—

"With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts;"

and this confirms me in the opinion that the dumb show expressed the plot of the *real* as well as the *false* tragedy. Admitting this to be the case, and assuming that Gertrude was at first unwilling to accept Claudius, what reason can be assigned for her abetting him in the murder? It could not be a wish to marry him; it could not be a wish to place Hamlet on the throne, because she assists in keeping him from it. Another strong point in favour of my opinion is, that the Ghost says:—

"But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught."

Now, surely, if she had been in league with Claudius, she would have been so much the more tormented, instead of being spared.

Thus, then, I think it appears clear that however guilty Gertrude may have been in other points, she was innocent of this at least.

Another remarkable point is what Johnson has so harshly censured—the behaviour of Hamlet towards Ophelia in the first scene of the third Act; but, with all due deference and respect for the learned lexicographer, I apprehend he entirely mistook the meaning, not only as to Hamlet's feelings towards her, but even as to the words uttered by him to her. It must be considered, that Hamlet is called from a state of comparative lethargy of mind, to one of the greatest activity: from the peace that genders love, to the more bustling and more exacting calls of vengeance: urged, like Macbeth, to deeds dark as Erebus by supernatural agents, he swears most solemnly to

"Wipe away all trivial, fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past;"

and he foresees how a lingering love for Ophelia will and must impede his steps; nay, more than this, an opportunity at that very

time offers itself for commencing the separation. He has been forbidden her presence by Ophelia herself, and casually meeting (as he supposes), has his "remembrances" offered to him again. Now see how Hamlet acts: the "I never gave you ought," is one of the most pathetic exclamations of a wounded heart in the whole play; then, when she complains of *his* neglect, he sees that she is playing a part taught her by her father, and questions her as to whether she is dealing honestly with him, and having repeated the question in other words, and finding her dull of understanding him, he turns into one of those metaphorical wanderings from the point which are so common to him, and concludes with an expression of cynic misanthropy, which he of all other men, so harshly treated by the world, might be excused for indulging in. But the hour has arrived for his meeting the players, and he breaks abruptly from Ophelia, and turns to the main object of his life. Had I found Hamlet trifling with the "water-flies" of the court, or at any light employment, I would have censured the abruptness of his departure from Ophelia—but no! he has the work of retribution in hand, and he goes to the instruments of his torture—Claudius's living rack. Had he lost all love for Ophelia, he had not contented himself at her grave with the simple expression, "What! the fair Ophelia!" Had he wholly resigned her, he had not burst into that agony of grief which prompted the energetic cry—

"I loved Ophelia! forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum."

Again, observe how, immediately after Ophelia's death, he hastes to his revenge; not all the chords of sympathy with man could hold him back like the thought that the world would taunt Ophelia with her lover's guilt, (for so he had every reason to think the world would deem it,) and mar her happiness; this overcome he walks into the Hall, and,

"With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost,"

finally accomplishing his end; and, even dying, he implores Horatio to tell his story right. Oh! while he said this, doubt not his thoughts were in Ophelia's grave. Reader, after such a proof, is it possible to say that Hamlet was unjust towards "his soul's idol—the most beautiful Ophelia?"

C. H. H.

REFLECTIONS ON A SKULL.

THE battle-field, where heroes once have met,
 Where a fierce conflict shook the vault of heaven,
 And scared the upper air, and where, perchance,
 A mighty kingdom waited the event,
 Eager we gaze upon—and think it too
 A hallowed spot, sacred by valiant deeds,
 And the past memory of former times;
 Upon its soil the traveller gently treads
 With soft and noiseless step;—and 'bates his breath,
 As though he might disturb the deep repose
 Of those who rest beneath the quiet sod.
 The hall, too, claims our homage, where of yore
 Great deeds were planned, and enterprises vast;
 Where mighty statesmen held their deep debates,
 And spoke of war and conquest—though it be
 Dismantled and deserted, and the wind
 Moans a sad requiem o'er departed state.
 But yet, a skull, as 'twere a loathsome thing,
 That shocks their notions of the worth of man—
 Men pass by heedlessly, or, as they go,
 Spurn it contemptuously.
 Yet not the battle-field nor hall can boast
 T' have seen such wondrous deeds as this poor skull—
 For in this airy hall a soul once moved,
 Sat on the throne of reason, and did oft
 Adjudge the pleaded claims of right and wrong:
 Here held its consultations and debates,
 Strove, struggled, thought, desired, believed, and hoped,
 Feared, loved, and hated, plotted and devised.
 Perchance Ambition, in this narrow realm
 Planted her lofty standard, summoning
 Each thought and wish and power to flock around.
 Perhaps the fairy train of Fancy's queen
 Here held their revels, calling bright-eyed Hope
 To join their dance: till put at last to flight
 By sombre-clad array of trooping cares,
 Or numbing Fear sent out her icy bands,
 To drive young Fancy from her joyous realms.
 Once too, perhaps, these bleak and mouldering jaws,
 Like city gates, upon their hinges turned,
 To let the richly clad procession pass,
 Of pompous eloquence or changeful song.
 But why say more? conjectures one might frame
 And maxims draw, more than e'en History
 Or sage Philosophy can ever teach—
 For here's a kingdom where, alternately,
 Hope, joy, fear, sorrow, passion, held their reign,
 And each one mounted to the throne in turn.

MUM.

HYMNS TO NIGHT.

(Translated from the German of Novalis.)

v.

OVER the widely-spreading races of mankind, ruled aforesaid an iron Destiny with silent power. A dark and heavy band was around man's anxious soul; without end was the earth; the home of the gods and their abode. Throughout eternities had her mysterious structure stood. Beyond the red mountains of the morning, in the holy bosom of the sea, there dwelt the Sun, the all-inflaming, living light. A hoary giant bare the sacred world. Securely prisoned, beneath mountains, lay the first sons of the mother Earth, powerless in their destructive fury against the new and glorious race of the gods, and their kindred, joyous men. The dark, green ocean's depth was the bosom of a goddess. In the crystal grottoes rioted a voluptuous tribe. Rivers, trees, flowers, and brute beasts had human understanding. Sweeter was the wine poured forth by youth's soft bloom; a god in the vine's clusters; a loving, a maternal goddess, shooting forth among the full, golden sheaves; love's holy flame, a delicious service to the most beauteous of the goddesses. An ever gay and joyous festival of heaven's children and the dwellers upon earth, life rustled on as a spring, through centuries. All races venerated, like children, the tender, thousand-fold flame, as the highest of the world; one thought only was there, one hideous vision of a dream:

That fearful to the joyous tables came,
 And the gay soul in wild distraction shrouded.
 Here could the gods themselves no counsel frame,
 That might console the breast with sorrow clouded.
 This monster's path mysterious, still the same,
 Unstilled his rage, though prayers on gifts were crowded.
 His name was Death, who with distress of soul,
 Anguish and tears on the hour of pleasure stole.
 For ever now from everything departed,
 That here can swell the heart with sweet delight,
 Torn now from the beloved one, who, sad-hearted,
 On earth could but desire and grief excite,
 A feeble dream seemed to the dead imparted,
 Powerless striving made man's only right;
 And broken was enjoyment's heaving billow,
 Upon the rock of endless care, its pillow.

With daring mind, as heavenly fancy glows,
Man masks the fearful shape with fair resembling :
His torch put out, a mild youth doth repose ;
Soft is the end as the lyre's mournful trembling.
Remembrance fades i' the gloom a shadow throws :
So sang the song, a dreadful doom dissembling.
Yet undefined remained eternal Night,
The stern reminder of some distant might.

At length the old world bowed its head. The gay gardens of the young race were withered ; beyond into the freer, desert space aspired less childish and maturing man. The gods then vanished with their train. Lonely and lifeless, Nature stood. The scanty number and the rigid measure bound her with fetters of iron. As into dust and air melted the inconceivable blossoms of life into mysterious words. Fled was the magic faith, and Phantasy, the all-changing, all-uniting friend from Heaven. Over the rigid Earth, unfriendly, blew a cold north wind, and the wonder-home, now without life, was lost in ether ; the recesses of the heavens were filled with beaming worlds. Into a holier sphere, into the mind's far higher space, did the world draw the soul with its powers, there to wander until the break of the world's dawning glory. No longer was the light the gods' abode, their token in the heavens : the veil of the night did they cast over them. The night was the mighty bosom of revelations, in it the gods returned, and slumbered there, to go forth in new and in more glorious forms over the altered world.

Among the people above all despised, too soon matured, and wilful strangers to the blessed innocence of youth ; among them, with features hitherto unseen, the new world came, in the poet's hut of poverty, a son of the first virgin mother, endless fruit of a mysterious embrace. The boding, budding wisdom of the East first recognised another Time's beginning ; to the humble cradle of the monarch their star declared the way. In the name of the distant future, with splendour and with incense, did they make offering to him, the highest wonder of the world. In solitude did the heavenly heart unfold to a flowery chalice of almighty love, bent towards the holy countenance of the father, and resting on the happily-expectant bosom of the lovely, pensive mother. With divine ardour did the prophetic eye of the blooming child look forth into the days of the future, towards his beloved, the offspring of the race of God, careless for his day's earthly destiny. The most child-like spirits, wondrously seized with a deep, heart-felt love,

collected soon around him; as flowers, a new and unknown life budded forth upon his path. Words inexhaustible, the gladdest tidings fell, as sparks from a heavenly spirit, from his friendly lips. From a distant coast, born under Hellas' cheerful sky, a minstrel came to Palestine, and yielded his whole heart to the wondrous child:—

The youth art thou, who for uncounted time,
Upon our graves hast stood with hidden meaning;
In hours of darkness a consoling sign,
Of higher manhood's joyous, hailed beginning;
That which hath made our soul so long to pine,
Now draws us hence, sweet aspirations winning.
In Death, eternal Life hath been revealed:
And thou art Death, by thee we first are healed.

The minstrel wandered, full of joy, towards Hindostan, the heart elated with the sweetest love, which, beneath yonder heavens, he poured forth in fiery songs, so that a thousand hearts inclined towards him, and with a thousand branches grew towards heaven the joyous tidings. Soon after the minstrel's departure, the precious life became a sacrifice to the deep guilt of man: he died in youthful years, torn from the world he loved, from the weeping mother and lamenting friends. His mouth of love emptied the dark cup of inexpressible affliction. In fearful anguish approached the hour of the new world's birth. Deeply was he touched with the old world's fearful death—the weight of the old world fell heavily upon him. Once more he gazed placidly upon the mother, then came the loosening hand of eternal love, and he slumbered. Few days only hung a deep veil over the swelling sea, over the quaking land; the beloved ones wept countless tears; the mystery was unsealed: the ancient stone heavenly spirits raised from the dark grave. Angels sat beside the slumberer, tenderly formed out of his dreams. Awakened in the new glory of a god, he ascended the height of the new-born world; and with his own hand buried within the deserted sepulchre the old one's corpse, and with almighty hand placed over it the stone no power can raise.

Yet do thy dear ones weep rich tears of joy, tears of emotion, and of eternal gratitude beside thy grave; even yet, with glad alarm, do they behold thee rise, themselves with thee; behold thee weeping, with sweet feeling, on the happy bosom of thy mother, solemnly walking with thy friends, speaking words as if broken

from the tree of life; see thee hasten, full of longing, to thy Father's arms, bringing the young race of man, and the cup of a golden future, which shall never be exhausted. The mother soon followed thee in heavenly triumph; she was the first to join thee in the new home. Long ages have flown by since then, and ever in yet higher glory hath thy new creation grown, and thousands from out of pain and misery have, full of faith and longing, followed thee; roam with thee and the heavenly virgin in the realm of love, serve in the temple of heavenly Death, and are in eternity thine.

Lifted is the stone,
 Manhood hath arisen :
 Still are we thine own,
 Unharm'd by bond or prison.
 When earth—life—fade away
 In the last meal's solemn gladness,
 Around thy cup dare stray
 No trace of grief or sadness.

To the marriage, Death doth call,
 The brilliant lamps are lighted ;
 The virgins come, invited,
 And oil is with them all.
 Space now to space is telling
 How forth thy train hath gone,
 The voice of stars is swelling
 With human tongue and tone !

To thee, Maria, hallowed,
 A thousand hearts are sent ;
 In this dark life and shadowed,
 On thee their thoughts are bent :
 The soul's releasement seeing
 They, longing, seek its rest ;
 By thee pressed, holy being,
 Upon thy faithful breast.

How many who, once glowing,
 Earth's bitterness have learned,
 Their souls with grief o'erflowing,
 To thee have sadly turned ;
 Thou pitying hast appeared,
 In many an hour of pain ;
 We come to thee now, wearied,
 There ever to remain.

By no cold grave now weepeth
 A faithful love, forlorn ;
 Each still love's sweet rights keepeth,
 From none will they be torn.
 To soften his sad longing
 Her fires doth Night impart ;
 From heaven cherubs thronging,
 Hold watch upon his heart.

Content, our life advancing
 To a life that shall abide,
 Each flame its worth enhancing
 The soul is glorified.
 The starry host shall sink then
 To bright and living wine,
 The golden draught we drink then,
 And stars ourselves shall shine.

Love released, lives woundless,
 No separation more ;
 While life swells free and boundless
 As a sea without a shore.
 One night of glad elation,
 One joy that cannot die,
 And the sun of all creation
 Is the face of the Most High.

IDLE FANCIES.

LABORIOUS WRITING.—The rich meadow, by much treading, may be worn to a barren waste.—Ye ponderous poets, bear ye this in mind—be careful of your grass !

THE BEATEN TRACK.—Walk in the beaten track, our good advisers say, lest the journey be needlessly prolonged.—What, if the way be longer—do we not well to exchange a beaten track for the green fields and the daisied turf ?

SIGHS.—As the storm-wind by the zephyr is frantic grief compared with the gentle sigh of sorrow. One scatters the blossoms, and uproots the flowers, leaving a desolation in its course ; but the other comes to the heart, laden with perfumed gales of heaven, whispering sweetly of that better land, and, though it lightly bows the tender buds, it breaks them not.

HAL.

THE SUMMER-DAY SONG.

I'LL wreathe my lute with flowers that fade,
 And buds that die ere even closes ;
 Then seek some bower's remotest shade,
 And lay me down among the roses :—
 There, through the live-long summer day,
 With all things fair around me smiling,
 I'll wile the tedious hours away—
 My solitude with song beguiling.

Awhile,—as yet the wreaths I twined
 Preserve the beauty of their seeming,
 And, waving in the gentle wind,
 Each rosy bud is brightly beaming,—
 I'll sing the loveliness and grace
 That wait on youth in life's gay morning,
 And praise the charms that deck her face—
 The heart's bright hopes her lot adorning.

But when at length the glorious sun
 Shall cease to gild my lonely bower ;
 And when the day is well nigh done,
 And faded every wreath and flower ;—
 Oh ! then I'll wake my tuneless string,
 With all things fair around me dying,
 The end of Beauty's reign to sing,
 Youth's death—Hope's fall—and Grace's flying.

C. H. H.

THE SUN-LIT ROSE.

A PROUD rose glittered in the sun's bright beams, that cast a golden robe of splendour round the blushing flower. With compassion she looked down upon her sister in the shade ; and when the hot noon-tide came she gloried yet the more ; but in the evening the gay flower was withered.

Beneath the golden beams of wealth vain man exults ; they shine down upon him, they exhaust each heaven-implanted odour, destroy each tender charm ; deceived, he glories in their brightness. But the evening of life beholds a blighted, sapless, withered stem, that looks with envy on the hale old age, whose youth no charm but native worth adorned.

THE LADY OF EHRENECK.

FEW German legends are troubled with anything so-matter-of-fact as a date. I cannot tell, therefore, in what year it was that the proud family of Ehreneck relinquished possession of their castle to the owls and the bats, and the winds first filled its halls with the sound of wild revelry, that in man sad destinies had hushed. The thick ivy that climbs upon the castle towers has been my chief informant, its evidence is corroborated by many a crumbling and moss-covered stone, and thence I only learn that, without doubt, the period is distant.

Relinquishing, therefore, any attempt at a date, be it said, that in years long past, the gloomy pile of Ehreneck was inhabited, and that it then stood, as it still does, surrounded by rock and forest, in the very centre of the Hartz mountains. On one side the massive walls and towers rose abruptly continuous with a lofty crag, whose base was shaken by the fall of a cataract into the ravine,—a foaming cataract, that dashed from among the pines crowning an adjacent precipice. Mountains and deep forest were on the other sides, but these belong less intimately to our story.

The fair Rosaline was in her chamber, and looked forth into the glen, for the storm raged without, and she loved to gaze upon its fury. The black clouds swept before the moonlight as wrathful demons that would hide from human gaze an angel's glory; the wind whistled and crackled through the forest, bent the tall pines, and shook the castle walls. The swollen cataract roared, and leaped with kindred fury; and the Lady Rosaline looked forth upon the scene—for it was a noble sight; and in the tremendous warfare of the elements her mind forgot the petty feuds of man, and the dangers of the human contest in which her father was engaged. The knight of Ehreneck was absent from his castle, to besiege, according to knightly usage, the home of his enemy, Rodolf of Elfenstein.

The Lady Rosaline, having been taught by the raging storm how trivial are the little feuds of man, became next persuaded of the advantage of shelter during such a night as that on which she gazed. As she sat thus reflecting, during one of those lulls of the

tempest that usually precede a yet more furious burst, she fancied that the blast of a horn fell upon her ear; her doubt was soon satisfied, for the sound was repeated, and she became aware that some one craved admission at her own castle gate. What though the good knight, her father, was abroad, to whom could, on such a night, admission be refused? In a short time there stood before Rosaline a noble young warrior—I need not dwell upon his charms; enough that the Lady of Ehreneck, at the first glance, thought him the noblest she had ever seen, and many a brave knight, and courtier gay, had that proud beauty scorned.

No doubt that the shelter which the young knight sought from the tempest's fury was joyfully acceded, that the Lady Rosaline did her utmost for the entertainment of her guest—the unexpected enemy to whom her coward heart surrendered, the very instant he appeared in sight. But the young knight seemed scarcely sensible of the favours heaped upon him; more abstracted than is fairly to be excused when a lady seeks to entertain, the stranger substituted groans and sighs for answers to each flattering compliment, and paced the room as though the tempest still battled round his head, and he strove to escape once more from its impending horrors. Rosaline led him to the supper-table, where assembled serfs much marvelled that their beauteous lady's favours should be heaped upon such careless shoulders. And yet the stranger was not quite insensible. When ladies love (with love disinterested), 'tis hard indeed, if they cannot waken, in the favoured soul, some kindred feeling; few are the hearts that fail to be warmed when the pure, bright flame of love is bent assiduously upon them; and the young knight felt its influence; it may be, that had his mind otherwise been less disturbed, he would have thrown himself at the lady's feet, have craved her scarf to bind around his arm, that thus authorized, he might proclaim throughout Germany, Rosaline, his mistress, the fairest of the land, and couch a lance against the false breast of contradiction. He did not this, however; and Rosaline, who loved him yet the more for his mysterious conduct,—well considering, moreover, how soon he would depart,—did her best, when they were again alone, to arrive at some point agreeable to her inclinations; as a sensible damsel, having learned from her own suitors what a viper fruitless love becomes in the warm bosom of its cherisher, she determined that, if it could be prevented, she, at least, would not fall a victim to its cruel sting.

“Thou art disturbed, Sir Knight,” observed Rosaline; “without

intruding upon sorrow, may I ask wherein I can furnish consolation? fain I would see thee smile."

"Smile thou, then, lady," replied the stranger, with a forced homage, "smile thou; what heart is not heavy in thy presence, what brow not bent, if that smile come not as a warm sunbeam to disperse the clouds that are around it."

Rosaline sighed. "The clouds upon thy brow, fair stranger, must have concealed the smiles that I have wasted this night through on the air. Nay," said she, passing her hand across his forehead, "disperse, thou gloom, disperse. Ay, now may thine eyes be worth a lady's love—but there is madness in them yet—wilt thou have music?"

"None but thy voice, sweet lady." Rosaline blushed, hesitating.

"Hast thou loved? Pardon a woman's question. It is conceived by all of us, if not expressed."

"Could my love bring blessing and not curse," replied the stranger, "I would bestow it, ah! how freely. I fear already I have loved."

"Ah!"—The maiden became pale.

"I would—I dare not—love thee!"

"Rosaline of Ehreneck would say the same:—why spoil a life's happiness by the tender scruples of a moment? I would—do—love thee!"

"Ehreneck!" cried the stranger; "storm demon, was it for this thou hast pursued me!" With frantic gesture he seized the lady's hand, pressed it to his lips, then cast it wildly from him, and hurried from the apartment. In vain did Rosaline seek to hold him back; in a few minutes he had left the castle, and had rushed forth once more into the storm.

At the period of our story trite as now was the saying and the fact that misfortunes never come singly,—Rosaline, having lost her chosen lover, received, on the following morning, the yet more afflicting intelligence of her father's death. He had been slain in a sally by the hand of Rodolf, whose castle he besieged; but the successful foe had been prevented from return, and Rodolf himself was brought prisoner to Ehreneck, there to await his doom at the hands of the daughter he had made an orphan. The unhappy Rosaline could not look upon her father's murderer, but, in the spirit of the age, sentenced him to instant death; to be hurled from some tower that overhung the precipice into the

abyss below. The willing vassals carried her commands into immediate execution, selecting for their purpose the same tower which contained the chamber of their mistress. Thus was she made partaker in the dreadful scene. The unhappy victim fell before her window, and clutched with one hand, in falling, a projecting ornament,—his face was before her, in the agonies of death—the stranger knight!—With a wild shriek she rushed forward to preserve his life, but, as she grasped him, his arm failed, and he dragged her with him into the gulf, where the foaming cataract roared a wild requiem over their shattered bodies.

The returning soldiers said, that when the knight of Ehreneck was slain, he whispered into Rodolf's ear words that seemed to push a sting into his soul, and drove him frantic;—their secret never has transpired. Barred from return to his own castle, Rodolf of Elfenstein fled into the forest, sought refuge in the first castle that he saw, in ignorance of its possessor's name,—that shelter he quitted, as we have seen,—and then was made a prisoner.

Rosaline was the last of her house. The peasants show to this day the spot where she met her fearful fate, the window and the carving by which Rodolf hung; and it is said, that when the storm is among those rocks—and it gathers often there—the spirits of the lovers are abroad, and he who listens then may hear young Rodolf tell the dreadful secret unrevealed. But none dare wander thither; and the castle has crumbled into a deserted ruin, since the death of the last Lady of Ehreneck.

PETER.

THE SPIRIT'S FIRST LESSON.

By the newly-made grave of its mother, knelt a little orphan child, with a heavy and desolate heart; for it was alone in the wide world; and its young bright eyes were dimmed with tears—the bitter tears of its earliest sorrow. Cold and bleak was the earth around; dark and cloudy was the heaven above. And the little child was weary of its life, almost before it had begun, and wished that it were dead also, and with its mother in the grave.

But the dark clouds rolled away from the heaven; and the bright beams of the summer sun burst forth in their full glory. And as the child turned its tearful eyes towards the light, a bright and sparkling radiance seemed to fill the sky with all the rainbow's

hues. For the sun of heaven had turned each tear-drop of earth to a glittering gem.

Then came the guardian spirit of that little child, and impressed upon its young heart this truth : That when the tears of earthly sorrow dim our eyes, so that we see not the vanities of the world around us, then do we see in their greatest brilliancy the beauties of heaven :—that the guileless tears of a child's grief are the dewdrops of heaven, which water the soil of our hearts, bidding them bring forth flowers of a brighter and purer nature. And not until decked with these flowers, and perfumed with their sweet breath, have our spirits power to rise above this earth, to the spiritual world that is above us.

And into the heart of the child sunk this truth, like a seed, that with manhood ripened into glorious fruit of high and holy thoughts ; so that he became a poet, and all men listened to the music of his words.

PUCK.

I LOVE.

I LOVE the flowers, children of spring,
Born to delight ;
Yet fragrant of heaven, their gifts they bring,
To charm the sight.

I love the birds, God hath given them tongues
Sad hearts to cheer ;
They learn in the heavens the angels' songs,
And sing them here.

I love the brooks, that bubble and play
The soul to soothe ;
By mirth they would teach us the roughest way
May be rendered smooth.

I love the stars, that look down on us here
Our thoughts to raise ;
As on virtues that shine in a holy sphere
Enrapt we gaze.

But above the stars, brooks, birds, and the flowers,
One far above,
Is she, who hath stolen from each its powers,—
Her most I love !

HAL.

ANSWER TO MOORE'S BEAUTIFUL BALLAD,
 "THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOURED GUEST."

DEEM not, if the cup I quaff,
 If I share the merry laugh,
 Sorrow hath not found me ;
 If a smile be on my lip,
 If the nectar bowl I sip ;
 'Tis in Lethe's stream to dip
 The grief that long hath found me.

Not alone in greenest glades,
 Not alone in fairest shades,
 Sweetest flowers are springing ;
 Oft amid the deepest gloom,
 Oft around the gloomy tomb,
 Summer's loveliest roses bloom,
 Balmy odours flinging.

Deem not that my love is o'er,
 Deem not that I heed no more,
 How Time passes o'er thee ;—
 Think not I have all forgot
 The bliss that once illumed my lot ;
 No ! each well-remembered spot
 Often comes before me.

Deem not that my secret soul,
 Thoughtless quaffs from pleasure's bowl,—
 No ! tis sad and blighted ;
 Mirth may lure me when I roam,
 To forget my lonely doom ;
 But, alas, my widowed home
 Now is all benighted.

C. H. H.

THE
 COVETOUS MAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(From the German of Lessing.)

A COVETOUS man shot a nightingale :—" Pretty bird," said he,
 "you sing so sweetly you must be excellent to eat!"

Was it in cruelty or simplicity the covetous man spoke? I do
 not know ; but the other day some one said of a fair authoress,
 "She writes such charming books, what a delightful creature she
 must be !" And that was simplicity.

THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

(*From Jean Paul.*)

As the angel of the *last* hour, whom we so cruelly call Death, is sent to us the softest, kindest of the angels, that mildly and gently he may pluck from life the sinking heart of man, and bear it in warm hands, unhurt, from the cold breast to the high, summery Eden. His brother is the Angel of the *first* hour, who twice kisses man, for the first time that his life here may be commenced, the second time that he may wake above without a wound; and enter smiling into the other world, as into this with tears.

While the battle-fields stood full of tears and blood, and the Angel of the last hour drew from them trembling souls, his mild eye melted, and he said, "Alas! I also will die as a mortal, that I may learn what his last pangs are, and still them when I take his life away." The unmeasured circle of the angels that love each other there above, stood around the merciful Angel, and promised the beloved one that after the moment of death they would surround him with their beams, that he might know that it was Death had come;—and his brother, whose kiss opens our rigid lips, as rays of morning the cold flowers, rested tenderly upon his breast, and said, "When I kiss thee again, my brother, then art thou dead upon the earth, and once more ours."

Full of emotion and love, the Angel sank down upon a battle-field, where but one fair, fiery youth lay yet convulsed, and raised his shattered breast: the hero thought only of his betrothed, her hot tears he could no longer feel, and her grief passed dimly over him as a distant battle-cry. Oh, then, quickly the Angel covered him, and rested in the form of the loved one on his breast, and with a hot kiss drew the wounded soul out of his broken heart; and he gave the soul to his brother, and his brother kissed it in heaven the second time, and then it smiled already.

The Angel of the last hour entered as lightning into the deserted form, glowed through the corpse, and with the strengthened heart once more drove round the heated streams of life. But how was he affected by this new embodiment! His eye of light was dipped in the whirlpool of the new nervous spirit; his thoughts, once flying, waded wearily now through the misty circle of the brain. On all he saw the soft, moist halo of colours, that hitherto had

hung over every object with the autumn's shades, was now dried up, and through the hot air things pierced him with their burning, paining colour-spots, every feeling became darker but nearer to himself, and seemed to him Instinct, as to us do those of brutes; hunger tore him, thirst burned him, pain cut him deeply. Oh, his distracted breast arose bleeding, and his first breath was his first sigh for the deserted heaven. "Is this the death of man?" he thought; but as he saw not the promised sign of death, no angel and no glory-beaming heaven;—he knew full well that this was but man's life.

At evening the angel's earthly powers faded, and a crushing ball of earth seemed rolled upon his head, for *Sleep* had sent its messengers. The pictures in his soul left their sunshine for the light of a dull hazy fire; the shadows that the day had cast upon his brain, confused and colossal, moved through one another; and a spreading, unbounded world of fancy was cast over him; for the *Dream* sent its messengers. At length the *shroud* of sleep was wrapped in double folds around him, and, sunk into the grave of night, he lay there lonely and still, even as mortals. But then camest thou on thy pinions, heavenly Dream, with thy thousand mirrors before his soul, and showedst him in every mirror a circle of angels, and a heaven filled with their beams of glory; and the earthly body, with all its stings, seemed to fall from him. "Ah!" said he, in vain rapture, "my sleeping then was my departure!" But, as he awoke again, his heart blocked up, and filled with heavy human blood, and he beheld the earth and the night, he said: "That was not death, it was death's picture only, although I saw the glorious heaven and the angels."

The bride of the ascended hero observed not that in the breast of her beloved one only an angel dwelt; she still loved the erected temple of the departed soul, and still held joyfully the hand of him who was carried so far from her. But the angel returned the love of her deluded heart with human love; jealous of her own proper form, he wished to die not earlier than she, that he might love her all her life-time, until one day in heaven she should forgive him the sin—that she had embraced upon the same breast an angel and a lover. But she died first—the early grief had bowed the flower's head too low, and it remained broken on the grave. Oh, she sank before the weeping angel, not as the sun that casts itself before admiring nature with magnificence into the sea, that its red waves may leap to heaven, but as the silent moon, that at midnight

silvers a thin halo, and with that pale halo sinks unseen. Death sent before his yet milder sister Swoon: he touched the heart of the bride, and the warm face was frozen—the flowers on her cheeks closed up—the pale snow of winter, beneath which greens the spring of eternity, covered her brow, her hands.—Then burst the swelling eye of the angel into a burning tear; and as he thought the heart freed itself in the form of such a tear as a pearl the sickly muscle; the bride moved her eyes, awakened to her last delusion, and drew him to her heart, and died as she kissed him, and said: “Now am I with thee, my brother.”—Then the angel thought that his brother in heaven had given him the sign of the kiss of death; yet no beaming heaven was around, but the darkness of sorrow; and he sighed that that was not his death, but only the pangs of man for his companion.

“Oh, ye oppressed mortals,” exclaimed he, “ye weary ones, how can ye survive! Oh, how can ye grow old when the circle of youthful forms is broken, and at last is all destroyed; when the graves of your friends descend as steps to your own graves, and when age is the silent, empty, evening hour of a cold battle-field? Oh, ye unhappy men, how can your hearts endure it?”

The body of the ascended hero exposed the mild angel to the cruelties of man;—to his injustice,—to the gnawings of sin and sorrow; around his form also was laid the stinging girdle of united sceptres, that presses lands in agony, and which the great of the earth draw ever yet more closely; he saw the claws of crowned heraldic beasts fixed in the featherless prey, and heard the victims flap their powerless wings; he saw the whole globe surrounded by interlacing, and black glittering rings of the giant serpent vice, that buries and hides within man’s breast its poisoned head. Ah! then must his soft heart, that an eternity long had rested only on the warm angels full of love, be pierced by the hot sting of enmity, and the holy soul of love must tremble at a deep disunion. “Ah!” said he, “the death of man gives pain.” But this it was not, for no angel had appeared.

Now he became in few days weary of a life that we endure for half a century, and longed for his return. The evening sun attracted his kindred soul. The splinters in his shattered breast wearied him with pain. He went, with the glow of evening on his pale cheeks, into the church-yard, the green garden of life, where the coverings of the fair souls he had unclothed were gathered together. With painful longing he stood upon the bare grave of

the inexpressibly beloved, departed bride, and looked upon the fading sun. Upon this loved hillock he looked down upon his aching body, and thought, in this place also wouldst thou rest, thou failing breast, here thou wouldest smart no more, held I thee not erect. Then softly he thought over the heavy life of man, and the pain of his wound pointed out to him the pangs with which men buy their honour and their death, and which gladly he had spared the noble hero's soul. Deeply was he moved by the excellence of man, and he wept for endless love towards men who, amid the crying of their own necessities, amid descended clouds and long mists upon the cutting path of life, turn not their eyes from the high star of duty, but spread out in the darkness their loving arms for each tortured bosom that may meet them, around whom glimmers naught but hope, to set in the old world, as the sun to rise upon the new.

Emotion opened then his wound, and the blood, the soul's tears, flowed from his heart upon the beloved mound; the perishing body sank sweetly bleeding to death after the loved one; tears of joy broke up the falling sun into a rosy, waving sea; distant echoes played through the liquid splendour as though earth fled away at a distance through the sounding ether. Then shot a dark cloud, or a little night, before the angel and was full of sleep; and now a heaven of glories was opened and shone over him, and a thousand angels flamed:—"Art thou here once more, thou sportive Dream!" he said. But the Angel of the first hour came to him through the glory, and gave him the sign of the kiss, and said:—"That was death, thou eternal brother, and heavenly friend!" And the youth and his beloved whispered it gently after him.

HAL.

SELF-LOVE.

"WHAT do I owe to the hot sun?" said a yet unopened rose, "that, like my sisters, I should expand my beauty to his gaze, and bloom for men that I know not? Rather will I retain my charms within myself, and let one leaf contemplate the glories of another."

And the rose opened not its blossom, so that men said it was blighted, and trod it under-foot.

A blight—a very blight—is love of self.

HAL.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

A TRAGEDY.

(Translated from the Greek of *Æschylus*.)

(Concluded from p. 166.)

PROMETH. Ill wouldst thou bear th' affliction hurled on me,
To whom death is forbidden by the fates :
For death would free me from my painful woes ;
Then might I be at rest—but now is none
Provided for me, nor a destined end
Of this my misery ; till from his throne
This upstart tyrant of the heavens be hurled.

Io. Shall Jove then fall from his high tyranny ?
Say, shall this ever be ?

PROMETH. Thou wouldst, methinks,
Rejoice no little to behold his ruin.

Io. And why not, since from him I do endure
This weight of woes ?

PROMETH. Then, Io, be assured
That these things shall befall, as I have told thee.

Io. But who shall tear the sceptre from his grasp ?

PROMETH. Himself shall lose it by his shallow counsels—

Io. How ? tell me ; if it be not wrong to ask—

PROMETH. A fatal marriage shall he dearly rue.

Io. Divine or mortal ? tell, if thou mayst utter.

PROMETH. What matter which ? for this may not be told.

Io. Shall then the wife expel him from his throne ?

PROMETH. A son more mighty than his sire she'll bear.

Io. Has he no means then to avert this fate ?

PROMETH. None—till he set me from these fetters free.

Io. If Jove refuse, who will release thee then ?

PROMETH. From thee descended, Io, must he be.

Io. How say you ? shall a child of mine be he
Who shall release you from these woes and bonds ?

PROMETH. That one is he who, after ten descents,
Is third in race.

Io. A dark response indeed,
And one which cannot be divined as yet.

PROMETH. Seek not to know the extent of thy misfortunes.

Io. A hope thou hast held out—Oh ! do not then
Perfidiously withdraw it from my grasp.

PROMETH. Of two relations I will grant thee one.

Io. Propose the two, and let me choose between.

PROMETH. Choose you then whether you would have me
tell

The woes that yet await yourself, clearly set forth,
Or learn who shall my liberator be.

Io. In these grant her request, and grant me mine ;
Scorn not this my petition—let her hear,
For she desires the story of her wanderings ;
But tell me who it is shall set thee free.

PROMETH. Since ye are eager, I will not refuse
To tell you every whit that ye desire.
To thee first, Io, shall my tongue unfold
The story of thy future wanderings ;
Mark carefully my words, and grave them deep
On the retentive tablets of thy mind.
When thou hast crossed the stream,—the boundary
Of these two continents,—direct thy steps
Towards the fierce blazing east ; the fiery path
In which the sun his daily progress runs ;
And having passed the shore, where loud-toned surges
Dash on the rocks with hoarse and murmuring noise,
Hold on thy course until thy steps arrive
At the Gorgonian plains of wide Cisthene,
Where dwell the ancient maids, from Phorcys sprung,
Three swan-like forms, and silvered o'er by age ;
One common eye they have, one common tooth,
And never does the sun's inspiring ray
Smile in their gloom, nor e'er the midnight moon.
And near these dwell their winged sisters three,
Wrapped in a panoply of dragon-scales,
The Gorgons, fiends abhorred, whom mortal eye
Could never look upon unscathed, and live.
I tell thee this to put thee on thy guard,
And learn beside what other horrid sight
Thine eye must gaze upon, that thou mayst know,
To shun it when 'tis near. First, then, beware
Those dumb but sharp-fanged hounds of Jove himself—
The Griffins :—shun the Arimasgian horsemen,
The one-eyed troop, who dwell by Pluto's stream

Around the fountains running down with gold.
 Go thou not near them :—turning thence away
 Thou'lt seek a distant land, where live a race
 Of tawny skin, at fountains of the sun,
 Where th' Æthiopian river pours his flood.
 Keep by his banks, till to the cataract
 Thou hast arrived, where, from the mountain high,
 With rank and quivering papyrus crowned,
 The sacred Nile sends forth his plenteous flood ;
 Himself shall guide thee to the triform land
 Which he embraces, properly his own ;
 Thee the fates destine, Io, that thy race
 Shall sojourn long, and trace a fair descent.
 Say, is this indistinct ; say, is aught obscure ?
 Ask me again and I will clearly show ;
 I have more leisure than is pleasing to me.

CHORUS. If there be aught remaining or omitted
 Thou hast to tell her of her wanderings,
 Say on ; but if the mournful tale be ended,
 Grant us the favour which we asked of thee—
 Thou canst not yet its import have forgotten.

PROMETH. The end of all her wanderings she has heard.
 But still that she may know that not in vain
 Have I predicted, I will tell in full
 Her sufferings all, before she hither came,
 In proof that truth is in the tale I tell.
 I will not trouble thee with crowds of words,
 But leave out much, and thus will straight proceed
 To show the end of these thy wanderings.
 Soon as thou cam'st to the Molossian soil,
 About Dodona's ridge, where stands the seat
 And oracle of the Thesprotian Jove,
 And that mysterious prodigy,—the oaks,
 Who utter voices, they, in terms distinct,
 And not of import dark, hailed thee at once
 As she the illustrious future wife of Jove.
 Say, does such flattery soothe thy tortured soul ?
 Thence, driven frantic by the madd'ning sting,
 Thou heldst the sea-washed strand until arrived,
 Forlorn and wearied, at the gulf of Rhea,
 Where, tempest-tost, thou wanderedst to and fro.
 But for all future time that deep recess,

Formed by the billows of the restless sea,
From thee shall take its name, and of a truth
Be called Ionian, for a monument
To keep the memory of thy passage o'er.
This be a token of my prescient mind,
That it sees more than unto men is shown.
The rest to you and her at once I'll tell,
Following the footsteps of my former speech.
Hard by the mouth of the Ægyptian Nile,
Upon the furthest border of the land,
A city stands : there Zeus shall give thee rest,
And there shall he thy sense distract restore,
And soothe thee gently with a calming hand.
There shalt thou bear the dusky Epaphus,—
His lineage shall he draw and name from Jove,—
He shall possess the land on which the Nile,
Far-flowing, pours around his plenteous wave.
Fifth in descent from him a race shall spring
Of fifty daughters ; they unwillingly
To Argos shall return, that they may shun
The hated bridals of their fifty cousins :
But them the brothers shall in haste pursue,
And eager to possess, as when the falcon
Pursues the timid dove, not distant far ;
Urging a chase unlawful, they shall not
Obtain the nuptials, which the gods deny.
Pelasia takes the damsels, when in gore
Their husbands lie,—so well each female hand
Hath sped, when favoured by the gloom of night ;—
For each shall rob her bridegroom of his life,
And in his blood shall dip her two-edged blade.
Such to my foes be the effect of love !
Yet there is one of them, whose gentle soul
Pity shall overcome, and blunt the edge
Of her intent, and she shall spare the life
Of her unconscious husband ; choosing rather
To bear reproaches for a coward soul,
Than foully stain her hands with kindred blood.
In Argos shall she bear a kingly race.
The full relation would indeed require
Long time to utter. But from her shall rise
That daring hero, skilled to send the shaft

From the unerring bow,—'tis he at last
That shall release me from my punishment.
Such is the oracle my aged mother,
Titanian Themis, did declare to me ;
But how or when beseems thee not to hear ;
It would require, in truth, a lengthened tale,
Which it would nought avail thee well to know.

Io. Alas ! ah wretched me ! that pang returns !
The throbbing pain which strikes my very soul
Is festering in my heart,—the bryze's sting,
A fiery dart, rankles beneath my breast :
Quick beats my heart with fear,—my eyeballs roll
Wildly around,—distractedly I'm borne
I know not whither ; and my ungoverned tongue
Raves madly, by the power of raging frenzy ;
And words confused, at random uttered, dash
Against the billows of my stubborn fate.

CHORUS. That man was wise, was wise indeed, STROPHE.

Who first this weighty precept gave,—
Choose, when you wish a wife to wed,
One from your equals, but not one
Whose wealth would make you all her slave,
Whom scarce you'd dare to look upon.

It is not fit that those of low estate
Should long to wed the noble or the great :
The risk is much, although the prize be won.

Oh ! never may it be my fate ANTISTROPHE.

To please high Jove's unsated eye ;
And may I never find a mate
From those who live above the sky.

When wretched Io meets mine eyes,
I shudder at her miseries.

Men please her not, she spurns at human love ;
She seeks a consort from the realms above,
And Juno's hatred dogs her as she flies.

An equal love I do not fear, EPODE.

But dread to seek a higher sphere :

Oh ! never may a deity
Look on me with a gaze of love,

Or turn a fascinating eye,

My pride and constancy to prove.

Oh ! ne'er may be th' unequal conflict mine,

Vainly to struggle in the fatal net,
Where love and deity their powers combine,
And tangling meshes round me twine :

How can I 'scape the snare so slily set ?

PROMETH. Yet shall this Jove, with all his pride of heart,
Be low and humbled, through that fatal marriage,
Which, from the throne of heaven
Shall hurl him unexpecting, and the curse
Of his sire, Chronus, then shall be fulfilled,—
Yea ! to the full,—the curse which he pronounced
When from his ancient sovereignty he fell.
No god, except myself, can show him how
T'escape these evils. I alone know this,
And by what means this downfall he may shun.
Let him then sit in all his pride of heart,
Trusting securely to his vollied thunder,
Rolling beneath his throne, and in his hand
Still let him brandish on, the bolts of heaven.
False confidence, and fondly placed ; for they
Can ne'er secure him from dishonoured fall,
Or aught avail him. Such an adversary
Himself hath raised against himself, whom all
His vaunted strength can never shake or stagger ;
For he shall find a flame more powerful
Than linked lightnings, and a crash of sound
More dread, more awful, than the rolling thunder.
He from Poseidon's grasp shall dash the trident,
His boast and strength, which shakes the sea and land,
Hurled crushing on this ruin he shall learn
How different are to rule and to obey.

CHORUS. In railing terms thou dost predict to Jove
What thou wouldst have him suffer.

PROMETH. Yea ! I speak
That which I wish, and that which shall be done.

CHORUS. Can we expect that Jove shall bend to any ?

PROMETH. Ay, and a burden heavier far than this
Shall gall his neck, and force his pride to stoop.

CHORUS. Art not afraid to use such language now ?

PROMETH. What should I fear, since death may never
touch me ?

CHORUS. Still further torment he might lay on thee.

PROMETH. And let him do it. I will dare him still ;
For every fortune is my mind prepared.

CHORUS. Wise are they who revere the goddess Vengeance.

PROMETH. Go,—pay your reverence,—worship, fall before,
With whispered prayers, your lord upon the throne,—
Cringe, fawn upon him,—bow and seek his favour.
For me, nought moves me less than this great deity.
Oh! let him act, while act indeed he can,—
Let him put forth his brief authority
As best him pleases,—long he shall not reign
Above the gods. But here, I see, comes one,
The messenger of Jove, a busy knave,
Officious follower of this upstart tyrant,—
He comes, no doubt, the bearer of fresh tidings.

Enter HERMES.

HERMES. To thee, thou hardened sinner, grey in craft,
With soul of gall—who sinned against the gods,
Giving their honours to ephemeral man,
Thief of the fire of heaven—I bear this message:
The father bids thee say what marriage this
Thou vauntest thus in loud and boastful words,
By which he must be cast from his dominion.
And tell me now, and in no riddling terms—
No mystery assumed—each several thing:
Seek not to blind me with thy double ways,
And crafty windings: for, as thou mayst see,
Jove is to such no tender deity.

PROMETH. Thy words are proud and full of haughtiness,
Becoming well the vassal of such lords;
Young are ye, and your rule is quite as young;
Ye think your towers impregnable by woe:
But have not I two several lords beheld
Fall from those lofty heights? and this the third,
The present ruler, I shall see full soon
Fall with a rapid and disgraceful ruin.
What! do I seem to thee to dread these gods—
These youthful deities—and tremble at them?
Far, far from this am I—But thou—retrace
The way thou camest, for from me thou hast
No other answer—and you ask in vain.

HERMES. Yet 'twas by such bold daring that you brought
Upon yourself your present punishment.

PROMETH. Be thou assured I would not change my woes
For thy proud servitude: nay, I'd prefer

To wait for ever on this lonely rock,
Than be a lackey at the heels of Jove,
And do his errands.—Those who dare t'insult,
Are answered best in their own way,—by insult.

HERMES. Thou seemest well pleased with this thy present state.

PROMETH. Pleased! would that I might see my foes thus pleased,
And you among them, for I hold you one.

HERMES. And why reproach me for thy evil fortune?

PROMETH. In short I tell thee that I hate them all,
All—every god—who from me have received
Good offices, and thus entreat me ill—

HERMES. Thou'rt mad, I find, Prometheus,—not a little!

PROMETH. If hatred towards my foes be any madness,
It is a madness which I would not lose.

HERMES. If thou wert happy, who could bear with thee?

PROMETH. Alas!

HERMES. Such sounds Jove has not learned to utter.

PROMETH. Time teaches all things, as it older grows.

HERMES. But from it you have not learnt wisdom yet.

PROMETH. I should not else address thee—a base servitor.

HERMES. Thou then will answer nought to what Jove asks.

PROMETH. If I did owe him kindness, I'd repay it.

HERMES. And you have rated me, as if a boy.

PROMETH. Art thou not one, more foolish than a boy,
If thou canst hope to hear replies from me?

There is no treatment, be it e'er so harsh,

No contumely, no device at all,

By which Jove can induce me to declare

What he would know, till from these painful fetters,

He who confined me in them, sets me free.

Then let him hurl his blazing bolts around,

Disturb the face of heaven with furious whirlwinds

Of whitening snow—and let him in his ire,

With earth-conceived thunder, shake the world.

Nothing shall bend me from my purpose stern,

His power, his terrors ne'er shall make me say

What force shall wrench the sceptre from his gripe.

HERMES. Consider if this course will aught avail thee.

PROMETH. This have I seen and long before revolved.

HERMES. Too bold and rash thou art, but learn, thus daring,
Rightly to estimate thy present pains.

PROMETH. Thou troublest me in vain with thy advice ;
Like busy waves upon the solid rock
Thy words fall idly on mine ear—I heed them not.
But never think of me, that dread of Jove,
And of the punishment he may inflict,
Will move my mind to womanish lament,
Or to entreat my hated adversary,
With suppliant hands stretched out, as females use,
To free me from these chains. Far be it from me.

HERMES. I see indeed my words will nought avail—
That thou art hard and stubborn—that no prayers
Will soothe or soften thy determined soul ;
For like a steed, in youth and mettle high,
Thou champ'st the bit—and though in vain th'attempt,
Still strugglest fiercely with the guiding reins.
Thou'rt haughty still, though impotent thou be.
But stubborn pride, if not combined with reason,
Is less than nought at all. But mark my words,
See, if thou wilt not be obedient to my bidding,
An unavoidable and endless storm
Of woes in triple ranks shall burst upon thee ;
This rugged chasm will Jove rend apart
With thunder and with lightning, and will cover
Thy body with the ruin : and the rock, with arms
Of stone, shall keep thee bound and fettered fast.
At last, accomplished a long space of time,
To light thou shalt return : and then the bird—
That winged hound of Jove, the bloody eagle,
Shall tear thy mangled body—piece by piece—
A daily but unwelcome guest—and riot
Each day upon thy torn and blackening liver.
Expect no termination to these pangs,
Until some god shall come, willing to take
Thy place and undergo the pains for thee—
And venture to the rayless realms of Hades,
And the dark depths of Tartarus profound.
Therefore reflect—for these no words of boast,
Patched up in sounding terms, but truly said.
The mouth of Jove knows not to frame a lie ;
But what he says will come to pass. Do thou
Be cautious and be prudent—nor believe
A stubborn pride better than friendly counsel.

CHORUS. The words of Hermes seasonable appear,
To us at least—he bids thee lay aside
Thy haughty spirit, and to follow out
The wise suggestions of thine own good counsel:
Oh, be advised; for it is not becoming
That one as wise as thou should foully err.

PROMETH. His message well I knew before he showed it:
That foe from foe should suffer pain extreme
Cannot be strange, or even unexpected;
Then let him hurl on my defenceless head
His curling flames and double-pointed lightnings,
And with his thunder let the vault of heaven
Be set at strife against itself; while warring gales
In contest meet, and rend the upper sky;
And let the fierce abyss-engendered wind
Make earth to totter from its very base,
And shake in all her roots; and let him dash
The heaped-up surges of the bellowing main;
Let him the stars in one dread ruin blend,
And tear them from their paths. Nay, let him hurl
Me—bound by chains of dire necessity,
And drawn within her whirlpool—down at once
To gloomy Tartarus; and let him do
All this and more—but he shall ne'er succeed
To quench th' immortal spirit that lies in me.

HERMES. These are the words and thoughts of raving
madness:
In what does this fall short of hopeless frenzy?
If he will go so far, why stop at all
On this side madness? One step more will bring him—
But ye whose tender hearts feel for his woes
Fly hence in haste, before the awful peal
Of the loud thunder stupify your sense.

CHORUS. Try other means—a different way
Thy thoughts and counsels to convey;
Where pleaded reason may prevail,
Nor business foul the specious tale.
Ill hast thou urged thy reason—ill
'Twould be for me t'obey thy will!
How! wouldst thou bid me basely turn
From him whose wretched state I mourn?
Far be it from me! for 'twere just
To suffer with him what he must—

Such is my will—for I have learned to hate
The vile betrayer of another's fate ;
No crime so dark, nor other is there one
That with such loathing I do look upon.

HERMES. Well ! but remember that you're warned,
Although my friendly words be scorned ;
I warn you that it is too late—
If ill o'ertake you, blame not fate ;
Say not that Jove in ire had cast
Woes in an unexpected blast.
No, truly ! chide yourselves, the same
Who did the deed should bear the blame ;
For, wittingly, with rash intent,
And on your purpose firmly bent,
Neither unwarned, nor unawares,
But as a man who vengeance dares,
Senseless yourselves ye implicate
Within the tangled net of fate.

PROMETH. His words are true ! the earth below
Unsteadily rocks to and fro ;
The bellowing thunder loudly roars,
Startling the echoes of these shores ;
And the fire-twisted bolts of heaven
Across the sky are wildly driven.
The sands in eddying whirlwinds rise—
A mighty cone the whirlwind flies ;
The winds from every quarter pour,
And in a ceaseless contest roar ;
Wind sounds on wind with hostile shock ;
Shakes to its base the solid rock.
Earth with the skies, skies with the sea
Confounded, meet in enmity :
Behold—from Jove this furious storm,
Which beats on my defenceless form !
Thou ether—pure, eternal, bright,
And thou, dread mother, dost thou see—
Who pour'st on all thy flood of light !—
How thy son suffers wrongfully ?

[*Prometheus sinks into the earth.*]

End of Prometheus bound.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Scamper through Italy and the Tyrol; showing the Minimum of Expense and Time necessary for a Visit to the Italian Cities. By a Gentleman. Smith.

POSITIVELY the world is at last enlightened by a modest man! In these days of little trips and lengthy books, when all the world travels about by steam over itself, and describes itself in volumes that all the world finds it heavy to hold, arises one scamperer that compileth not a book, yet publisheth. A Scamper through Italy,—the very title gives us respect for the writer—an open, honest, candid English gentleman. In 120 pages the reader scampers with the writer at a rattling pace through Paris, Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles; Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Naples, Rome, Florence; Bologna, Venice, Trent, and Tyrol, Rheineck, Zurich, Basle, Strasburg, Cologne, Mannheim, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Antwerp, to London,—a pleasant rattle, in good sooth. Minimum of time allowed for the above scamper, fifty-two days. Fares for diligences, boats, tables d'hôtes, &c., are laid down; it is a practically useful book to a large class of people,—those who would spend a holiday of a month or two in travel, and are desirous of seeing as much as possible for their time and money. For the benefit of those of our readers of this class who do not buy the book, that is to say, we hope, for the benefit of nobody, we transcribe the author's concluding excellent advice:—

“If you would know the blessings of liberty, the irksomeness of restraint, the necessity of forbearance,—if you would ascertain your temper, and be rid of prejudice,—in short, if you would become wiser, happier, better,—TRAVEL. With more time, and at greater expense, you may see all that I have seen with ease; but if you would enjoy what I have enjoyed,—would fully appreciate health and strength, economy and independence,—*rough it*; I say emphatically, **ROUGH IT!**”

A Tale of a Tiger. By J. S. Cotton, 7th M. L. C. Tilt and Bogue.

We scarcely think it necessary to praise this book; every one has seen that most comical of all series of plates entitled the New Tale of a Tub; and many have wished they were not quite so expensive. The author of the plates now disclaims the polished edition of Aubry, Colnaghi, & Co., and publishes his own originals in self-defence. They are not a whit less witty than the half-guinea version.

Blue Beard. By F. W. N. Bayley. With Illustrations humorous and numerous. Orr & Co.

Did we call the Tale of a Tiger the most comical of all series? here is Blue Beard, the old, truly, and well-beloved friend of our youth,—what shall we say for him? We candidly confess we have not *read* this account of Blue Beard,—it is written in the style of inimitable Ingoldsby,—but we have *seen* it. The cuts, humorous and numerous, attracted our attention; they tell the tale, and a comical one. We tried every now and then to look at the print, but one of the cuts, numerous and humorous, would then draw off our eye, and away we went in a new burst of laughter, till the cuts engrossed the whole of our attention. If people wish their books to be read, they must not make the pictures so attractive. No one cares for a description of that which is fully and perfectly presented to his eye. Mr. Bayley's artists might make together a comic Retzsch, and illustrate immortal works of the nursery; but he need not quarrel with the text.

A Catechism of Botany. By Ann Pratt. Suttaby.

This is a very neat and elegant little introduction to botany, in a concise and easy form, including the Linnæan system, with organography and physiology, together with practical information on forming herbaria, consulting a florist, &c.; and it is exceedingly well adapted for those who wish to gain a correct general idea of this elegant and interesting study.

The Year-Book of Natural History, for Young Persons. By Mrs. Loudon. Murray.

All Mrs. Loudon's compilations are useful and entertaining; and every age is in turn favoured by the results of her powers of research. The present is a book of that character which children cannot too frequently be induced to study. With every month of the year is given an account of those subjects of natural history which, during its course, are most likely to attract the child's attention. Thus, in the present month, July, the chapter is on water-beetles, the rose-chaffer, the cock-chaffer, the dragon-fly, may-flies, &c. In December, frost and snow, the holly, the misletoe, and the robin-redbreast. Such books as these are valuable by adding experience of simple facts to the observation of the child, and teaching it to think of a snail otherwise than as a devourer of cabbages, and to find in a bee something even more than its sting and its honey.

THE
KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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DIFFICULT POINTS AND PASSAGES OF
SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

No. II.

HAVING examined the two most important points in the tragedy of Hamlet, I now proceed, according to my design, to take into consideration the principal disputed and difficult passages in this play. The first of these which we have to encounter is one which has set critics by the ears to an extent scarcely credible, and the result of all the controversy which has been thrown away upon it, is, that when we have done we find ourselves much about where we were when we began. The passage to which I allude is that in *Act I. Scene 2*.

“KING. But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,”—

“HAMLET. A little more than kin, and less than kind.”

To explain this passage, Dr. Johnson has stated, that *kind* is the Teutonic word for *child*; and he further says, that the meaning of Hamlet's speech is, “I am somewhat more than cousin to you, and less than son.” I confess I do not feel at all satisfied with this explanation. The passage interpreted thus, would be, to say the least, a very tame one—and by no means the observation with which Shakspeare would be likely to introduce to us the philosophic and metaphysical prince of Denmark. Malone also supplies us with a note upon the passage which means exactly nothing; but if the passage be well considered, a very obvious, and very satisfactory meaning can be extracted from this sentence. In some editions the line is printed thus:—

“HAMLET (*aside*,) A little more than kin, and less than kind!”

which I take to be correct. Standing thus, the line may, I think,

with a little consideration, be made plain. We must remember that Hamlet is standing in the midst of the court—the only one among them all who still retains the “inky coat,” which the decease of his father causes him to wear. From the commencement of the scene, during the time in which Claudius has been discussing with such ill-timed levity the death of the late king, and his own incestuous marriage, Hamlet has remained perfectly silent. More than this, Shakspeare (admirable painter that he was!) has given us a clue to discover how he looked.—“How is it that the clouds hang on you still?” is amply sufficient to furnish us with a picture of that terrible silence which, on the king’s calling him cousin and son, is at length broken by the exclamation which we are now about to explain. After so long and so expressive a silence, we are anxious to know how Hamlet’s thoughts were employed. This sentence tells us all. It is as if he should say—“Is it really so?—am I indeed more than your cousin? Strange! that with so strong a bond of relationship should exist so little *kindly* feeling or natural affection. Strange! that the disgust and hatred which I feel for this man should exist in the mind of a son.” This I think is the strongest and most reasonable meaning which can be given to this remarkable passage, and it is one which I think most of our poet’s admirers will be glad to admit, simply because it is the only forcible one which has yet been assigned.

A point for observation, although a very trifling one, yet one which has strongly fastened on my attention, and given me some little pleasure, occurs at the very commencement of the fourth Scene of the first Act.—The scene opens at midnight upon the platform of the castle at Elsinore, in that cold moonlight season, which tells us that winter is at hand. Hamlet is putting into execution his determination to watch for his father’s spirit, and is accompanied by his friend and fellow-collegian Horatio, and Marcellus, a petty officer, who is on guard at this part of the platform. After a silence which, we may safely infer from the conversation which follows it,—for the style of the latter appears like the commencement rather than the continuation of a conference,—has lasted a considerable time, Hamlet abruptly, as if conscious how absorbed he has been, remarks, as most men do who feel the necessity of saying something, although little inclined to converse, on the weather—and then proceeds to ask the hour. Horatio, who has probably been occupied, like Hamlet, in contemplating on the strangeness of the event they were waiting to

witness, replies, "I think it lacks of twelve;" but the rude sentinel, whose mind was less occupied than his companion's, instantly corrects him by telling him it has struck. Simple, and even ridiculous as this point may appear to many, it is, nevertheless, one worthy of remark, because it lays open before us the minds of the three characters, and presents to us a view, not only of their outward demeanour, but of "that within which passeth show," and which no other than the great Bard himself would have had the skill to place before us.

Another remarkable passage which (with the exception of Warburton alone) all the editors have either omitted to take notice of, or vainly attempted to explain, is that occurring in the second Scene of the second Act.—"For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?" Now, however much I am inclined to admire the originality of Warburton's explanation of this passage, and I certainly do admire the ingenious way in which he has treated it, I cannot but consider it to be far-fetched, and not altogether to the purpose. Hamlet has just before said that "to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." "For," argues he, "carrion as we are—even the glorious sun, perfect as he is, breeds only maggots in us; he gives us light, but we repay him putrefaction; in short, how good things soever fall to man, he turns them all to evil." He then proceeds to apply this to Ophelia. "Have you a daughter?" he asks of Polonius—"Let her not walk in the sun:"—"let her not go from the shelter of your roof. Her beauty and virtue will have no other effect upon that carrion-man, than that of provoking her own dishonour,—even as the sun breeds but maggots." This I take to be the true meaning of the passage; nor can I, for one moment, admit Warburton's assertion, that Hamlet alludes to Ophelia here for no other purpose than that of turning the conversation.

In the end of the second Scene of the fourth Act, we again encounter a passage which demands some explanation, more particularly as none of the editors have ventured to "throw away their brains" upon it. When Hamlet is told by Rosencrantz that he "must tell where the body is, and go with them to the king," he replies, "The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body." Here I must observe, that throughout the whole of this play, but more particularly while he is counterfeiting madness, the sayings of Hamlet carry with them very often a double

meaning; the one intended for the ears of the auditor, the other for his own enjoyment. The passage under consideration is precisely one of these. Catching at the words "body" and "king," he applies them to one of those deeper observations which he at all times indulges in. "The body is with the king," inasmuch as the king is the head of the body (or people), and supported by the body; "but the king is not with the body"—the people do not really love the king—they know him to be an usurper.

" Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own,"

says Byron; and this was probably the state of affairs between Claudius and his people; for when, almost immediately afterwards, Laertes returns, he collects a power against the king from among his own people.

" Save yourself, my lord ;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers : the rabble call him, Lord ;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, ' Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !'
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
' Laertes shall be king ; Laertes king !' "

This, then, I think, throws a light upon the passage in question, and to my own view completely explains it.

A passage of a similar kind occurs in the second Scene of the third Act. In answer to the king's inquiry, "How fares our cousin Hamlet?" he replies, catching at the word "fare,"—"Excellent i' faith;" (I fare) "of the chameleon's dish. I eat the air, promise-crammed:" which is evidently an allusion to Claudius's usurpation, and his own right to the throne. The king has said—

" Let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne ;" ACT I. Scene 2.

promising him that he shall succeed him. When, therefore, Claudius asks Hamlet how he "*fares*," Hamlet replies, "I feed on nothing. I eat the air, promise-crammed;" that is, "You do not allow me to fare well: you take the throne, which is my right, and cram me with a bare promise. Even *capons* cannot live on air: how then can I fare well?" Afterwards, too, in his conversation with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he, knowing that every

word he utters will be reported to the king and queen, says, "Sir, I lack advancement." On their reminding him that he will succeed, he replies, "Ay, sir, but while the grass grows—the proverb is somewhat musty;" all this time alluding to the usurpation of Claudius.

In Act iv. Scene 5, we have another difficult passage to explain. No sooner has the fire of Laertes's rage begun to cool, than he encounters a fresh grief—Ophelia, his sister, whom he had left so happy, is now before his eyes, an unseemly wreck of what she was. His exclamation of sorrow past, one of amazement follows immediately, which requires a little explanation to make it quite clear. It runs thus:—

"O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."

This I take to be the sense: "Oh, heavens! how little was I prepared for this blow. My father I left an old man, and therefore was but little surprised to hear of his death, even though that was untimely: but is it possible that Ophelia's wits should last no longer than my father's life? Even so—'Nature is fine in love.' Love is the finest part, the most delicate wheel of the machinery of nature, and cannot be injured without detriment to the other parts: this being broken, her wits followed, for where nature is fine, 'it sends some precious instance of itself after the thing it loves.'"

Another difficult passage presents itself in Act iv. Scene 7:—

"KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow—
A face, without a heart?"

"LAERTES. Why ask you this?"

"KING. Not that I think you *did* not love your father.
Love is begun betime; but that I know,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies of his own too much."

This passage has been considered difficult, but I think the sense of it will not give us much trouble to unravel. "Laertes," says the king, "was your father dear to you?" The use of the past tense

here is connected not with the existence of Laertes's *love*, but of his father—"Laertes, was your father dear to you?" "Why ask you this?" exclaims Laertes. "Not that I doubt whether you *ever* loved your father," answers the king, "because, in the natural course of things, a child, having arrived at a certain age, by instinct loves his father: but that I know, and daily experience confirms my assertion, that the same love which begins by time, will abate and decrease by time." He then proceeds to illustrate this by a metaphor—"As that which produces the flame of a candle, namely the wick, contributes also after a certain time to obstruct the light, so that which produced love after a certain time causes it to decrease." The latter part of the sentence needs no explanation.

The last passage in this play to which I shall allude is in the very last scene. Hamlet has, it appears, a presage of ill when he is invited to fence with Laertes; and mentions this to his friend, Horatio, who counsels him thus:—

"HORATIO. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

"HAMLET. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be."

The only difficult part of this speech is the last sentence. This Sir Thomas Hanmer (the Oxford editor) endeavoured to obviate, by substituting "owes" for "knows;" which Dr. Johnson approves: but I think it may be well understood even as it stands. Observe the reasoning—Nothing falls to the ground without Divine interposition; and death must one day come to every man. How absurd then for man, who is born to die, to fear that which he ought rather to fit himself for: "The readiness is all." Why then fear to die at once? Since we are so ignorant of all things around us, what is it to leave them betimes? We are but instruments in the hand of Heaven. When our work is done, why need we hesitate to die now, knowing that sooner or later, we must yield to the law of nature,

"Who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to day,
'This must be so.'"

This appears to me the meaning of this noble speech; so like all those philosophical reasonings on things sublime and mysterious, in which Hamlet so frequently indulges; and it is the last that Hamlet utters before his untimely end.

Dr. Johnson has complained that Hamlet, throughout the whole piece, is rather an instrument than an agent. Is not this a beauty rather than a defect? Would it have been natural to the character of Hamlet, if Shakspeare had made him act like Lady Macbeth, whose first hint of the seizure of the throne is followed by a resolution and determination which throws down at once all obstacles, and even provides for all emergencies? I think not. But this shall be further alluded to, when I treat of the characters in comparison of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, which will form the subject of my next paper.

C. H. H.

LINES.

YOUTH found me full of buoyant hope,
 And floating gay on Fancy's stream;
 With dangers I would lightly cope,
 Where glory shed its lustrous beam.
 Fame glittered high before mine eyes,
 And not too distant to be found;
 I panted for the glorious prize,
 And proudly spurned the humble ground.
 But full-blown hope beneath me burst,
 And let me down in Failure's wave;
 I sank, alas! but not the first
 Whose joy has found an equal grave.
 Then blasting disappointment came,
 Palsied my limbs and froze my nerves;
 I left on high that glittering fame
 He reaches seldom who deserves.
 My once bright hope—a withered flower—
 Drooped sadly on its stalk and died;
 And bleak despair usurped the hour,
 Which should have glowed with glory's pride.
 And manhood found me sombre—dark—
 Fitful and moody—loathing day;
 For hope had left no hidden spark
 To cheer me with the feeblest ray.
 Can age then soften down the lines
 Drawn harshly by the hand of Care?
 And when the soul in anguish pines,
 Can years remove its black despair?

NEMO.

THE UNLOVED PHILOSOPHY.

Oh! teach not that Spring's early flowers
 Are creatures of a day,
 Which, ere the first of Autumn hours,
 Shall fleet and fade away;—
 I love not thy philosophy.

Shall things so passing fair
 As these sweet roses fade and die?—
 These lovely gems, that on the air
 Still cast sweet odours fresh and rare—
 Shall these in withered ruin lie?—
 I love not thy philosophy.

Oh! teach not that the golden ray
 Which fair Aurora brings,
 What time she opes the gates of day,
 With dew-drops on her wings—
 Teach not that, ere the purple eve,
 A shadow shall be cast
 O'er this sweet light, and only leave
 The sickly moon to tell at last
 Of all the golden radiance passed
 From day's ethereal canopy;—
 I love not thy philosophy!

Oh! teach not that Love's early dream
 Shall vanish from the heart,
 And, like the bubble of a stream,
 Ere frosty age depart;—
 I love not thy philosophy.
 Shall passions pure and bright
 As Love and Friendship withered lie?—
 Those stars that lend their cheering light
 To us poor pilgrims of the night—
 Shall these our guardian angels die?—
 I love not thy philosophy!

Oh! teach not that Hope's golden fire
 But dazzles to betray,
 And that the chords of Fancy's lyre
 Fall one by one away;—
 I love not thy philosophy.
 Shall lights like those that shone
 O'er youth's ideal phantasy,
 And chords that lent so sweet a tone
 To early days—shall these be gone?
 Oh! rather let the spirit fly;—
 I love not thy philosophy!

CHAPTERS ON GENIUS.

I.

“ In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
 Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet ;
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.”

Æneid. lib. i.

MEN of genius are like trees growing amidst underwood, or they are like the public buildings of a city, rising above the common dwellings, and far exceeding them in size and beauty ; they constitute the aristocracy of talent, and shine with a peculiar and unrivalled lustre. Running a fleeter and a nobler race, they strive for greater prizes than the rest of men ; they appear as streaks of light amidst the darkness which envelopes the trackless past ; they compose the chronicles of time, being not only the historians of action, but of thought ; they are the great discoverers and advocates of truth, the timely innovators, the all-powerful reformers ; the field of their efforts, not limited by a narrow circle, is the entire world. They have no golden sceptres, like those glittering in kingly hands, which “ come like shadows, so depart ;” theirs is a sway, which is secure from overthrow, and fears no rebellion, extended rapidly by the progress of civilization, and the march of time ; and embracing subjects of all nations and of every climate. No pomp, no pageantry, no regal purple adorns their court, where Intellect sits crowned with leaves of laurel, Fame’s favourite tree, and blesses beneficently all who do it homage. They have achieved warlike triumphs, but their peaceful victories are far more glorious. Their aim has been to increase the knowledge and advance the interests of mankind ; to distribute bountifully from their horn of plenty unwithering fruits ; to strengthen, elevate, enlarge and beautify the social fabric ; to impart to man right notions of himself, by the investigation of his physical and mental nature ; to endow him with learning and teach him to be wise ; to inform him in quietude, counsel him in action ; and be to him a staff, an authority, a guide. They found a wilderness where they have left a garden—chaos and confusion where order reigns. They are the companions of princes, and the poor man’s friends. They are the impartial advisers of every class, rank, creed, and denomination.

They have lived and toiled for all, and have bequeathed their property to posterity. Their labours, and theirs only, are revered by Time, the great destroyer; ruthless as he is, he spares them, and procures for them the veneration which he yields himself. They have left us pastures which are ever verdant, permeated by rivulets which never dry, and enamelled by flowers which blossom everlastingly. And when we ponder over some of their productions, with which nothing in the material world can vie, we resemble Rasselas, who, when listening to the poet, "regretted the necessity of sleep, and longed till the morning should renew his pleasure."

It is difficult to define genius, so various are its forms, so contrary are its effects, so different are the circumstances which call forth its exertions. If it be comparable to the adamant for duration, it may certainly vie with the chameleon in its hues. Johnson describes it as "a mind of large general powers accidentally determined by some particular direction;" as if a man of genius, conscious of his energy, could not voluntarily determine it towards a special object, or as if accident were necessary to call it into action. The introduction of the word "general" has also damaged this attempted definition; the sculptor is not convertible into the orator, nor the mathematician into the poet. "On this principle," as D'Israeli well observes, "we must infer that the reasoning Locke or the arithmetical De Moivre could have been the musical and fairy Spenser." Agreeing with Dr. Johnson, we might imagine the impassioned Kean excelling in mechanics, and Mozart glorying in facts and figures; we might fancy Gray the author of *Hudibras*, and Butler the composer of Gray's pathetic *Elegy*. The same author has also asserted, with a strange oversight of what is palpably correct, "that the supposition of one man having more imagination, another more judgment, is not true; it is only one man has more mind than another." To this he adds, with a grave emphasis, "He who has vigour may walk to the east as well as the west if he happens to turn his head that way;" a circumstance it would be ridiculous to deny, but the physical movements of a pedestrian, methinks, bear no analogy whatever to mental action, and altogether fail to illustrate it. The simile by no means settles the matter; and even Boswell might have argued with the lexicographer on this point and gained the victory, for he could have accumulated heaps on heaps of instances to show that imagination has been wanting, comparatively to speak, in some minds of acknowledged greatness. Even Dr. Johnson himself must have

admitted that Locke had much mind, but not much imagination ; a fact rendered the more glaring by a comparison of the plain dress wherewith that philosopher has clothed his arguments with the rich and splendid garment of imagery which has embellished the author of the *Novum Organon*. One might fairly conclude from Dr. Johnson's expression, that mind was imagination, and imagination mind ; whereas imagination is a part only of the intellect, a most complex instrument, composed of many faculties, some predominating in one man, and some in another, as this distinguished author must surely have observed. Nature, in spite of the theories of philosophers, and the dogmas of the schools, confers upon us peculiar aptitudes for especial pursuits, and our minds, so far from being blanks of white paper, alike susceptible of all impressions, readily receive those only of a certain kind. So it is likewise with genius itself ; and though universality has sometimes characterised it, the instances are far more numerous where it has been remarkable for some special excellence. And where it has employed itself on many topics, with a capacity of gaining the mastery in each, it is to be surmised, with reason, that its efforts would have been more rewarded by being more confined, that the victory would have been more decisive had the attack been more concentrated ; for however large and wonderful may be its faculties, truth will always seem to it an illimitable ocean, and, (as Newton has expressed it,) it can only collect a few pebbles by the shore. It may labour, and labour still, but the greater the knowledge, the more intense will the sensation of ignorance become. Whilst it is only acquainted with the alphabet of nature it may be vain, but when it shall know her language it will be humble. So short is time, so circumscribed even the most transcendent human faculties, and so vast is truth, that genius always shines most brightly where it selects a study the most congenial to its nature, and confines itself to that ; for however minute the subject, it will leave something undiscovered in its research. Can it say to the moss, I have surveyed thee with my microscope, and nothing of thy structure has escaped mine eye—I have thought upon thy growth, and am acquainted entirely with thy means of increase—I have examined thy qualities, and can tell all thy uses ?

There is a remark of Newton which is often quoted, partly because it is Newton's, and partly because of its intrinsic moment, yet we venture to suppose that more stress has been laid upon it sometimes than it merits. When Newton was asked how the

principle of gravity was discovered, he answered, "By always thinking of it." "Let us point out," says M. Arago, "in these simple words of the great author of the *Principia*, what is the true secret of men of genius." But this eminent philosopher has, in this comment, left entirely unanswered two important questions—what stimulated Newton to thought? what made his thinking so fertile in result? The cause must not be confounded with the effect; the machine with the operation. An inferior mind might have thought as long, as patiently as Newton, and yet found out nothing; or some abortive and malformed apology for a being might have been the issue—the "*ridiculus mus*." Do not men think with different intensities? Do not some perform the process imperfectly through natural defects? Do not others, in contemplation and abstraction, make those discoveries which agitate the world? To be "always thinking" may be an employment of genius, and an apt one, but with its essence it may have nothing to do whatever. The watch at rest is not the less a watch because it is inactive, and there is latent genius; and when Gray spoke of the "village Hampden" and "inglorious Milton," he was labouring under no poetical delusion;

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

Like pearls which have found no pearl-divers, they have been hidden and buried in the depths of a hopeless and impenetrable obscurity. They have resembled the seed, which, from want of those circumstances needful for its germination, has been thought valueless as the common chaff—no eye has seen its properties, no hand has placed it in a genial soil. The subject of latent genius suggests a number of curious reflections. Greater prodigies than the world has seen may have come and gone again like undeveloped embryos! And He, who formed the human mind, could call from nothingness, men who would leave Bacon in the distance, and throw Shakspeare into the shade; ay, though their faculties were unassisted, and education refused her potential aid.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has remarked, that "even genius, at least what generally is so called, is the child of imitation." He was speaking of painting; but even in relation to that art, we question the truth of the observation. Had he observed how much genius is indebted to and aided by imitation, he would have given utterance

to what no one could dispute ; but to view them in the relationship of parent and offspring, is to take an exaggerated aspect. For imitation is a cold and lifeless thing, unless vitalized and animated by other faculties—by the taste to select, the power to combine ; by judgment to reject the inelegant and unnatural. But where nature herself is closely delineated, and her face reflected by the mirror of art, we should rather style imitation of this description as the child of genius, than regard genius as the child of imitation. But when Sir Joshua proceeded to affirm that “by imitation originality of invention is produced,” he was guilty of a contradiction of terms, unless it can be shown that to invent and copy are identical processes. For what should we think of the critic who would call Raphael and Rembrandt two first-rate imitators ? What should we think of any one who would describe their productions as the simple consequences of imitation merely ? Sir Joshua would have us consider imitation “the study of other masters,”—an infelicitous idea of it, since many may study and yet fail to imitate;—but so far from recommending one model only, he refers us to a fine sentiment of Quintilian, “sed non qui maxime imitandus, etiam solus imitandus est.” Certainly, imitation is not genius, as we generally use the term, although it may form one among the number of the faculties which constitute it by their association and alliance. The poetry of painting has a higher source. He who makes the canvass breathe with life, and causes the rough and unpolished marble to harshly frown and sweetly smile, deserves another and a prouder title than that of an imitator, if nature, and not nature as depicted by others, be the subject of his labours. But might not Sir Joshua’s large ideas of the importance of imitation, be attributable to himself having been so much indebted to a careful study of the works of other men, and to his transferring their selected beauties to his own productions ? We pretend not to depreciate this admired artist, and we leave to better judges the task of denying or assenting to the truth of Hazlitt’s observations, which we must quote in this place. “I can by no means look upon Sir Joshua as having a claim to the first rank of genius : he would hardly have been a great painter, if other great painters had not lived before him ; he combined and applied the materials of others to his own purpose with admirable success ; he was an industrious compiler or skilful translator, not an original inventor in art.” Thus, if Hazlitt be granted to be correct, Sir Joshua failed to illustrate his own maxim, that “by imitation originality of invention is produced.” Mark here the difference

between Reynolds's and Arago's ideas of genius. May it not be accounted for by the different tendencies of their minds and pursuits? The artist might have been chiefly engaged in imitation, and the grand employment of the philosopher may be thought. And very different, probably, would have been Shakspeare's and Newton's methods of defining a man of genius.

Genius is not to be considered as implying the possession of some faculty, which minds in general are devoid of altogether, but as being more perfect and powerful in its constitution. It would seem to differ from talent in degree alone; it is the same principle acting in excess; it is not comparable to a rivulet, but a river—not a small waterfall, but a stupendous cataract. It is a name expressive of energy—the Herculean energy of a mighty mind. Sometimes it is precocious, like flowers blossoming ere they unfold their leaves, and the coming events of the pregnant future cast their plain shadows o'er its baby brow; at others it is more gradually developed, progressing through successive stages of improvement to its perfect shape.

“ So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes.”

But whether genius burst early into life, or be unfolded by a more gradual and tardy growth, it is distinguished by its ability to perform, and often by its facility in the performance of feats not to be accomplished at any rate or pains by ordinary men, although they toil with unremitting diligence, “with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires.” In nothing is it more remarkable than this—in the success which attends its labours, ay, even irksome labours, as we may suppose was often the case with Johnson; let it but work zealously, and much fruit will reward it; let it but plough and sow, and it will reap plenteously of a golden* harvest. Again we beg to state the opinion,—a most common one we should suppose,—that the difference between genius and talent is but a difference of degree; and we object to any partial and finely-spun definitions, the principle of which is easy of attack. Taking this view of it, we hold in our hands the key to its mysteries, which, if not capable of unlocking all, is yet fully able to reveal most of them. We would rather be amongst those who closely analyze its glorious works, or, at the least, are ardently engaged in the endeavour, than

* *Metaphoric Gold*.—ED. K. C. M.

play their part who wonder at them idly, as if they were gazing at some supernatural phenomenon. But we pretend not to delineate its expressive and strangely varied physiognomy, which needs a far greater than Lavater to describe, inasmuch as it is far more difficult accurately to conceive, and truly to portray, the mental than the bodily features.

In fine, the word genius embodies all that is extraordinary in mind. It has a magical and inspiring sound. It fills the memory with noble recollections; it is the source of a rapture, to be felt only and expressed by those whose mental vision has been often dazzled by its bright creations, enchanting as those scenes which some have fabled of fairy lands. Were we invited to describe its nature, we would attempt no cold or narrow definition; we would point in silence to its favoured children.

“ Oh ! they are nature’s own ! and as allied
To the vast mountains, and the eternal sea,
They want no written history ; theirs a voice
For ever speaking to the heart of man.”

W. F. B.

HYMNS TO NIGHT.

(Translated from the German of Novalis.)

VI.

Longing for Death.

BELOW, within the earth’s dark breast,
From realms of light departing,
There sorrow’s pang and sigh oppressed
Is signal of our starting.
In narrow boat we ferry o’er
Speedily to heaven’s shore.
To us be hallowed endless Night,
Hallowed eternal slumber !
The day hath withered us with light,
And troubles beyond number.
No more ’mong strangers would we roam ;
We seek our Father, and our home.
Upon this world, what do we here,
As faithful, fond, and true men ?
The Old but meets with scorn and sneer :—
What care we for the New, then ?
Oh, lone is he, and sadly pines,
Who loves with zeal the olden times !

Those old times when the spirits light
To heaven as flame ascended ;
The Father's hand and features bright
When men yet comprehended ;
When many a mortal, lofty-souled,
Yet bore the mark of heavenly mould.

Those olden times when budded still
The stems of ancient story,
And children, to do Heaven's will,
In pain and death sought glory ;
Those times when life and pleasure spoke,
Yet many a heart with fond love broke.

Those old times when in fires of youth
Was God himself revealed,
And early death, in love and truth,
His sweet existence sealed,
Who put not from him care and pain,
That dear to us he might remain.

With trembling longing these we see,
By darkness now belated,
In Time's dominions ne'er will be
Our ardent thirsting sated.
First to our home 'tis need we go,
Seek we these holy times to know.

And our return what still can stay ?
Long have the best-loved slumbered ;
Their grave bounds for us life's drear way,
Our souls with grief are cumbered.
All that we have to seek is gone,
The heart is full,—the world is lone.

Unending, with mysterious flame,
O'er us sweet awe is creeping ;
Methought from viewless distance came
An echo to our weeping ;
The loved-ones long for us on high,
And sent us back their pining sigh.

Below, to seek the tender bride,
To Jesus, whom we cherish !
Good cheer ! lo, greys the even-tide,—
Love's agonies shall perish.—
A dream—our fetters melt, at rest
We sink upon the Father's breast.

(End of the Hymns to Night.)

ELLERTON CASTLE ;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

A MARVELLOUS LOVE STORY, AND A VERY REMARKABLE WEDDING.

SORELY have we been tempted to play false with the respected reader, and omit from our narration the circumstances contained in the present chapter. Having set forth, however, in this our history, with the desire nothing to disguise, nothing to suppress, but steadily to follow the chronicles of Ellerton, we are at length resolved to encounter the risk of being thought relaters of impossibilities, or, at the very least, of things that never have occurred. But perhaps we shall find better justification if we quote the chronicles themselves, modernizing their spelling for convenience sake.

"Now Sir Richard of Ellerton, or Richard Benstone, during all this time, standeth, with great grief, by the grave of Esther, but hath, by the importunities of Curts and the other men, been so sore perplexed, that he cometh shortly to the cave to take counsel upon his wicked deeds.

"And while the rest, expecting his arrival, are assembled in the cave, and hear how the mistress of Sir Edward Heringford was captured, it is rightly judged, that Sir Edward, with many of his friends, will follow in pursuit, and that master Maybird, who has made the head of Curts to smart a second time, would lead them to the cavern.

"The fire therefore was quenched, and the fuel was carried from the hearth, and the men went into hiding places, but they could not persuade the others that the cave was deserted, seeing that master Maybird placed his hand upon the hearth and found that it was yet quite warm, and that fuel must have been carried away before they came. Therefore Sir Edward Heringford, although the cave was so made that it would not be possible for any man, not accustomed, to discover its passages ; Sir Edward Heringford, I say, departed but for a short time, together with the others and Sir Hubert de St. Fay, and remained close by at his own home in Ellerton.

“Now when Sir Edward and the others had departed, Simon Byre and master Curts coming out of their hiding places, were alone together in the cave, for their companions waited in hiding without side, to warn Sir Richard of Ellerton, or Richard Benstone, of the danger, in case that he should come and might be taken by the enemy. And Simon Byre used towards master Curts many strange expressions of love, and reminded him how that he had sold his love, and wooed him, and said that she was a woman born, and not a man, as people thought of her; and master Curts being much astonished (as well he might be, although such things have before occurred) and to save time, for he feared what might follow, asked the story of that strange woman, which Simon Byre did give.”

These chronicles have inspired us with courage; so coolly do they relate the marvel that we have lost our faith in its improbability, and do not fear to continue with the story of Simon Byre:—

“As my colour tells, I am not of English, nor even of European extraction. I am the daughter of a far distant clime, where the men are free as the winds that fan them, and the women live but as their slaves. I, born a woman, scorned this vile subjection; even as a girl I cannot tell how deeply I despised my sex, longing to be one of that nobler race, whose characters since then I have assumed. I was one of twins,—the other one a boy, like me in every feature, but it was he that should have been the woman. Quiet as he was and gentle, loving not the active sports to which he was inured, a dreamer in the forest or at the waterfall, I urged him that he would change sex with me, to all appearance; we were children then—he laughed at the idea. He laughed at it, but me it haunted, me it never left,—I could not shake it off, I determined that it should be so. One day, when we walked together, I slew him;—easily, for I was stronger far than he. I took his dress and put it on myself; mine own I placed upon his corpse, then hid it where I hoped it never would be found—cast it into the waterfall he loved; there no man found it. I returned, to all purposes, a boy; the fraud was not detected; when I told them my sister was dead, and framed a tale to explain it, the mother wept some woman’s tears; the others grieved a little indeed, but not much, for ‘she was but a girl,’ said they. Then I rejoiced at what I had done, for I felt that it was me of whom they spoke thus slightly, and hated my own sex still more. After this, I joined in the exercises of the boys, excelled them all, grew strong and fierce; my voice only seemed likely to betray me, and would have done so, had not all

my other qualities been manly. 'He is strong and brave,' they said, 'he cannot be a woman.' As a man whom woman's beauty cannot touch, I wasted not my energy in love; while others spent their labour for a smile, even from their own slave, I worked to excel these proud masters; my passions unchecked, became ungovernable; none dared oppose me—but why need I tell of this?—I became the head of my tribe, when the chief died suddenly.

"What then I did concerneth thee but little. A ship touched at our island, and bore me off with others. I would have gone willingly to see more of the white men, but not by force. When all slept I set that ship on fire, and jumping overboard, swam to land—all my victims perished. In the flames they learned my liberty was to be respected.—Ha! that was vengeance, Curts!

"On board the next vessel I embarked of my own free will, for I longed to see other men, and other lands. I gave my services for a passage—came to England—did good service for a man of influence in the state—secret service for which he paid me well, and obtained me my office in the Tower. There I saw Heringford. He insulted me, I swore him vengeance,—to execute it sought out thee and thy friends; found like myself all actuated by human passions, but thee alone above them; thou alone regardest all as a speculation, art unmoved by every circumstance that stirs up weaker blood, and seekest profit only. Thee, therefore, I respected; I know no other reason wherefore it can be that thee I love. I knew that only on a path of gold would it be possible to reach thy heart; I bought thy love, and have it."

Curts, beyond measure astonished at these disclosures, was absolutely speechless when Simon Byre, in pursuance of her strange history, discoursed of marriage. The idea of matrimony had never entered into Curts's calculations; but the proposal was repeated with a look so fierce that Curts felt compelled to mutter something about a priest.

"It wants no priest," said Simon;—taking up a stick she broke it into two pieces, and gave one half to Curts. "Take this, and vow thy faith—such is the custom of our country; so long as we are contented with each other, these broken pieces are preserved; if returned or lost, the marriage is dissolved.—It will do."

With these strange rites unhappy Curts was wedded to his masculine companion, and took the broken stick, with the firm resolve that he would lose it on the earliest opportunity.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

ELLERTON CLIFF.

WE return once more to Kate Westrill, as she lies, with a load of misery at her heart, within the lonely prison.

The cavern cell was dark, for night had advanced, but a moonbeam, that entered the little aperture above, fell upon the face of the weeping girl. Kate looked up ; all around was black, except where the moon's soft light fell, and there the grotesque carvings seemed to her still more monstrous, endued, as they then appeared, with life-like motion. One object, one in especial, was revealed, at sight of which all others were forgotten—it was the fatal pit ; and in an hour, part of which was already fled, Spenton would return, and—she could think no farther. Kneeling on the rough floor, she prayed earnestly for comfort and protection. The former was conceded to her prayers ; as she arose, once more through the little aperture the moonbeam played upon her face, and as it wooed her eyes to follow it, planted a new hope within her heart. Once more she ascended the rude steps, and gazed upon the scene beyond ; it was a cloudless night, and the moon, shining brightly, poured its soft light upon the sleeping village below—upon the whole valley, the brook, the green, the leafless forest. She looked above her ; there was the white cliff, steep and a little rugged, which the most hardy had never attempted to ascend. Below she knew it was the same, but the ledge of rock concealed it from her view. The aperture itself was but just so large that she could crawl through. Kate knew that it was next to a madman's hope to think by this outlet to escape with life ; but though a madman's hope, it was the only hope she had. Within the cell was certain death, with insult and sorrow ; by the death without, these latter might be spared. In an hour Spenton was to return ; but half of that hour remained, and, if she would make the attempt,——

Creeping through the small aperture, Kate stood upon the ledge without it ; there, timidly endeavouring to grasp the cliff, she would have returned, but dared not move. Below, the path of escape that she had chosen, below the cliff descended, steeply, almost smoothly, to the bottom ; cold and white in the bright moon-light ; not a shrub or bush to assist in her descent, it seemed impossible. Her head grew giddy as she looked down upon that depth below. She fixed her gaze upon the sky ; the stars seemed to smile so placidly that she forgot her fear : the next step was to be taken. Kate looked immediately beneath her : there was nothing to afford

her footing ; nothing save a narrow ridge, where a layer of the lime seemed to have been peeled off from above, and this, too, was at some distance underneath, lower down than her foot could reach ; beneath that narrow footing of a few inches width, the cliff still descended, to the depth of full thirty feet, into the wood beneath. Despair and hope urged Kate to action ; seating herself over the abyss upon the narrow ledge that had hitherto supported her, with her feet hanging towards the little shelf, she would have slid down, but she feared that if, in doing so, her foot should slip over the place she sought to reach, she must inevitably be precipitated into the forest. Striking her heel continually against the face of the cliff, she at last succeeded in breaking off a fragment sufficiently large to afford support, as the other foot descending, whilst she clung to the ledge, found rest at last below. Below this point the face of the cliff was smooth and even : more towards one side it presented projections that offered a chance of escape. Kate's heart sunk within her, as she saw the danger in which she stood : upon a narrow shelf, scarce broad enough for her two feet to stand upon, with little save smooth rock for her hands to touch ; nothing to which she could cling that might save her, if her step should fail, from being dashed to pieces by a fall. Yet along this she was to walk ; and along this, by the help of Him from whom she implored assistance, she walked in safety. Once her foot slipped, but a blade of grass that was growing firmly imbedded in the cliff afforded sufficient support during the brief moment requisite for regaining her balance ; for that moment Kate Westrill's life hung on the little weed—it grew not there in vain. Passing to a sufficient distance along this ridge, Kate, without venturing to glance at the depth below her feet, descended to another. Here she paused,—once more there was no footing near, and she was compelled, with the greatest difficulty and danger, to regain her station, and follow the path out still farther. Soon the rock grew more rugged, and the descent comparatively easy and rapid. Kate felt her hopes rise higher and higher, until this surface, broken only for a time, ceased, and the sheer, bare cliff again arrested her. Neither on one side nor on the other was any chance of finding a descent, and Kate Westrill was compelled once more to retrace her hazardous steps. She selected another roughened line, and followed it, slowly and cautiously, clinging to every inequality in the cliff, that rose like a wall beside her. This led on the ascent, but she could see that it traversed midway nearly the whole surface of the rock, and hoped it might lead to some spot that would offer her the means of

descending. Spenton's hour was now nearly expired, and her flight would soon be discovered. Fear and giddiness promised soon to prevent the attainment of her object, and cause her to lose a precarious footing. Still the unfortunate girl continued her course along the dangerous pathway, that no foot before had dared to tread; still she hoped and feared; even to perish in her rash attempt, was better than being exposed to the malice of her enemies.

Spenton, in the meanwhile, having by the free use of wine and spirits, supplied the only thing wanting to render him a perfect villain, to wit, animal courage, and having thus rendered himself bold enough for the perpetration of any of those crimes that his head was never slow to conceive,—Spenton, thus armed and prepared, proceeded to perform promise with his victim.

"Spare diet," said he to Curts, "must have rendered her weak enough by this time, and tamed her down a little; whereas I, by a contrary method, refreshed and strengthened, am in good condition to prevail. I promise thee she shall find me a rough suitor."

Spenton uttered a hoarse, drunken laugh, in which Curts joined, although, as to him Kate's state was a matter neither of profit nor of loss, he cared not a whit about it.

"Thou wilt get not a little scratched for thy pains," said Curts.

"She had better not try me with any of that sport," said Spenton. "Stay! I had forgotten," and he took a thick stick from a corner; "I must carry this with me."

"Why," said Curts, "thou wilt not beat the girl!"

"If she prove sulky," replied Spenton, "I must do it; and besides, whatever happens, I am very sure I shall, for I owe her many a service, and among other matters, may as well pay them all off together."

"Love and war," said Curts, laughing, for he had no feeling beyond his own private interest.

The malicious Spenton proceeded towards the prison, inwardly debating as he went whether it would be better to commence or conclude with the beating. Having decided upon the former plan as more likely to tame Kate to compliance with his subsequent intentions, he put on his sternest look, grasped the thick stick firmly in his hand, unfastened the bolts with noise, intended at each withdrawal to strike dismay into his victim's heart, then once more grasped his stick, and eagerly entered the room.

"Hide not thyself, my dear Kate," said he, "hide not thyself, timid one, from me; it is not Heringford, but Spenton that approaches."

There was no answer.

Spenton searched all the dark parts of the cell, but, unsuccessful in finding her, remained astonished and disappointed.

“Fled!” cried he; “there are no means of escape; she must have anticipated her end, to baulk me, and cast herself into the pit. Perhaps—but that is impossible,” he gazed up at the aperture,—“and yet I will look.”

Accordingly Spenton ascended, and looked out upon the cliff; after a time he perceived Kate, with her back towards him, where last we left her, pursuing her perilous way. Spenton gazed with delight at her danger, marvelling at her fool-hardiness. He shouted loudly, hoping to cause her to start, and losing her footing, perish at once; yet, although Kate was not distant, so completely were all her faculties absorbed in the task before her that the sound fell unnoticed upon her ears. Spenton, marking where she stood, put out his hand that he might throw the stick and strike her; but the missile fell short of its aim and descended into the wood, unseen by her it had threatened.

Kate Westrill, in the mean time, giddy and faint, yet with her whole attention bent anxiously upon the path she pursued, sought in vain for the means of descent, and looked timidly upwards. She stood by one of the numerous little holes opening on the surface of the cliff that had been formerly made by those tenanting the cave; here she could put her hand, and hold herself in security, whilst she looked around. Cast her eyes on the abyss below she dared not; the narrow path already seemed sinking under her feet; her eyes grew dim, and, for a moment, overcome by the painful sense of giddiness, yet clinging firmly to her support, she stood senseless. There was a shout below,—it aroused her; she looked down,—her brother and Curts were there, and had discovered the position of their prisoner. Andrew was levelling a cross-bow. Fearful, less for her own fate than that her brother should be her murderer, Kate Westrill, from her fatigue and weariness, was once more aroused into action. The bolt shot by Andrew struck the rock above her, and splinters fell around. He was about to aim once more, when Kate perceived that Curts held his arm, at the same time pointing to the summit of the cliff. The poor girl's fears prompted her to a right conclusion from this gesture, that the others were on the way to meet her, should she succeed in putting an end to her immediate perils. The only hope was from haste; she might arrive at the summit before her enemy could possibly be there, and thus escape; if she could not do it quickly, it were better she perished.

in the attempt. Thus urged, and with the rashness of one in whom rashness was the only hope, she set her foot there where no footing seemed, and, exerting herself with all the energy of despair, careless of death at the sacrifice of speed, she hurried upwards. Without this spur to goad her on, and concentrate all her powers into that last struggle, it would have been utterly impossible for Kate Westrill to have succeeded in her hazardous attempt; she saw no dangers but those resulting from delay,—she knew no fear but that of losing the precious moments, one of which might decide her fate. Her head was above the summit, her hands placed on level ground; Simon Byre and Spenton were approaching—close at hand; the harassed girl clambered hastily up, and had commenced her flight, hoping by speed still to elude them, but Simon Byre, whose fleetness she had before dearly learned, again grasped and dragged her to the edge of the precipice. With one hand Kate firmly held the woman's wrist; the other, with the convulsions of despair, was twisted in her dress. Spenton stood by Kate's side.

"No escape now, Mistress Westrill," said he, with savage delight, "there is no escape now.—Wilt thou not pray for mercy? Wilt thou not plead to be heard, as I have done?"

"I abide my fate," replied Kate. "If I can save myself I will, but I ask no mercy where it is only to be denied.—God help me!" added the poor orphan, as, after struggling vainly with her gigantic enemy, she was pushed from the edge of the precipice. With the strength of one who struggles for her life, Kate's one hand was still enfolded in Simon's dress, the other clasping her wrist; by these supported she now hung over the abyss. Simon vainly endeavoured to tear away the hand of her victim, on whose struggles Spenton looked with exultation.

"Cut away thy dress where she holds it," cried he, "there will then be but one hand to support her weight, and that will tire the sooner."

Simon Byre adopted the hint, but with both hands Kate now grasped the wrist of her relentless enemy.

"The girl clings well," said Simon, "I could almost spare her—but what use? After all, 'tis but a girl."

"Shake thine arm, Simon."

Kate Westrill, whose eyes had been fixed upon Simon's face, when she had with both hands clasped her wrist, looked inadvertently down into the abyss over which she swung; again the dizziness came upon her, threatening, this time, to prove fatal; she felt sick,

ill,—her senses and powers were rapidly failing,—each instant her hold became weaker,—she could see nothing, and had but enough consciousness left to utter a dying prayer to the God of mercy, when a hand firmly grasped her by the arm, she was raised suddenly to the ground, and Simon Byre drawn forcibly backwards.

Edward Heringford it was who offered this timely assistance; Mat Maybird had discovered Kate on the face of the cliff, and, trembling at her peril, pointed it out to Edward; to have been seen by Kate would, they feared, have distracted her attention and caused her fall,—to ascend to her assistance was impossible. They saw the bolt of Andrew Westrill strike the cliff, though they knew not the hand from whence it came: fearing other danger they hastened to meet her at the summit. At what time they arrived there we have seen. Spenton, when he saw them approaching, fled, struck with fear; but Simon Byre, intent upon the victim, noticed not their coming: Kate was drawn up by Edward, and Simon Byre suddenly forced back, before the timely assistance was perceived.

“On, villain!” cried Edward, roused at Kate’s danger, “on to the doom thou hadst prepared for this defenceless girl.”

“He hath escaped!” cried Mat, as Simon suddenly eluded Edward’s grasp.—“There! There! He must break his neck over that sheer descent.—Now! Now! Come, Heringford, and see him fall.—By Saint George, he is going to leap! Fool! Madman! He is safe!”

Mat turned round; Heringford was supporting Kate, still dizzy; her powers so long kept painfully on the stretch, could no longer preserve their tension, and Kate Westrill, thus suddenly rescued from impending ruin, after all the harassing cares of the last few anxious hours, fell back senseless into the arms of her preserver.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

THE LAST TRIAL.

It was an interesting group that stood above the cliff, exhibited in all the light and shade of the bright moonlight. The fair girl, pale with anxiety and privation, rescued from the most horrid fate, and, overcome now by feelings so long urged to action, supported, apparently lifeless, in her lover’s arms; that lover,

kneeling as he raised her head from the ground, gazing anxiously into her face, half fearful lest life, so long goaded, might suddenly have fled; Mat Maybird, standing beside both, his happy face partly clouded by anxiety for Kate Westrill, partly lighted up by triumph at the success of their intervention, looked by turns at each of those friends in whose feelings he felt so warmly interested.

It was long before the united efforts of Edward and his friend succeeded in restoring animation to her they had rescued; they feared she was snatched only from one death, to have fallen victim to another, and that from the shock she had received Kate Westrill never would recover. At length, however, consciousness returned, and she was led slowly through the wood into the village.

"I will hasten forwards," said Mat, "and prepare the good priest to receive her; we can find no better home."

Heringford coinciding, Mat Maybird hurried on. Kate Westrill, although sufficiently recovered to walk mechanically whither Edward led, was yet unable to comprehend what passed around her. She spoke, indeed, but her words testified that her thoughts were elsewhere, and that she knew not whither she went, nor by whom she was supported. Edward looked fondly and sadly in her face; she returned his gaze, but gave, by word or action, no sign that she had his features in remembrance.

"Whither leadest thou me?" asked she, looking vacantly around.

"To thine old friend, Kate," replied Heringford; "to one that loveth thee fondly, and will tend thee well, with whom thou mayest find rest after thine afflictions,—to Father Francis."

"Father Francis!" muttered Kate, who seemed to have understood only the idea those two words communicated; "Father Francis! a kind-hearted old man, that once I loved and revered—his is one heart that will regret my loss. Thank God! It is a sad thought, young man, that one should quit this bright world so very, very soon! but there is love as well as hatred in this world.—Poor Cicely too, Heaven comfort her!"

Edward in vain endeavoured to dispel Kate's error, and teach her that she was now in safety.

"The hour is almost ended," murmured she, in answer to his protestations. "It must be passed. Why comes not Spenton as he threatened?"

"Thou art safe, Kate," urged Edward, "Spenton cannot, dare not, come to harm thee."

"Dare not come!" replied Kate, with a bitter laugh; "does he fear me, then? and have the girl's threats alarmed him? will he

not execute his villany? He is wise! he is wise! for had he come, every step near me would have been nearer death. Ha! ha! ha! It is a good jest! when the hunted hare turns upon these fierce pursuers—ha! ha! they fear to meet it—who is this?”

Again Kate Westrill looked inquiringly into Edward's face.

“Dear Kate,” replied Heringford, with sad emotion, “I am Edward, thine own Edward—and thou art safe. Look at me, I am Edward.”

“Edward!” muttered Kate, in a tone that showed her mind was wandering, “Edward is slain. They told me so long since—when he was in France. Thou art deceiving me, young man, for Edward, my own Edward, died a long time since, and now his Kate will follow him, faithful still!” Again Kate gazed at Heringford. “There is something noble in thy face,” said she; “thou art not Spenton; but say not again thou art Edward, or it will break my heart. Hast thou not known, young friend, the pain it gives to hear a name we love idly repeated—the name of a dearly loved one that is dead?”

“O God!” cried Edward, in bitterness, “spare me this anguish!—a curse light on the wretches that have ruined this fair temple! How shall I—Kate!—Kate Westrill!”

He spoke, as far as grief permitted, in the soft tones that he had used of old.

“Hark!” cried she, “hark! didst thou not hear him call? as he spoke when living, so now he summons me to his grave. Edward! dear Edward, I will come.”

“Hast thou not seen him,” said Edward, forbearing to use his own name, “hast thou not seen him since they told thee falsely he was slain?”

“In dreams I have seen him,” replied Kate; “I have had a long dream of happiness and sorrow—over now! he died in Harfleur—I did not see him fall. Alas! no—his own Kate, that loved him, was far off—he must be buried there—I will go to his tomb and die. It will be a sweet death-bed for a lover. He died in war and glory: a sculptured monument in some cathedral aisle is my Edward's tomb. They will not allow a wretched girl to touch it; even his own Kate Westrill they will not suffer to come near it. But I will. I will go by stealth and die there, kissing the marble lips of his effigy. Ha! ha! ha!—I have slept on a stone bed ere now—young man, it is very cold!”

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF THE BURIAL.

“Lay her i’ the earth ;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.”—*Hamlet*.

COME! let us make her grave
Down by the stream,
E’en where the passing wave
Whispers its dream.
There, where sweet flowers lie,
Listing the melody
Of the sad breeze’s sigh
Heavy and deep—
There, where old Autumn grieves,
Through the long frosty eves,
Over her fallen leaves,
There shall she sleep.

She was like Spring-time fair,
E’en as a child,
Light as the laughing air,
Gladsome and wild.
Sweet ’twas to see her play,
Through the long summer day—
Like the light ocean spray
Oft would she leap:
Now she lies still and dead,
Lifeless and cold as lead ;
Peace to her grassy bed,
Sweet be her sleep!

Oh! may the gentle wind,
Passing her by,
Leaving sweet flowers behind,
Utter a sigh ;
And in the moonlight pale,
Still may the nightingale
Warble her tender wail,
Tarry, and weep.
Oh! may the fading rose
Ofttimes at even-close
Perfume her calm repose—
Sweet be her sleep!

C. H. H.

MUSIC.

“JESSICA—I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO—The reason is, your spirits are attentive :

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.”

Merchant of Venice, Act v. Scene 1.

IF there be anything which has the power, not only of delighting and entertaining the mind, but also of reaching the heart, at all times and seasons, whether in the hour of mirth or sadness,—of exalting and intellectualizing the former, and of softening and bettering the latter,—it is music ; I speak not of the science and the art of music, for music can exist without art. There is a music of nature which no well-taught strains, uttered from the lips of the most accomplished cantatrice, can equal. Who has not listened to the song of the skylark as she sings at heaven's gate, till he has burst into rapture, and exclaimed with the poet—

“Chorus hymeneal,

Or triumphal chant,

Matched with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt,—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want ;”

or who has not hung upon the strains of the love-lorn nightingale, as she poured out her sweet harmony to the moon when the world was asleep ? This is the music of nature, and I doubt not that every living thing is created capable of its enjoyment. There is in nature even a silent music, which Shakspeare has so beautifully described—

“Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :—

There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdst,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.”

yea! all nature abounds in music; and it was wisely ordained that it should be so, for what could be found so fit to tame and soften that rudest and most fierce of all created beings—man?

At all times music is the food of the heart. Are we elated with mirth and conviviality—what can be so becoming to the festive hour as lively and inspiring music? Is the spirit borne down by sorrow and grief, as the heart of Saul was,—call but some minstrel David with his harp, and the dark clouds that have come over will vanish, and the sunshine once more take its place. To the martial strains of music, thousands of warriors arm themselves for the fight, amid the braying of the shrill trumpet, and the roll of the thundering drum. Conflicting nations, inspired with a valour unfelt before, rush headlong to the charge which decides the fate of kingdoms; nay, when the victory is won, music accompanies the victors to their home with joy, and follows to the grave the last relics of the fallen. The peaceful shepherd, as he tends his little flock, soothes his solitude with the warblings of his pipe; and amid the roarings of the tumultuous billows of the deep, the boatswain's whistle cheers the heart of the despairing mariner. To the exile and the wanderer, the songs of his native land are dear in his most dreary hours; they speak to him of his own country, and recall the visions of his home, far away. The worshipper offers up his devotions to his Maker in strains of harmony; and the child, yet incapable of speech, listens with delight to the lullaby that visits his cradle and soothes him to repose.

Over memory, how great is the power of music! it is the master-key which unlocks the chambers of the past. Hours long forgotten, and scenes on which the heart loves to dwell, are often recalled by some simple melody when we have essayed by every other means to bring them back again. The most beautiful description of this power of music is that of Byron, in his death of Haidee, who in her trance could be recalled to consciousness by no means—or induced to recognise anything that was passing around her:—

“ And then a slave bethought her of a harp.
 The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
 At the first notes—irregular and sharp—
 On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
 Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
 Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
 And he began a long low island song,
 Of ancient days—ere tyranny grew strong.

“ Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
 In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,
 And sung of love : the fierce man struck through all
 Her recollection ; on her flashed the dream
 Of what she was and is, if ye could call
 To be so being ; in a gushing stream
 The tears rushed forth from her o’erclouded brain,
 Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.”

Need I remind the reader of the power of music described in the “ Alexander’s Feast” of Dryden ? In short, all poets have written upon, and all men have felt it.

Farther than this, one great poet has placed it among the signs of the goodness or otherwise of a man’s heart.—

“ The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils :
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus—
 Let no such man be trusted.”

And this is, I doubt not, for the most part, a good criterion.

How good a thing, and how much to be desired, is it that music should be cultivated and encouraged—not only among the higher classes of society, but even among the poor. In the present age, knowledge of all kinds in the lower orders of society is making rapid strides—whether for good or ill time only can prove. Of one thing, however, I am sure—that music, go where it will, must tend to elevate a people in the scale of intellectual beings. Efforts of the kind are making now among us by the enterprising exertions of several individuals, and I trust their labours will be crowned with success. Certain I am, that those who cultivate their love of it, open new stores of enjoyment, which can never be taken from them ; and solitary hours, which may now be lonely, may one day be intellectually employed, and from the prince to the peasant a new link formed by an universal and all-pervading love of music.

C. H. H.

EPITAPH.

(From the Greek.)

THIS stone, beloved Sabinus, tells thy fate,
 How small memorial of a love how great.
 My love endureth ; thou thy pledge redeem,
 Nor drink forgetfulness at Lethe’s stream.

G. S. W.

HORACE.—LIB. iii. OD. ix.

HOR. WHEN, Lydia, I was all your own,
And round that lovely neck divine
No other arm more dear was thrown,
A blissful lot indeed was mine.

LYD. When all thy heart was fixed on me,
And Chloë left me not behind,
Oh! then, how blest I used to be,
For you adored—and I was kind.

HOR. Me Chloë now, divinely fair,
Skilled in the harp and song, subdued;
For whom I'd thousand perils dare,
Nor death itself for her refuse.

LYD. And me young Calais' charms enslave,
Whose breast is warmed with mutual glow;
To free him from the gloomy grave,
A double grave I'd undergo.

HOR. What if our former love again,
Though long neglected, should return;
Should I shake off fair Chloë's chain,
And for forsaken Lydia turn?

LYD. Though Calais bright as evening star,
Thou fickle as the wind shouldst be,
Or than the billows stormier far,
I'll live and die alone with thee.

F. L. SMITH.

DIRGE.

OH! mourn for the Muses, on Pindus so lately
Who danced in a ring to Apollo's sweet lyre,
And moved toward the altar with gesture so stately,
A heaven-born, chanting, harmonious quire.

Oh! mourn for the fountain deserted and dry;
Not a drop ever flows the parched herbage to water;
Still Harmony sadly is lingering by
To seek or to weep for her youngest fair daughter.

On the banks of Ilissus the goddess gave birth
To three times three muses—by poets 'tis said;
And where they were born we should hallow the earth,
For the trees of Academy sheltered the maid.

And 'tis told that the maids, ere for ever they fled,
Returned for awhile to their earliest abode,
And the last tears on earth that Divinity shed,
Were dropped on their fav'rite Athenian sod.

S. T. S.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

No. V.

IN the last paper we discovered that in the view of history, which looks to a series of causes and effects, and seeks to establish general laws of moral action, there was a latent danger of losing the sense of the reality and life of the men who come before us, and concluded that this error, if allowed to gain ground, would steal from us all the benefit which we might otherwise have expected. We must now inquire into the remedies which will most effectually meet the case before us. Our object is to preserve a vivid impression of the reality of the scenes which history presents to us, to feel that the actors in them were men, and had human passions and motives like ourselves. It will, I think, appear, that the faculty of imagination is intimately connected with this sentiment, nay, is its very origin and foundation. It enables us to remove ourselves for the moment from the realities around us, and stand among those of by-gone days, as among living men,—to see and feel their presence, to be for the time part of them ; but for its enlivening influence all would be cold and dead,—the brightness of its rays gives animation and reality to the annals of the past. It is no uncommon thing to hear imagination treated as opposed to sober reason, as dealing merely in fiction, and perverting the mind from the contemplation of truth ; it would be more sound to say that it is necessary to the perception of all the highest and noblest truths—that simple reasoning, however clear, can never, without it, attain to the knowledge of the highest objects of which our nature is capable. We must not, because the faculty is abused, too easily condemn it, and rob ourselves of its legitimate uses. It is, then, to a certain vividness of imagination that we must endeavour to attain as we peruse the narratives of history, and it is the nature of such a faculty, as it is perhaps of every other power of the mind, to derive increased strength from exercise, not merely in the particular direction in which it has been employed, but in every action of which it is from its nature capable. On this ground we may recommend the study of poetry as very necessary, or at least highly useful, to the student of history. It does not, indeed, bear directly on his own line of investigation, but it is a most useful discipline to his mind, an admirable corrective for the mental faults which his

study, pursued as I have recommended, might produce. It will impart a vigour and freshness to his conceptions, which will not be lost, as it transfuses itself into his other occupations; the imagination cultivated by the one, will act with new energy in its application to the other. Poetry too is, in its proper character, the setter forth of truth; but it places her before us not merely in outline, but fills up every part, and exhibits her in the most attractive attitudes. The habit of mind formed by the frequent perusal of poetry will not be lost in the severer pursuits of history; it will give to the scenes of the past that life and truth which bring them before us in all the freshness of the present. Thus it is that every study which is generally beneficial to the mind, has a bearing on every other study, and unites with all to form the mental character, and raise it to its proper standard. When the student can combine with the historical investigation of any period the reading of the poetical works which it has produced, he will bring his two pursuits into close connexion and mutual support.

The same remarks will apply in a greater degree to dramatic poetry, inasmuch as it leads us to exercise imagination on the actions of men; the faculty which poetry generally cultivates, it confines more especially to one department, and that of such a nature as to have an immediate connexion with historical pursuits. We have the conceptions of the poet placed before us in a definite form, and may hence learn to embody our own notions of the men of whom we read, and attain a clearer idea of who they are, and how they are moved under the various circumstances of their life. The advantage is tenfold increased when we possess historical dramas, of which the subjects are selected from the times under our own consideration; such as the historical plays of Shakspeare, or the Wallenstein of the great German dramatist. We see what the poet has conceived of the character of each man, we catch his idea of him; we are not bound to adopt it,—nay, we must, if necessary, correct it by our knowledge elsewhere obtained; but this at least we may attain—a lasting impression of the reality of the man, of his common share in human feeling and passion.

Closely allied to dramatic poetry, in its bearing on our present subject, is historical fiction. The study of it is calculated to produce the same effects on the mind. Some perhaps may be startled by the very name of *fiction*, and consider it as synonymous with *falsehood*; yet truth may be taught as well in fiction as in any other method; certainly there is no necessary opposition between

the two. To understand the motives and feelings of men of different characters and under different circumstances of life, is to know truth in regard to man ; and if fiction sets these clearly and faithfully before us, it is teaching us truth, even when we are thinking only of recreation and amusement. True it is, that there are dangers many and subtle connected with this method—perils which, while they are neglected by none, are to some minds so great as to render this pursuit altogether objectionable for them. But, again I repeat it, we must not throw away advantages, known and felt to be such, because there are dangers accompanying them ; at least, if we do so, we must give up all idea of cultivating our minds to the highest standard of intellectual power of which they are capable. But moral good must not be given up to intellectual improvement. True ; but real moral benefit can never be opposed to real intellectual progress, or we must come to the startling conclusion that one of the two is in itself evil ; and we may further assert that no pursuit, which improves the intellect, can *necessarily* cause moral injury : that it may do so is not the fault of the pursuit itself, but of those who enter on it unprepared, or without the consideration of its fitness for themselves. I make these remarks because there are some to whom the very name of fiction carries the idea of deception,—who cannot receive the notion of its connexion with truth in any manner or under any circumstances. From historical fiction, then, as from dramatic writings, the student of history may in part attain that vividness of conception, which we have seen to be so necessary to the right investigation of past events. He must, however, remember that both dramatist and romancer have for their object to captivate his feelings ; and in proportion as he feels himself under their influence, he must be careful to apply the test of reason and experience, or he may, insensibly and with pleasure to himself, be led away from sound and just conclusions. I may hence observe that, if it be not right to reject altogether and for all persons the use of the drama or fiction, they are far more in error who entertain the notion of attaining a knowledge of history by reading at first historical fiction. For persons whose taste is thus formed, the dry facts and calm deductions of historical inquiry, into which we must enter, if we would effect anything, will have no charms ; they will turn from them ; they will never have the means of correcting the false impressions they may have unwittingly received.

These several methods which I have mentioned may be usefully applied for the purpose which we have already seen : there is,

however, one method which stands before them all in its evident utility, namely, the study of history, which unites vividness of narration to calm and philosophical reflection. In those cases we but attained a habit of mind, which we might ourselves apply to our historical studies; in this we have the habit of mind brought into active operation simultaneously with the other faculties, as exerted in the reading of history, and in the pursuit itself which is the object of our study. The combination of these two faculties in the same historian is not often to be found, and we must not reject either, because we find it unsupported by a proper degree of the other; we may learn much from the spirited narrator, as well as from the dry reasoner; we may deem ourselves fortunate indeed, when we find both united in the same man. Such a historian we see in Thucydides. He is not fond of many words; yet he contrives to convey to our minds a vivid impression of the scene which he is describing; we forget the writer in the subject which employs his pen. What could we desire more graphic than his account of the plague of Athens? It is the simple account of an eye-witness, and brings before us the reality with a vividness rarely, if ever, surpassed. In Herodotus we find an admirable *raconteur*, with little of deep thought and reasoning power; Livy presents somewhat of the same character of mind; while Tacitus unites extraordinary spirit in narration to a sound judgment and deep thought, and an epigrammatic terseness of expression which has never been equalled. In modern times, the military history of Colonel Napier possesses, in no small degree, the merit of vivid narration, not unconnected with sound judgment and deep thought, so far as the purely military nature of his subject admits of it. We may point to his account of the final charge of the fusileers in the battle of Albuera, as one of the finest and most spirited pieces of military description extant. I must again allude to the history of the French Revolution by Mr. Alison, as exhibiting in a high degree the union of these two most essential qualities of a historian. He may perhaps be justly accused of an occasional turgidness of style, of a redundancy of expression, which rather weighs down than exalts his style; but the praise of vigour and spirit cannot be denied him. Whether he is narrating the rapid changes and violent passions of the field of battle, or the calm meditation and statesmanlike proceedings of the council or senate, he still leads us to feel with the men who are playing their part before us. Under his guidance we do not merely stand on the elevated bank, and see the

broad stream of human action now gliding gently by us, now thundering and foaming over the rocks which impede it, but are ourselves carried along with the current, at one moment calmly floating on the smooth surface, in the next whirled along the rapid, and feeling the shock and eddy of the waters around us. Again, when he gives himself to philosophize on the events which he has narrated, we see in him the man of thoughtful character, searching out the causes of things, ever seeking to the great principles which lie hid under the ever-varying course of history; and, above all, we see the Christian desirous of setting forth the divine guidance of Providence in every transaction which he notes. I have thus spoken at length of the work of this writer, because, while all acknowledge with a species of customary reverence the merits of a Thucydides or a Tacitus, very many will not see the same qualities in a modern, or avail themselves of the instructions which a contemporary offers for their improvement. If these remarks should lead any person to read and reflect on the history of which I have spoken, they will have been, indirectly at least, not without their use.

We have thus seen some of the means of avoiding the danger attendant on the system of historical study recommended in a previous paper: it may be asked, indeed, whether there be no dangers attendant on this application of the imaginative faculty. Undoubtedly there are; we must ever be careful to keep a proper balance; in every case our motto must still be the old one, "Ne quid nimis."

G. S. W.

FROM HORACE.

No Persian bouquets, boy, for me,
 No garlands of the linden tree.
 Oh! seek not where the hardy rose
 Still blooms amid December's snows.
 Thou need'st not twine a chaplet rare;
 Let simple myrtle bind my hair.
 For thee is simple wreath enow?
 It well may deck thy master's brow,
 While, shaded by his scanty vine,
 At ease he quaffs the rosy wine.

G. S. W.

ANOTHER SEA.

For ever I'd roam on the deep, deep sea,
 With a bark to bear me unguided and free.
 I'd set my sail
 To every gale;
 I'd ride through the tempest right gloriously.
 In the calm, into ocean's depths I'd see,
 And gaze on the treasures
 Its bosom doth hide,
 And seek for its pleasures
 On every side.
 I'd delight in the night, when in wavering light
 The silvery wavelets play;
 And exult as they glittered all golden and bright
 In the beams of the laughing day!

For ever I'd roam on the deep, deep sea,
 With a bark to bear me unguided and free.
 My heart should warm
 In the face of the storm;
 On the sea's wide bosom no sorrow should be,—
 'Twould be joy enough that I rode on the sea.
 In its rage might perish
 My vessel brave;
 Not a thought I'd cherish
 That life might save.
 Let the wave be my grave—none more silent I crave;
 Let my shroud be the rustling sea;
 Yet, withal—think me not to salt-water a slave:—
 Love—an ocean of love—let it be!

HAL.

 FLOWERS AND FROWNS.

THE flowers breathing perfumes of heaven, a bright creation
 born to minister delight, to them alone may tender woman be
 compared. Yet when have flowers frowned?—As the bee that
 nestles in their open cups, robbing them of all their honey, and
 presenting its unlooked-for sting to the caressing hand of love,
 even such is the dark frown when it settles on fair woman's brow.

HAL.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

A Tragedy.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

EMILIA GALOTTI has never, I believe, been translated into English; a matter of no small surprise, since this remarkable tragedy claims no less proud a distinction than that of having completed the reformation of the German taste, and turned its literature into the channel in which it at present flows. The Francomania and the Græcomania, long staggering under the well-directed force of Lessing's powerful criticism, before this specimen of the might of a genuine German spirit, were at length laid prostrate; and the German people, seized with astonishment at the superiority of their own natural powers, as exhibited by this glorious monument of their genius, were for the first time inspired with the desire of possessing a *national* literature. The example set, they laboured with diligence and effect; and it is to the direction given by Lessing to their thoughts, and decided by this specimen of German capabilities,—it is to this that we owe the mighty fabric of which the noble Schiller is the crowning glory. Had not Emilia Galotti been written, it is doubtful whether Don Carlos would have appeared. There is here no space to dwell upon the struggles that Lessing prosecuted, with a giant's force, against the unhealthy influence of the pseudo-classic French: sufficient that he prevailed, and won for himself the glory of being regarded by all posterity as the regenerator of German literature. He pointed out the false conceptions of the classic model by which the French laws of criticism were governed, the lifelessness of the French tragedians; and when Wieland translated Shakspeare he was the first to proclaim with a mighty voice to his countrymen the glories of our immortal bard, and urge them to that zealous study of his works that has since formed so prominent a feature in the German character.

Emilia Galotti is justly looked upon as the first GERMAN tragedy. For the first time events of modern life were substituted for the strange deeds of heroes of antiquity; for the first time a modern court and modern courtiers assumed the place of Grecian or of

Roman monarchs. The bias of Lessing had always been dramatic, his pieces always successful, but they had never given promise of a work like this. By heightening the contrast to render the victory yet more decided between the style against which he combated, and that German spirit he endeavoured to revive,—to point out yet more convincingly that the life of the present day is not beneath the dignity of tragedy,—he abandoned even the fictitious aid of a poetic dress, and wrote his *Emilia* in simple prose.—The change was no loss from bad Alexandrians to a style of which even a French critic has said, that it is so simple and chaste, so apparently without effort, and yet so exquisitely modulated, that while it never appears too elevated for a simple colloquy, we are not once reminded that it is not verse we read; and the same critic places it among the standard models of elegant prose composition.

Neither is the plot, neither are the characters, more beyond nature than the style. Every character is perfectly conceived, and seems to live and breathe before us. The stern, rough virtue of Odoardo, the exquisite delicacy, the simple, lovely purity of Emilia herself—a creature such as only the noblest mind could have conceived—every character, in fact, is presented to us vividly by master strokes.

“*Nathan the Wise*” succeeded “*Emilia Galotti*,” and excited, if possible, a more remarkable sensation, attributable in a degree, no doubt, to its somewhat controversial character: its influence was great, but rather political than literary, in promoting the cause which it advocated—of religious toleration. *Nathan* is generally considered the master piece of Lessing; without question it is a noble poem, but as a drama certainly, ay, and as a work of genius, I must confess a preference for *Emilia Galotti*.

Be this as it may, *Emilia* is the first German tragedy, the foundation of the German literature as we now behold it; this fact gives it a peculiar interest: it is, moreover, a tragedy perfect in its form, unsurpassed in its execution, one of the finest Germany has produced, thoroughly in accordance also with the English taste, and therefore, I think, worthy of translation.

When a gentleman of considerable pretension some time since translated *Nathan the Wise*, all the critics cried out against Lessing for his vulgarity and bad versification. Now *Nathan the Wise*, independently of its graceful thoughts, is written, as all who have read it acknowledge, in the most elegant iambics with which a modern language ever was adorned; but the translation was in the most

wretched doggrel with which a noble monument ever was defiled. The critics read a translation, and fancied they were passing judgment upon Lessing. I mention this lest my own faults should in a similar manner be imputed to him for whom I claim admiration, and earnestly entreat the reader if he find fault with diction not again to commit the injustice of blaming Lessing, whose style is faultless, but the translator, who thus proves himself unequal to his task.

As the acts are not too long, one will be given entire in each number of this magazine, until the completion of the play, which will thus be included within the compass of the present volume.

HAL.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

A Tragedy.

(Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

ODOARDO and

CLAUDIA

} GALOTTI, *Parents of Emilia.*

HETTORE GONZAGA, *Prince of Guastalla.*

MARINELLI, *Chamberlain to the Prince.*

CAMILLO ROTA, *one of the Prince's Advocates.*

CONTI, *a Painter.*

COUNT APPIANI.

COUNTESS ORSINA.

ANGELO, *and several Servants*

ACT I.

(The Scene is in the Cabinet of the Prince.)

SCENE I.—*The PRINCE at a table covered with letters and papers, over some of which he glances hastily.*

Complaints, nothing but complaints! Petitions, nothing but petitions! The melancholy task; and yet men envy us!—Ay truly, if we could but help them all, then were we to be envied.—Emilia? *(opening one of the petitions, and observing the name*

undersigned.) An Emilia? But an Emilia Bruneschi—not Galotti. Not Emilia Galotti! What does she ask, this Emilia Bruneschi? (*Reads.*) Much to require of me; very much. But then she is an Emilia. Be it granted! (*Signs and rings a bell; a Servant enters.*) None of my advocates I suppose are in the ante-chamber?

SERV. No.

PRINCE. I have commenced my day too soon. The morning is so fair, I will ride out. Marquis Marinelli shall be my companion. Let him be called. (*Exit Servant.*) No, I can work no more. I was so quiet, I imagined, so quiet—and suddenly some miserable Bruneschi must call herself Emilia:—gone is my quietude, and all!—

SERV. (*re-entering.*) The marquis has been sent for. And here, a letter from the Countess Orsina.

PRINCE. Orsina? Lay it down.

SERV. Her courier waits.

PRINCE. The answer shall be sent, if answer be required. Where is she? In the town, or at her villa?

SERV. She arrived yesterday in town.

PRINCE. So much the worse—better, I would have said; the courier has the less need to wait. (*Exit Servant.*) My precious Countess! (*bitterly, taking the letter in his hand.*) As good so as read, (*casting it aside again.*)—Ay, well; I once fancied that I loved her! What fancies does one not have sometimes! May be that I have actually loved her. But—I *have*!

SERV. (*re-entering.*) The painter Conti entreats the honour—

PRINCE. Conti? Right opportune; let him enter.—That will put other thoughts into my head. (*Rises.*)

SCENE II.—CONTI. *The PRINCE.*

PRINCE. Good morning, Conti. How live you? How goeth on thine art?

CON. Prince, mine art goeth after bread.

PRINCE. That must it not; that shall it not,—assuredly not in my small territory.—But the artist must not fear to labour.

CON. Labour? That is his delight. Only too much labour may ruin him the name of artist.

PRINCE. I mean not many things; but much: a little; but with industry.—You come not empty-handed, Conti?

CON. I bring the portrait which your grace commanded ; and bring another you did not command, but because it is well worthy to be looked at—

PRINCE. The first one is?—Surely I forget—

CON. The Countess Orsina.

PRINCE. True!—The commission is of somewhat old standing.

CON. Our fair ladies are not every day to be painted. The Countess has, during these three months, been able to decide once only upon sitting.

PRINCE. Where are the pieces?

CON. In the antechamber. I will fetch them.

SCENE III.—*The PRINCE.*

Her picture!—let it be! Her picture, at all events, is not herself; and perhaps I shall recognise in this picture, what in the person I no longer can detect. But I will not recognise it.—The tiresome painter, I really believe she has wounded him.—And were it so! If another picture painted with other colours on another ground, made room for her again within my heart, verily, I think I should be well content. When I loved her, I was always so light, so gay, so careless,—now I am exactly the reverse.—But no no, no! More at ease, or less at ease, best as I am.

SCENE IV.—*The PRINCE. CONTI, with the Pictures, one of which he places with its face concealed against a stool.*

CON. (*arranging the other picture.*) I entreat, Prince, that you will take into consideration the limits of our art. Much that is most attractive in beauty, lies entirely beyond its boundaries.—View it from hence!—

PRINCE (*after looking at it for a short time.*) Excellent, Conti;—most excellent!—That doth credit to your art, your pencil. But flattered, Conti; most eternally flattered!

CON. The original did not seem to be of that opinion; and in fact, there is no more flattery than art must always use. Our art must paint as plastic nature,—if there be such a thing,—had conceived the picture, without the falling off that bad material makes unavoidable; without the spoliation wherewith time struggles against it.

PRINCE. The reflecting artist is most valuable. But the original, you say, found notwithstanding—

CON. Pardon me, Prince. The original is a personage who commands my respect and reverence. I had no intention of speaking in her disparagement.

PRINCE. Do so as much as you please!—And what said the original?

CON. I am content, said the Countess, if I be no uglier.

PRINCE. No uglier?—Oh, the veritable original!

CON. And said that with an air, of which I am free to confess the picture bears no trace—not a suspicion.

PRINCE. Exactly as I thought; that is the very point in which I find the eternal flattery. Oh, I know it—that proud, scornful air, that would deform the very graces!—I do not deny that a pretty mouth, that slightly curls in ridicule, is not seldom thereby made the prettier. But then, mark well, but slightly: the curl must not dilate into a grimace, as with this Countess. And eyes must be on watch over the merry quiz—eyes, such as the good Countess certainly has not, not even in the picture.

CON. Your grace, I am astonished—

PRINCE. And whereat? All the good that art could make out of the great, projecting, staring, stupid Medusa eyes of the Countess, that you have done, Conti, honestly.—Honestly, said I? Not so honestly, were more honest. For say yourself, Conti, whether out of this picture the character of the person might be drawn? And yet so it should be. Pride you have converted into dignity, scorn into smiles, inclination for dull-witted extravagance into soft melancholy.

CON. (*somewhat vexed.*) Ah, my Prince, we painters calculate that the finished picture will find the lover still as warm as when he ordered it. We paint with eyes of love: eyes of love then only ought to judge us.

PRINCE. Ay, well, Conti;—wherefore came you not with it a month earlier?—Put it aside.—What is the other piece?

CON. (*bringing it forward, and holding it still reversed.*) Another woman's portrait.

PRINCE. Then at once I would wish—I would rather not see it; for the ideal here (*with the finger on his forehead*), or rather here (*the finger on his heart*), it certainly will never equal.—I should prefer, Conti, to admire your art in other efforts.

CON. An art worthier of admiration certainly there is; but, most certainly, no object worthier to be admired than this.

PRINCE. Then would I wager, Conti, 'tis the artist's mistress, and no less.—(*As the artist turns the picture*) What do I see? Your work this, Conti? or the work of my own imagination? Emilia Galotti!

CON. How, my Prince? And do you know this angel?

PRINCE (*seeking to collect himself, but without turning his eye from the picture.*) A half acquaintance, sufficient to know when I see her that it is she.—It is some weeks since I met her mother in a *veggia*. Since then I have met her only in sacred places, where to look much is not becoming.—I know her father too: he is not friendly to me. It was he that chiefly opposed me in my claims to Sabionetta—An old warrior;—proud and rough; but trusty and good withal!

CON. The father! But it is the daughter here!

PRINCE. By Heaven! as if stolen from the mirror! (*his eyes still fixed upon the picture.*) Oh, you know well, Conti, that the artist is then only rightly praised, when over his work our praise is all forgotten.

CON. At the same time this picture has left me very dissatisfied with myself. And yet, again, I am well content to be dissatisfied.—Ah! that we cannot paint immediately with the eyes! In the long road from the eye through the arm to the pencil, how very much is lost! But, as I say, that I know what here is lost, and how it was lost, and why it was necessarily lost: thereof it is that I am proud, and prouder than I am of all that I have preserved. For therefrom, rather than from this merely, I perceive that I am really a great painter; and that it is not always my hand. Or do you think, Prince, that Raphael would not have been the greatest genius among painters had he been born unfortunately without hands? Do you think so, Prince?

PRINCE (*looking up only a moment from the picture.*) What said you, Conti? What did you desire to know?

CON. Oh, nothing, nothing! Random talk! Your soul, I see, was all seated in your eyes. I love such souls, and such eyes.

PRINCE, (*with forced coldness.*) You calculate, it seems, Conti, that Emilia Galotti may really be accounted one among the chief beauties of our town?

CON. It seems?—One? One among the chief? and the chief of our town? You are jesting with me, Prince. Or, all this time, you have seen as little as you have heard.

PRINCE. My dear Conti,—(*his eyes again bent upon the picture,*)

how can any one of us venture to trust his eyes? Properly speaking, the painter only can determine upon beauty.

CON. And every man's emotion should first wait for a painter's license? To the cloisters with him who would learn of us what is beautiful! But yet I must tell you this, my Prince, as a painter, it is one of the greatest blessings of my life that Emilia Galotti has sat to me. This head, this face, this forehead, these eyes, this nose, this mouth, this breast, this growth, this whole form, are henceforth my only study of a woman's beauty. The picture itself for which she sat, her absent father has. But this copy—

PRINCE (*turning quickly towards him.*) Well, Conti?—is not already promised?

CON. Is for you, Prince, if it suit your taste.

PRINCE. Taste!—(*smiling.*) This your study of a woman's beauty, Conti, what better could I do than make it mine as well? There, yonder portrait take back with you, to put a frame round it.

CON. Very well!

PRINCE. As fine, as rich as carver can design it. It shall be fixed in the gallery. But this—remains here. We make not so much circumstance with a study: neither do we hang it up; but prefer having it at hand. I thank you, Conti; I thank you right heartily. And as I said, in my dominions must the art not go about seeking bread;—until, at least, I myself have none.—Send, Conti, to my treasurer, and obtain payment in full for both the portraits,—as much as you please. As much as you please, Conti.

CON. Shall I not fear, my Prince, that you will soon be thus rewarding something else than art?

PRINCE. Oh for the jealous artist! No, no!—Hear me, Conti; as much as you please. [*Exit CONTI.*]

SCENE V.—*The PRINCE.*

As much as he pleases!—(*Towards the picture.*) Thee I possess at every price too cheaply. Ah! lovely work of art, is it true that thou art mine?—Whose shouldst thou be, lovelier masterwork of Nature!—What you please for her, kind-hearted mother! What you please, old Discontent! Ask only! Do ye but ask!—But with the most delight, enchantress, would I purchase thee of thine own self! This eye, full of every charm, of love and modesty! This mouth!—and when it parts to

speak!—when it smiles! This mouth! I hear steps. As yet I am too envious with thee. (*Placing the picture with its face against the wall.*) It must be Marinelli. Would that he had not been called. What a morning might I have!

SCENE VI.—MARINELLI. *The PRINCE.*

MAR. Your grace will pardon me. I was not prepared for so early a command.

PRINCE. I had a fancy for riding: the morning was so fair. It is more cloudy now, and the fancy is gone. (*After a short silence.*) What news have we, Marinelli?

MAR. Nothing of importance, that I know. The Countess Orsina returned yesterday to town.

PRINCE. Here lies already her good morrow, (*pointing to the letter,*) or what else it may contain! I am not curious. You have spoken with her?

MAR. Am I not, unfortunately, in her confidence? But if ever again I accept confidence from a lady who takes it into her head in good earnest to fall in love with you, Prince, may—

PRINCE. No swearing, Marinelli!

MAR. Yes—really, Prince—would it might come! Oh, then the Countess may not be so entirely in the wrong.

PRINCE. By all means; very much in the wrong! My approaching marriage with the Princess of Massa absolutely requires that I at once break off all such acquaintanceships.

MAR. If that were all, Orsina might then be as well pleased with her fate, as is the Prince with his.

PRINCE. A fate harder than hers, unquestionably. My heart becomes the sacrifice of miserable state interests. Hers she has only to take back—she need not give it away against her inclination.

MAR. Take back? Why take it back, the Countess asks, if there be nothing more than a wife to whom by politics, not love, the Prince has been conducted? Beside such a wife the beloved one still may find her place. Not the being sacrificed to such a wife is what she fears, but—

PRINCE. To a new beloved? Well, then, would you make a crime out of this, Marinelli?

MAR. I? Oh, prithee confound me not, my Prince, with the foolish woman whose words I bear—from pity bear; for yesterday,

in good truth, she moved me strangely. She would not say one word of her feelings towards you. She would pretend herself to be quite careless and cold. But in the midst of the most indifferent conversation, one turn, one reference or another escaped her that betrayed her martyred heart. With the gayest manners she said the most melancholy things; and again, the most laughable absurdities with the saddest mien. She has taken refuge among books, and I fear they will make an end of her.

PRINCE. Even as she also gave the first blow to her little share of understanding.—But that which chiefly made me leave her, you do not think to employ, Marinelli, for the purpose of bringing me back to her bondage? If she become foolish through love, surely she would have grown so, sooner or later, even without love. And now, enough of her. Of something else! Is there then nothing going on in the town?

MAR. As good as nothing; for that the Count Appiani will to-day be married,—is not much more than nothing.

PRINCE. The Count Appiani? and with whom then? I never heard that he was engaged.

MAR. The affair is kept very quiet. And, indeed, there was not much to make a noise about. You will laugh, Prince; but so it is with the susceptible! Love always plays them the worst tricks. A girl without property or rank has found means to entangle him in her net,—with a little deception; but with much parade of virtue, and feeling, and wit, and how can I know what beside?

PRINCE. A man who can so entirely yield himself to the impressions that innocence and beauty make, without need of second considerations,—I had thought he was rather to be envied than to be laughed at. And by what name is the fortunate damsel known?—For with all this is Appiani—I know well that you, Marinelli, can endure him as little as he you—with all this, he is a most worthy young man, a handsome man, a rich man, a man most honourable. I have much wished that I could attach him to me. I shall still think of it.

MAR. If it be not too late; for, so far as I hear, it is by no means his plan to make his fortune at court. He departs with his mistress for his own valleys of Piedmont, to hunt the chamois on the Alps, and train marmots. What better can he do? Here, by the bad match he makes, his fortune is decided. The first circles of society are closed against him.

PRINCE. Pish! with your first circles! in which ceremony,

restraint, ennui, and not unfrequently poverty, hold rule. But name her then, this maiden to whom he brings so great a sacrifice.

MAR. It is a certain Emilia Galotti.

PRINCE. How, Marinelli? A certain—

MAR. Emilia Galotti.

PRINCE. Emilia Galotti? It cannot be!

MAR. Your grace may rely upon it.

PRINCE. No, I tell you that it is not; it cannot be. You are mistaken in the name. The race of Galotti is abundant. A Galotti it may be; but not Emilia Galotti; not Emilia!

MAR. Emilia—Emilia Galotti!

PRINCE. Then there is another one who bears both names. You said, besides, a certain Emilia Galotti—a certain. Of the right one none but a fool could speak like that—

MAR. You are beside yourself, gracious Prince. Know you then this Emilia?

PRINCE. With permission, Marinelli, I have to ask, not you.—Emilia Galotti? the daughter of the General Galotti, at Sabionetta?

MAR. The very same.

PRINCE. Who lives here in Guastalla with her mother?

MAR. The very same.

PRINCE. Not far from the church of All Saints?

MAR. The very same.

PRINCE. In one word (*springing to the portrait and placing it in Marinelli's hand*). There!—This? This Emilia Galotti?—Answer me once more with thine accursed 'the very same,' and thrust the dagger into my heart!

MAR. The very same.

PRINCE. Confusion! This? This Emilia Galotti will to-day be—

MAR. Countess Appiani! (*The Prince tears the picture from Marinelli's hand and casts it on one side.*) The marriage takes place privately on her father's estate, near Sabionetta. Towards noon mother and daughter, the Count, and perhaps a couple of friends, travel thitherward.

PRINCE (*casting himself in agitation in a chair.*) Then am I lost! Then will I not live!

MAR. But what ails your grace?

PRINCE (*hurrying towards him.*) Traitor! What ails me?—Well then, I love her; I adore her. Might you not know it? Might you not long since have known it, all of you, for whom rather I should still bear through an eternity the disgracing chains of

the mad Orsina ! But that you, Marinelli, who so often assured me of your heart-felt friendship—oh, a prince hath no friend ! can have no friend ;—that you, you could so faithlessly, so maliciously hide from me, until this moment, the danger with which my love was threatened : if ever I forgive you that,—may never one of my sins be forgiven !

MAR. I can scarce find words, Prince,—even would you allow me to speak them,—to express my astonishment. You love Emilia Galotti ? Vow then against vow : if ever I knew aught—the least—of this love, the least suspected, then may never angel or holy one know aught of me ! In the soul of Orsina I would have vowed the same. Her suspicion is upon a far different track.

PRINCE. Pardon me, then, Marinelli, (*embracing him,*) and pity me.

MAR. Lo, now, Prince ! behold the fruits of your reserve ! “ Oh, princes have no friend, can have no friend ! ” And the reason, if it be true ? Because they will not have one.—To-day they honour us with their confidence, share with us their most secret wishes, open their whole souls ; and to-morrow we are again as strange to them, as though we never had exchanged a word.

PRINCE. Ah, Marinelli, how could I entrust to you that which I scarcely acknowledged to myself ?

MAR. And have confessed then by so much the less to the authoress of your distress.

PRINCE. To her ? All my labour has been in vain to speak with her a second time.

MAR. And the first time—

PRINCE. I spoke with her——Oh, I am losing reason ! And I am to tell you a long tale ?—You see me a victim to the waves ; why do you question me how I came to be so ? Rescue me, if you can, and question afterwards.

MAR. Rescue ? is there much to be rescued ? What your grace has delayed acknowledging to Emilia Galotti, confess it now to Countess Appiani. Merchandise we cannot obtain from the first hand we purchase then of the second : and such merchandise are with the second often so much cheaper.

PRINCE. Seriously, Marinelli, seriously, or—

MAR. I confess, by so much worse—

PRINCE. You lose all shame !

MAR. And then the Count carries her out of your domains.—Yes, then must we strike upon some other plan.

PRINCE.—And upon what?—Best, dearest Marinelli, think you for me. What would you do, were you in my place?

MAR. Above all things, regard a trifle as but a trifle still; and tell myself that I would not be in vain, what I am—the master.

PRINCE. Flatter me not with a power, of which in this case I can see no use.—To-day, say you? even to-day?

MAR. To-day—it will be done; and only things already done are beyond the reach of counsel. (*After a little reflection,*) Will you grant to me free powers, Prince? Will you confirm all that I may do?

PRINCE. All, Marinelli, all, that can avert this stroke.

MAR. Then let us lose no time.—But you must not stay in town. Go at once to your villa, by Dosalo. The road to Sabionetta passes it. If I do not succeed in immediately distancing the Count, I think—Yet stay; I think in this case we are certain. Will you not send, Prince, on account of your marriage, an ambassador to Massa? Let the Count be this ambassador, with the condition that he depart at once.—You understand?

PRINCE. Excellent!—but carry it into effect. Go, speed! I mount immediately for Dosalo. [*Exit MARINELLI.*]

SCENE VII.—*The PRINCE.*

Immediately! immediately!—Where did I leave it?—(*looking for the portrait.*) Upon the ground? that was too bad! (*raising it.*) But gaze upon it!—I must gaze upon it no more.—Why should I press the arrow yet more deeply into my wound? (*lays it aside.*) Pined, sighed have I, long enough,—longer than I should: but nothing done! and through this delicate inactivity, within a hair of losing all!—And were all lost?—Should Marinelli not succeed?—Why do I put my faith in him alone? I remember, about this hour, (*looking at his watch,*) about this very hour, the pious maiden is in the habit of going every morning to hear mass, with the Dominicans.—What if I sought there to speak with her?—Yet to-day, to-day, upon her wedding-day,—to-day, when other things beside the mass lie at her heart.—Yet, who can tell?—It is a chance.—(*Rings, and as he hastily gathers together some of the papers on the table, the Servant enters.*) Order the carriage.—Is not one of my advocates arrived?

SERV. Camillo Rota.

PRINCE. Let him enter. (*Exit Servant*) But detain me he must not. Not this time!—Gladly another day will I remain so much the longer at the service of his deliberations.—Ay, there was the petition of an Emilia Bruneschi.—(*Seeking it.*) 'Tis this.—But, good Bruneschi, where your friendly—

SCENE VIII.—CAMILLO ROTA, *papers in his hand.* The
PRINCE.

PRINCE. Come, Rota, come.—Here are what I have opened this morning. Not much that is consoling!—You will see readily yourself what should be subscribed to them.—Take them, then.

CAMILLO. Very good, my Prince.

PRINCE. Yet another here, is the petition of an Emilia Gallott—Bruneschi I would say.—True, I have already signed assent. But yet—the matter is no trifle—let its ratification be postponed: Or not postponed—which you please.

CAMILLO. Not as I please, your grace.

PRINCE. What else is there? something to sign?

CAMILLO. A death-warrant is to be signed.

PRINCE. Right gladly.—Give it me! quick!

CAMILLO (*surprised, and gazing earnestly at the Prince.*) A death-warrant—I said.

PRINCE. Yes, I hear you.—It might have been done by this time. I am in haste.

CAMILLO (*looking among his writings.*) I have not it with me, I find!—Your grace will pardon me.—It can be postponed until the morrow.

PRINCE. That also!—Pack now together: I must hence.—Tomorrow, Rota, I will have more leisure! [*Exit.*]

CAMILLO (*shaking his head as he collects the papers and departs.*) Right gladly?—A death-warrant right gladly?—I could not have let him sign it in this moment, had it been for the murderer of my only son.—Right gladly! right gladly!—It pierces me to the soul, this terrible Right gladly!

(*End of Act I.*)

NOTES BY THE WAY.

WE have thought it expedient to substitute for our Literary Notices, such notes upon topics of the day as may be consistent with our character, and possess more than a temporary interest.

These "Notes" will refer always to that topic of conversation during the past month which shall appear most worthy of illustration;—not to the mere talk of an hour, or the trivial fashions of the day; nor to that more protracted, if not altogether eternal, talk of Corn Laws and Customs, or any other laws and customs which, by much talking, can conveniently be mystified. We have often considered, in case a great genius should arise whose resplendent powers of reason could be sufficient to convince every man of the real right and wrong of the Corn Law question, the Poor Law question, the Ireland question, and all the other questions,—what all the male gossips would have left to talk about. Doubtless the common interchange of convictions on the state of the weather would then be necessarily prolonged, and men would divaricate, when they met, into the theory of the winds, meteorites, and lunar volcanics. This by the way. To return to our "Notes."—Once a month, we will hope, the world gains a fashion to converse on something which has really, independent of controversy, an enduring interest. This one topic, whatever it may be, we shall seek for. Last month we found

THE STABAT MATER.

Towards the conclusion of the fourteenth century, an unusual torrent of religious feeling poured over the whole of Europe. Taking its rise in the south of France, it seems to have spread from thence over Spain, Germany, and Italy, with inconceivable rapidity. Before its mighty flow all the interests of earth were swept away—trade, politics, neglected; whole towns and villages were deserted by their inhabitants, who wandered, clothed in white, as pilgrims to the holy shrine. Ballads and love-songs were forgotten or laid aside, and holy hymns were studied in their place. It was in this period that the "Stabat Mater" was composed. The name of its author is unknown. Some have asserted it, upon no authority whatever, to be an early work of Petrarch; but it does not need so absurd a theory, or so great a name, to recommend the "Stabat Mater." The subject of this noble hymn is one of the finest that can be imagined;—the tender mother of the Saviour of mankind, weeping at the cross's foot, and gazing, with bitter lamentation, on the agonies of her expiring son. This is a subject, not for mere poetry, but piety, to treat; and earnest, zealous piety of a nature such as—nothing less—the religious enthusiasm of that age might have produced. This, too, is most evidently the qualification possessed by the unknown author of the "Stabat." The earnest simplicity, the deep trembling tone of feeling breathed in every word, tell of a heart painfully impressed with the magnificence of the event it is contemplating. In the line, "Et mœrebat, et dolebat, cum videbat," &c., what deep emotion of the writer does not its very rhythm convey! And to melody as simple and as touching, we may conceive this hymn first to have been sung.

It was not until the commencement of the eighteenth century that the "Stabat Mater" was made a subject of studied composition. Pergolese, a young

Florentine artist, having made himself master of all the ponderous laws by which the science of music was at that time oppressed, yielded himself up to the dictates of his own imagination, and composed the exquisite melodies his soul conceived, in perfect retirement from and independence of the world. His compositions met with no success. The change to such perfect simple harmony was too great for an ear long accustomed to admire more labyrinthine compositions, and Pergolese was neglected. After his death, however, full justice was awarded. Unsuccessful operas were revived with magnificence, and applauded to the echo—an honour that had been denied to the most popular composers. His style was lauded—imitated; composition flowed in a new channel, and Pergolese is now admitted to form an epoch in the history of music. Exquisitely plaintive melody forms the character of this composer. In early life, he died of a decline. One of his last works (we believe it was the last but one) written shortly previous to his death, was the “Stabat Mater,” the most celebrated of his compositions. In it he has poured forth all his characteristic pathos in a torrent of the richest melody. The feelings of the hearer are carried away, throughout the whole, in tearful emotion; and at the end, by a beautiful conception, the “Amen,” dying away, and yet renewed within itself, seems unable to suppress its lamentation, sighing and weeping for the afflicted mother, with a sympathy it strives, yet is unable, to restrain.

Since the time of Pergolese, various other musicians have composed a Stabat Mater; but the peculiar character of the author's mind infused into the first has caused it to remain unequalled.

The “Stabat” of Haydn was performed in England but with only temporary success.

The last, and most celebrated, has been the “Stabat Mater” of Rossini, at present being performed in London, with a degree of applause dependent entirely upon the favourable prejudice that aids a work which abroad has been so decidedly triumphant. London has not, however, greeted Rossini's “Stabat Mater” with the enthusiasm that was anticipated, although a high meed of approbation in justice could not be denied. The characters of Pergolese and Rossini draw the true distinction between their respective works. The one, a man whose soul was melody, raised to heavenly meditation by the knowledge that his days were numbered, and that disease was at his side, leading him to an early and a certain grave—melancholy, too, as one whose well-founded hopes have been blighted by ignorance and prejudice; the other, equally filled with purest melody, but accustomed to live the admired of all in the gayest whirl of society—the man of the world, the man of pleasure. Rossini's operas are beyond the reach of censure; his “Stabat” is the work of an accomplished master, with all the melody his theme requires, but none of the devotion. We listen with delight; yet, the while, our hearts are cold. Not a solemn thought does it awaken; no thought, in fact, beyond admiration of the music; and the “Amen” inspires us not with that: though, if not, like Pergolese's, lamenting, it certainly is lamentable—as a failure.

It has been fabled that Pergolese met with his death, as he was coming out of the cathedral, from the sword of a rival composer, who had been struck with envy on listening to the “Stabat Mater.” Unfortunately for poetry, this is altogether untrue; else what a glorious death—to have expired with the last mournful tones of his own offering to Heaven solemnly dying on his ears!

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SEPTEMBER, 1842.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

TREATS OF THREE MIDNIGHT VISITORS TO THE RUINS OF ELLERTON CASTLE.

BEFORE we proceed, it is demanded that we state certain facts relative to the preceding chapters, which, no doubt, the reader has already supplied out of the private funds of his own imagination.

When Kate Westrill was carried off by Simon Byre before the eyes of Annette de Vermont, Annette, so soon as she had recovered from her surprise, hurried back to alarm the house, and call the inmates to her rescue. Heringford, Mat Maybird, and Sir Hubert de St. Fay, followed immediately in pursuit, leaving to De Vermont the duties of the master, and Willie Bats, as much by his own desire as by the especial commands of his Cicely, followed also, to do his best for the recovery of Kate Westrill. Mat Maybird led them to the cave;—how they found it, and what induced them to suspect that the conspirators were there, what little we quoted of the old chronicles of Ellerton has been sufficient to explain; they remained therefore in the village, at Heringford's cottage.

Now, in that same night to which the events of the last two chapters are referred, Willie Bats dreamed a dream,—and the dream was a dream of a treasure,—and the treasure was concealed among the ruins of Ellerton Castle. Awaking after this dream,

and observing that it was bright moonlight, he considered it would be more profitable to seek this treasure, than to turn himself to sleep again in idleness. So Willie Bats arose, and the noise he made while searching about the cottage for a pickaxe and a spade, aroused Mat Maybird. Mat guessed, for he knew by experience the idea with which Willie was possessed; and calling to Heringford,—for he needed not to awaken one to whom by misery sleep had been denied,—proposed to follow the treasure-hunter, for the perpetration of any jest, to which occasion might give opportunity. Edward had but little thought of jesting, yet he arose; for he had long been weary of his bed, and thought to find, perhaps, under the canopy of heaven, the peace which sleep would not afford. When, therefore, Willie had found the pickaxe and departed, Mat Maybird and Edward followed. Willie bent his steps directly towards the castle, but as they passed beneath the cliff, Mat Maybird discovered Kate Westrill in her perilous position, and Mat and Heringford were thenceforth occupied in the more important adventure recently narrated. Willie Bats, therefore, went on his way alone, and when he had arrived at the castle ruins, proceeded immediately to the spot indicated by his dream, without staying for an instant to moralize on the long shadows that the moonlight cast, the light that streamed from the windows as though the grim ruin had regained its tenants, or indeed on anything at all, except so far upon the moon as to observe that it fortunately permitted him to carry on his work without a lanthorn.

Placing his cap—the immortal camlet, which he considered not as yet worn out, although he did promise himself a new one on his wedding day—placing his cap very carefully upon a stone, and tucking up his sleeves, Willie Bats commenced work in good earnest; down lightly glanced his spade into the earth, and he raised it heavy with a heap of stones; and stones, and stones, and stones rose to a mountain by his side as he laboured indefatigably.

“This treasure lieth deep,” said Willie, without a shadow of despair; “oh, charming Cicely, for thy sake could I but succeed! With one treasure,—I would seek no more,—how happily might we live together! Invigorated by the thought, Willie still laboured, but in vain. Willie might have whistled, for he knew a tune,—he had compounded one out of the combined melody of three slow ditties and two quick ones, together with the words of four that were exceedingly lively; but he did not whistle it, so busily

was he engaged—so busily, that he did not see the otherwise remarkable old lady who was looking on upon his operations.

“This treasure——eh? Who are you?”

To save ourselves a description we will name her—Jessamine. Willie Bats looked at the hag in undisguised astonishment.

“Thou seekest treasures here?” said she.

Willie was afraid to speak, for he was thinking about ghosts, and so he nodded his assent.

“Go, then,—go, stranger!—There is none here now. Once, when this castle stood, proud and erect, there was a treasure in it,—now it is lost—lost now! And he who owned it seeks, and seeks in vain.” The hag shook her head, partly with palsy, partly with feelings that seemed compounded of sadness and exultation. Willie did not examine them minutely; he thought the spirit came to tell him of a treasure, and his heart leapt as he thought next of Cicely.

“Where is it?” cried he, eagerly, and so loudly, that even Jessamine could hear; “where is it? Only tell me where?” The withered arm of the old crone pointed to the chapel, “There!—there is a tomb there, simple and broken as was the heart of her it holds,—there lies the treasure!—Wouldst know what it is?—Dust and corruption, man; in those old times, a girl,—a lovely girl!”

Willie thought the ghost talked unpleasantly, and desired to depart; Jessamine seemed to favour his desire.

“Go,” said she, “there is nought here worth searching for—there is no treasure now!”

The old woman hid her face within her hands, and continued long in silence. When she looked up again, Willie was gone; but there was another whom she saw passing in the moonlight among the ruins—he came near her soon—Sir Richard Ellerton.

“Ha!” shrieked Jessamine, “comest thou too to seek thy treasures here! Welcome, old master; I have bade thee, ere now, welcome to the castle; and I have bade thee too adieu!”

Sir Richard Ellerton turned pale, but strove to suppress his emotions.

“I thought thou hadst perished,” he replied; “cross not my path.”

“Didst hope that I had perished?” replied the woman; “but the hopes of the wicked man are seldom justified.”

“Canst preach to me, too, Jessamine?” replied Sir Richard, “and that within these walls, mocking thine own iniquity? Jessamine,

look even here!—What room was this within whose ruins we now stand? was it not here, hag, that thine accursed lies were poured into my ear? Here, Jessamine, didst thou utter forth the pestilential breath that blasted the fair love I had for Beatrice. And here knelt she; knelt she—the pure and virtuous—before thee, thou devil!—bade thee tremble at thy falsehood, pity the heart that never thought thee harm. She spurned thee here, at last; and then, with vengeance in thine eye, here was the counsel given that thy black heart prompted. There, there stood Jessamine, and poured the poison out, now sits she here and taunts me with my crime!”

“Speak fairly, master,” replied Jessamine, “I cannot hear thee, but by thy face I think thou speakest ill. Be wary, for if I betray——”

Sir Richard grasped her arm and shouted in her ear, “Jessamine, betray—but we must die together—mind, they will put thee to the rack——”

“Think not, master, by alarming me that thou wilt save thyself,” replied Jessamine. “But fear not yet,—I do not think to harm thee; only, Sir Richard, see thou use me well; and—for I would have thee quake—remember this, that I am but a rock of sand to build upon.”

Thus speaking, and shaking herself free, Jessamine left Sir Richard among the ruins.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

THE BROTHER'S DEATH.

SIR HUBERT DE ST. FAY until the next morning was ignorant of the occurrences of the night, since all the actors had been too intent upon their own schemes to think of any but themselves. In the morning, however, he was informed of what had happened, which filled him with the greatest joy. But the pleasure of all parties was clouded by the fear that Kate Westrill never might recover; and the intelligence which they received from Father Francis was but little calculated to dispel their dread. Kate had slept, but without refreshment, and was still insensible to all that passed around her; living only in her own delusions.

Under these circumstances Sir Hubert thought it most advisable at once to carry into effect a design which he had entertained of journeying to London. Heringford would only be harassed by daily hearing of Kate's health; returning after a few days he might be sensible of her improvement. - She could not be better than under the care of Father Francis; the presence of others was unnecessary. Willie Bats, however, thought of Cicely to wait on her, and Sir Hubert acquiesced in the propriety of the idea; Willie, therefore, was despatched to Carnwood upon Preto's juvenile successor, a little pony presented to him by Sir Hubert, which was bidding fair to rival, in his master's estimation, the glories of his ardent predecessor. At the same time Willie was to request De Vermont to continue to supply Sir Hubert's place, and perform among the tenantry those daily duties in which he formerly had taken share. (We may here observe that Willie's tale of the castle ghost had obtained no credit as more than a mere dream, more especially as he had thought himself entitled by the nature of the subject to garnish it with an *ad libitum* running accompaniment of thunder and lightning, subterranean fire, groans, &c. The hint, therefore, on which Edward and his friends might have acted, had they suspected Jessamine was near, was allowed to be passed over with neglect.)

Contrary to his own wishes, but in obedience to the force of reasoning, Heringford accompanied Sir Hubert to London, and Mat Maybird went too, urged much by curiosity, for he had been told that there was business on foot between himself and his majesty, King Henry.

"What on earth," said Mat Maybird, as they journeyed, "can Rex Henricus Quintus want with me?"

"He is in thy debt," said Sir Hubert, "for much service done in France, and——"

"And"—continued Mat—"and will he knight me?—and if so, what shall I be then?"—

"Sir Matthew Maybird."

"Sir Matthew!—Pah!—Let the king or any man dare to call me Matthew!"

"Treason, Mat! treason!"

"Worse treason Matthew, by far!"

We will not linger over the days spent in London:—Sir Hubert took his friends to court, where King Henry for the first time saw in the brave soldier Bruton, de St. Fay also, the benevolent land-

lord, whose praises, among the tales his daily suppliants brought to him, he had often heard. Edward was urged to more frequent attendance upon court, where favour waited for him; and to Mat Maybird was offered the indignity of knighthood, which he had dreaded on the road,—an indignity that he would by no means suffer to be put upon him.

“May it please you, sire,” urged he, “that can be no honour which shall change me into a Matthew.—If I be a knight they say men will tease me with their Sir Matthew, and—by all the saints in Christendom, I love better to be styled plain Mat!”

King Henry laughed and would not violate Mat Maybird’s feelings as he asked what other boon he might confer?

“May it please your Majesty,” said Mat, kneeling, “a young lady once petitioned you for her father’s freedom, and her name was Annette de Vermont.”

“Ay, by my faith,” said the king, “and a forward lady too! She had as little reverence as thou, plain Mat, for the sanctity of our throne and person, thought she demeaned herself, forsooth, in kneeling as a woman before man, though he were royal; yet a fair lass withal.—Well, what of her?”

“I love her, sire,—she is above me in station.”

“And thou wouldst be mated as equally in that respect as surely ye will be in manners,” replied Henry, laughing. “Rise, Mat, thou shalt have thy wish;—but, methinks, in the lady’s eyes the knighthood——”

“Nay, by St. Peter,” interrupted Mat, “she would laugh at me for ever, if I answered to the name of Matthew!”

Passing onward to the next occurrence to be noted we find the travellers on their return to Ellerton after a few days’ absence, in the wood beside Joe Bensal’s cottage.

“Be on your guard!” cried Sir Hubert, “we are waylaid!” Six armed men in masks leapt from among the bushes into the road before them.

“Strangers these!” said Mat Maybird, “or they would not come with such a paltry six against us.”

“If that be the criterion,” exclaimed Heringford, “they know us well—for lo!” Six more sprang into the road behind them.

“Cowardly souls they must have,” cried Mat, “to think of cutting off retreat, as though they believed soldiers and gentlemen could run away! The odds are for us still. Now, Edward, now!” as a bolt from a cross-bow whizzed beside his ear; “there is the

signal—think of Harfleur!—the passage of the ford—the Paris riot—Paris and Burgundy—think of such glorious days of old, while we scare this miserable set of mongrels from our path!”

Mat urged his horse against them, and two were overthrown by the suddenness of the shock; the third was one that fled without a blow.

“By all the aspens, there flies Spenton!” exclaimed Mat, knocking down a fourth to make way for following in pursuit of the coward; but he had taken horse, and it was in vain; so Mat turned to assist Edward, who had reduced the number of his opponents to but three:—Sir Hubert acted after the first impulse only on the defensive.

“Strike this one,—this!” cried a man who clung to Edward’s horse, “fifty marks for him whose blade doth me good service here.” He himself endeavoured to strike, but he was faint and severely wounded, Heringford therefore shook him off with ease. But two remained: one beside the man who still directed against Edward his unavailing strength, and that one meditated flight. When first the wounded man saw that he must yield, he entreated of the other that he would bear him to his horse; but he fled, deaf to his entreaties, and the bleeding villain sank, with bitter imprecations, on the ground. Mat called on his companions to pursue the wretch who had so basely left his friend; he had mounted and was proceeding in a rapid flight, when turning to look back on his pursuers his mask fell, and they recognised Curts. Sir Hubert urged they should pursue no further, but return to bind the wounds of the fallen. Edward had guessed the reason of his inactivity during the fray, and now, as he watched the deep anxiety with which the knight gazed beneath the masks of their assailants, and heard him sigh and mutter to himself, he remembered the conduct that had made Bruton so mysterious in France, but which the knowledge of the relationship between Sir Hubert and Sir Richard Ellerton now rendered him better able, though still imperfectly, to understand.

All the faces were of strangers, and Sir Hubert breathed again more freely. The wounded man who had shown such hostility to Edward was now gone, but he had tracked his path in blood; he was weak too, and could not have proceeded far. Having performed upon the spot such duties as humanity suggested, they followed in the traces of the stranger, thinking to bind his wound.

“He has taken the path to Ellerton,” said Mat. “Ha!—See,

he hath turned aside to old Joe. He did not wait here long," added he, as they stood before Joe Bensal's door; "thanks to my respected uncle's heart, this pool of blood is very small."

Not unnecessarily to prolong our narrative, Joe Bensal had received the stranger, but would not yield to Sir Hubert's urgent entreaties that he might see him, until the travellers had taken refreshment, and the wounded man had been allowed sufficient time for the dressing of his hurts, and a short period of repose. Then they might see him when he slept. Little Marion, Joe Bensal's maid, announced the arrival of this time, and they proceeded noiselessly to the chamber. Edward started;—Andrew Westrill lay before him, dying. He slept, but it seemed as though each minute of his sleep caused him as much anguish as a year of life:—his face was contorted, his arms moved restlessly, and he murmured constantly, as though in a dream; presently he started, shuddering violently, and awoke.

"Ha!" said he, as he raised his eyelids, "who are ye?—Kate! sister Kate!—my pillow is not smooth—it is my dying pillow—will you not come to me and smooth it?—Make way—way—why crowd ye thus around the bed and keep my sister from me? She is my sister, mine—and some one told me once she loved me. I never said so to myself, but I believe it now. What! did you say she ought to hate?—she loves; I believe it.—I will believe it—I have nothing else to believe—nothing else to think;—except what suits not for a dying thought.—Why is my Kate not here?" he demanded fiercely.

Edward sighed as the answer rose into his soul, and choked his heart up.

"When our mother died," continued Andrew, slowly, "Kate was by her bedside, weeping, comforting; when our father died, Kate was his daughter, and his nurse. And am I not her brother, dying now?—Kate! Kate! why comest thou not? Oh, I would not repine at any thought of misery, if I died but with thy kiss upon my lips; one kiss!—how little! Ha! all my enemies stand around, and laugh at me! Now cry, "Out upon the coward!—Andrew—that never cared for blood, that braved a father's curse, that spurned his Kate,—dies weeping for a kiss!—Ha! I will show them I am Westrill still!"

"Andrew," said Edward sadly, as he took his bloodless hand, "I will not give thee one more needless pang by telling thee of Kate; but if it be a joy to think that all the past has been atoned for, see, we come here as friends. The hand of death warns off all human enmities: Andrew, I, even I, whom thou wouldst call thy

bitterest foe, will smooth thy pillow; so mayst thou die in peace!"

"Deceit!" cried Westrill, angrily; "hypocrisy! I hate thee Heringford!—Thou bid me die in peace!—thou!"

"May Heaven witness—"

"Talk not to me of heaven! There is no home for man but earth.—Sister! sister! She is not dead; they said she had escaped; she might be here. If there be heaven, 'tis too late to learn it now; I hate thee, Heringford, and if—if—if I live hereafter, I will live to hate. I am no hypocrite;—no, no, it is my death-bed, and I say, had I a dagger here, I would plunge it merrily into thy heart!—But I am weak." The unhappy man sank back exhausted, and lay for some time as though dead: presently his eyes again opened, and the expression of his face was changed. "Edward!" he whispered faintly, "bend thine ear, thine ear to me; I have time for but one act more in life.—It should be one that will conclude these troubles."

"Think not of them now," said Heringford, rejoiced at this sign, however late, of an awakened feeling.—"Think not now of this, but turn thy thoughts elsewhere—there are few moments left."

"Be speedy then—and bow thine ear—when I have done, then I will pray." Edward yielded, lest more time be lost. "It is right—close—closer."——

For this last effort Andrew Westrill, during the time since he last sank upon his pillow, had been collecting all his energies. Darting up with sudden life, his face contorted into a paroxysm of demon rage and exultation, he grasped Edward by the throat in the attempt to strangle him. But he had miscalculated his powers; with that last dreadful effort his wound burst forth afresh, the blood gurgled in his throat, and, as the lines of hellish triumph faded from his face, Andrew Westrill fell back—dead!

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

SPENTON SHOWS HIMSELF NOT DESTITUTE OF SPIRIT—QUARRELS, AND CONSULTS A FRIEND.

CURTS, when he found that he was no longer pursued, slackened his pace, and proceeded more at leisure to the cave. His thoughts were not of the most pleasant. To satisfy Sir Richard, a great attempt had been made, and, most unexpectedly, had failed. The knowledge of the failure would add to the irresolution of Sir

Richard,—perhaps give the final blow to that edifice of crime which in his mind had long been tottering, supported mainly by the mingled threats and jeers and taunts of those he had constituted his accomplices. When the ambush had been planned, he left them for a week, to return at the end of that time and hear of its execution. A desperate attempt must still be made, if they would not have to tell of failure. As to the fate of Westrill, whatever it might be, Curts felt but little concerned; he believed that he could do without him, and if he were dead there would be no occasion for a division of the pay. In the midst of cogitations such as these Curts had dismounted and entered the cave.

Arms, cloaks, masks, were scattered upon the floor, as they had been left in the morning when the hired party equipped themselves; ale cups that the men had used ere they departed, broken jugs, remnants of food that were strewn around, gave tokens of a recent debauch. But in the cave there was nothing stirring; all was lonely, made more dreary still by the evidence of life around; the place was deserted, save by one thin weazen figure that cowered over the blazing fire,—and that was Spenton.

Spenton started with alarm when he heard a footstep.

“Ha! is it thou, Curts?—I thought it had been one of our pursuers.—And art thou, too, safely fled.”

“Silence!” said Curts angrily, “make me no companion in a flight like thine. Miserable vermin! not a blow was struck ere thy back turned, and I was last upon the field.”

“Sooner or later,” replied Spenton; “the result was one, and the wiser he who saw at once how it would end.”

“Pitiful coward! had they slept, then might thy blade have done us service.”

“Curts,” said Spenton angrily, “I cannot bear these daily taunts. I am no coward more than thou. If my life be threatened I preserve it; it is mine interest so to do, and to the plea of interest thou art not deaf. For blood, I have shed it, and I am no coward that I fear to look upon it.”

“Wrong!” exclaimed Curts; “I say thou canst not look on blood unmoved. When it lies shed upon the ground, who cannot? but when it hath risen in an angry flush even to Kate Westrill’s cheeks, hast thou not trembled? I have marked thee quake, when the hot blood stood upon young Heringford’s brow. Spenton, let the blood mantle on the face of any honest man, I say thou dar’st not look at it!”

“Neither canst thou.”

"I can outstare an angel. But enough! Mean spirited coward, we hold intercourse no more. Be silent then!"

"Curts, beware even of the coward—lest he prove his courage."

"Silence!"

"Curts, you will tempt me soon to do thee harm."

"Long might I tempt ere Spenton yielded to so hazardous an impulse! Speak not to me, I say."

Spenton's thin lip quivered with rage, and his grey eye twinkled. Curts turned aside with a contemptuous sneer, when Spenton seized the opportunity to rush with a dagger in his hand against the mocker. Anger had lent him strength, and it had gone hard with Curts, had not a third party present, unperceived during a great part of the dispute, interfered for the preservation of order. Spenton was thrust rudely aside, and trembled before the sturdy form of Simon Byre.

"This is no time for quarrelling," said Simon, "quarrel when your work is done. Come, Spenton; Curts, if I wish it, will be friendly with thee. Come—'tis but a slight dispute that shall add piquancy to love.—So right!"

With incredible rapidity the quarrel was ended, and Curts and Spenton to all appearance the dearest of good friends. But Spenton's sullenness returned, and as Simon Byre and Curts talked together of the business of the day, he sat and brooded by the fire. Curts informed Simon of their ill success, omitting such portions of the tale as redounded little to his credit, and concluding Westrill dead. Simon had been on espial to the village;—he brought word that Kate Westrill was still perfectly insane; and this fact, coupled with her brother's death, rendered it unnecessary to continue persecutions against her, which had sprung chiefly from Andrew's hostility to Edward. Against Heringford alone then, and that speedily, their plans must be directed; and, as they consulted on them, little did they think that through another brain, and that not distant, thoughts were passing, that, if matured, might suddenly destroy their prospects. At length Curts and Simon Byre retired to rest, leaving Spenton alone by the fireside.

As he had not noticed their presence, so neither did Spenton seem to observe their departure, as he remained in silence still. The bright flame danced upon the hearth, and its reflection played upon his face; it was night, and the cavern dark, save where the embers crackled, and the form of the villain shone in the red fire light, like that of a demon, through the obscurity. There was a

smile upon his face, a curl upon his lip, a twinkle in his deep-set eye, as now mechanically he held one hand to the warm flame, and then sank back in thought: by degrees, as the last fork of flame arose, and glowing embers only remained upon the hearth, he might be less distinctly seen, the embers died away, and he was in darkness.

Aroused after a time by the sensation of cold, Spenton arose, and after groping about for the lamp, with much raking among the embers succeeded in obtaining a light. Having then packed together some provisions in a bundle, and throwing his cloak around his shoulders, Spenton left the cave.

When he reached the open air he found the rain descending in a flood, borne before a furious wind. This notwithstanding, he but wound his cloak more closely around him, and braving the storm, directed his steps towards the castle. His course was through the wood, and the coward's heart sank as he proceeded. Now the rain abated and the wind moaned among the trees; then it was heard rushing from afar; anon it came, full sweep, with sheets of rain before it: the tall trees creaked and bent as the storm passed howling through them, and then died faintly in the distance. Another and another impatient gust, and then the long, wailing moan. By the time Spenton reached the castle, he was dripping with the rain, and weary with long buffeting against the wind. Passing carefully in the darkness among the ruins, yet not so carefully but that he often stumbled, Spenton soon perceived a light gleaming through a loophole that looked inwards on the castle court; beside it was a portal closed by a chained massive door, that seemed never to have been opened since the castle had been made a ruin. Here Spenton knocked, and was admitted by the tenant—Jessamine.

“Ha, master Spenton!” exclaimed she, “I had not expected thee this stormy night—there must be business afoot.”

Jessamine led Spenton into the room from whence the light proceeded, a small and circular apartment in one of the castle towers, the walls and floor of stone, the furniture but a table and two chairs, one for Jessamine, the other for her only visitor. There was a bright fire, before which Spenton stood and placed his cloak to dry.

The old woman threw more faggots on the hearth, and Spenton watched the flame that licked around them, as with a flattery that fondles to destroy; he had relapsed into his reverie, and Jessamine,

as she stood aside in the partial darkness, watching the changes of his countenance, seemed as though she could not tire of reading them. Her eyes gleamed through the obscurity in which she had placed herself, and their baleful glances rested fixedly on Spenton's face, and she smiled, for she saw that mischief was afoot; she could have gazed upon that face the long night through, without once being reminded that she stood not in lonely commune with herself; for in every change, and every working of its features, was her own soul mirrored.

"There is thy food," said Spenton, suddenly placing the provisions on the table;—he spoke in his usual tones, for Jessamine was used to and could understand them. "There is thy food."

"Thou'rt a good master to provide for me in my old age—but I have enough," said Jessamine, "from what thou broughtest last—thou camest not for this?—What business may be afoot? Is Heringford slain?"

"That plan is foiled."

"Ah!" said Jessamine, "'tis a brave lad! a brave lad! I could do him good service—and I see not yet why I should do him harm for the sake of those who spurn me, scorn me, seek to murder me.—Ah, Spenton, ye had better be careful, lest I do him service yet."

"Lovest thou Curts?" asked Spenton suddenly.

Jessamine leered upon him. "Aha!" said she, "I can hear by thy tone, and see by thy face, that ye have quarrelled then at last. Good so, my master!"

"Lovest thou Curts?"

"Aha!—and is it to the death that ye have quarrelled—eh, master,—dost not answer?—is it to the death?"

"To the death!" cried Spenton angrily.

"Well, and why not to the death? eh, Spenton, why not to the death?" The old hag's watery eyes glistened as she touched the dagger in Spenton's belt.

"He is stronger far than I," said Spenton.

"So strong that he sleeps not?" inquired Jessamine.

Spenton shuddered as the old woman bent her gaze upon his face; their eyes met, and Spenton turned away; the howling of the storm was in his ears.

"Give me some supper, Jessamine; this rain has chilled my blood."

(To be continued.)

THE SUMMER BREEZE.

THE Summer Breeze came down the glen,—
 Over valley and hill she had wandered,—
 And, as onward she danced to the dwellings of men,
 On the sunbeam, her lover, she pondered.—
 Fluttered gay butterflies wild in her train,
 Warbled the linnets their sweetest strain ;
 Wild flowers blossomed wherever she tripped—
 Wild flowers starry-eyed, honey-lipped ;
 Hummed the bee to them his lullaby song,
 Flattering, soothing, soothing and long :
 Then slumbered they o'er it, he robbed with a kiss
 Those lips of their honey, and revelled in bliss.—
 Came the Breeze to her brother the Forest green
 And whispered, exulting, the joys she had seen.

The Breeze passed on, but the Forest sighed,
 And his old head bowed with sadness,
 While, anxiously trembling, " Hold, sister ! " he cried,
 " Else perish thy smiles, with thy gladness !—
 Cruel man will neglect thee,—thy flowery crown
 Will not blot from his pale brow the scornful frown !
 Dost exult?—Though I leave not this one green spot,
 Yet sister, sweet sister, I envy thee not ;
 For here, from bright morning till eve's grey light,
 Fond birds are my minstrels, and through the night
 They sleep in my bosom of peace and love,
 While my nectar, the dew, rains from heaven above.—
 Yet, man,—ah ! how many have sought my shade
 To mourn o'er the misery man hath made ! "

Onward, laughing, danced the Breeze,
 And the sighing Forest quitted,
 Kissing with pity the motionless trees
 As through the glades she flitted.—
 The birds, as she passes, attune her praise,
 But soon die in the distance their cheerful lays ;
 The tenderest flowers with the forest stay,
 With the bee to court them, and butterfly gay.
 To man, with the rest of her renegade train,
 Comes the Breeze still sportive, but sports in vain ;
 Beneath her kiss not a frown will fade.—
 Then she thinks of the choice of the Forest glade ;
 And in restless search for a home of her own,
 She passes from earth with a desolate moan.

DIFFICULT POINTS AND PASSAGES OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

No. III.—MACBETH.

EVER a master of the human mind, our Poet has in this play exhibited more than ordinary skill. Not content with holding up to our view a gigantic and overpowering passion—he has gone even beyond this, and has shown us the same passion working in two minds totally different from each other.

All minds, however modified, and however varying from each other in minute particulars, may be divided into two general classes—and distinguished by two general appellations—the *imaginative* and the *unimaginative* mind. The mind of Macbeth belongs to the former class—(and herein we find the analogy between his character and that of Hamlet, at which I hinted in my last paper)—that of Lady Macbeth to the latter. It therefore becomes a point of the highest interest to trace throughout the play the various effects produced on the two minds by the same absorbing and uncontrollable passion—

“Vaulting ambition, which o’erleaps itself,
And falls o’ the other side.”

Superstition, irresolution, and a tendency to form for itself visions either of good or ill—to live rather in the future than the present—are the invariable characters of the imaginative mind; while, on the other hand, a total absence of superstition, a firm and unshaken resolution, and a power of weighing and grappling with danger and difficulty upon the instant, form the principal ingredients of the unimaginative mind. How these characteristics have been attended to and developed in the characters of Macbeth and his wife, we shall see as we examine the situations and circumstances in which they are placed.

Returning from the field of battle on which he has signally distinguished himself, flushed with recent victory, and, doubtless, engaged in speculations of the future, accompanied by his fellow-general Banquo, Macbeth is arrested, on a blasted heath, by three witches, who salute him as “Thane of Glamis,” “Thane of Cawdor,” and “King that shall be hereafter.” Here let us pause to observe how naturally the imaginative mind seizes on

things out of nature, rather than things of common occurrence, things unreal rather than things real. Hamlet was roused to revenge his father's death by one whose

———"Canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Had burst their cerements ;"

and Macbeth is stirred up to ill by beings

"That look not like the inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on it ;"

beings to whom "fair is foul, and foul is fair,—that meet "in thunder, lightning, and in rain," to do "a deed without a name ;" beings summoned by Hecate to their midnight orgies, — whose time-keepers are the "brindled cat," and the whining "hedge-pig," and the burden of whose chorus is

"Double, double, toil and trouble."

These are the agents of hell, to excite to blood and murder, to regicide and treason, a mind which, but for irresolution and superstition, had still pursued ambition, but with honesty ; that had still sought honour, but had taken care to "lose none in seeking to augment it."

While he is yet pondering on this strange event, messengers arrive from the king, greeting him as Thane of Cawdor. This "earnest of success" causes him upon the instant to meditate, although but slightly, upon the means of obtaining the throne. At first the whole seemed an impossibility ; but now he is Thane of Cawdor, he thinks he may be king ; and this thought makes his present honour poor and imperfect to him. Instantly, then, does the murder of Duncan occur to him, realizing in a striking manner the observation of Banquo—

"And oftentimes, to win us to our harms,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles to betray us
In deepest consequence."

Whatever may have been his intentions, on the spur of the moment, he seems to shake them off by the resolution,

"If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me ;
Without my stir ;"

and, rousing himself from the lethargy of thought, leads on his

army, and proceeds to meet that king, whose virtues, as he afterwards says,

“ Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.”

Let us now compare the manner in which Lady Macbeth receives the intelligence of what has happened. When she has read her husband's letter, giving her an account of the “ prophetic greeting,” it cannot fail to be observed that she takes no notice of the supernatural agents, even though Macbeth declares that he has “ learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge ;” and I have no doubt she inwardly laughed at the folly of his superstition, although she dared not reproach him with it, because she saw at once how powerfully this very folly would work in him that which she so earnestly desired. In *her* mind there is no questioning whether it be good or ill—with *her* the murder even then assumed a shape—with *her* there is no trusting to chance. *Her* first exclamation is

“ Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promised.”

Her only fears are of her husband's weakness, and without him she can do nothing, because no opportunity is likely to occur, which seizing, *she* can act for herself, and kill the king. But when she hears of the “ entrance of Duncan under her battlements,” her doubts and fears vanish, and, instead of winning her husband by art, she speaks boldly, knowing that his refusal can only place the dagger in her hands.

At this moment Macbeth arrives, having in the meantime strengthened his resolution, and even meditated the murder of Malcolm, whom the king has appointed prince of Cumberland, a dignity which at that time the kings of Scotland were accustomed to bestow on those who were to succeed them, and therefore was equivalent to naming them as successors, the right to the throne not being hereditary. Whatever lingering virtue might be in the mind of the ambitious Thane, it is soon banished by his wife's determined manner, and “ We will speak further,” is the breaking down of the last barrier between right and wrong in his mind.

While Duncan is at supper, we find Macbeth ruminating on the murder. Fear, honour, and the dreadful anticipations of the future, muster in powerful array to confront ambition ; and even Duncan's virtues plead to him for mercy, and right almost resumes

her place in his mind. Lady Macbeth, however, confronts him, taunting him with cowardice, against which imputation the soldier's mind cannot stand up.

“ I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none ;”

is but an ineffectual opposition, and when the last scruple, “ If we should fail,” is overruled, resisting virtue gives way, and the irresolute Thane exclaims

—————“ I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.”

In the murder scene we have a very fine view of the two characters in contrast. On his road to Duncan's chamber, Macbeth's heated imagination pictures a dagger leading him the way that he is going. Returning from thence he hears a voice cry “ Sleep no more,” to all the house ; while, in the midst of his delirious ravings, Lady Macbeth carries back to the chamber the daggers he had in his haste brought away with him. Throughout the whole of this scene she exhibits no perturbation or fear ; no sights or sounds are present to her imagination. *She* sees no “ air-drawn dagger ;” and while the murder is doing, and the voices are ringing in the ears of her husband, *she* hears the owl and the cricket only. When Macbeth is afraid to think of what he has done, and refuses to return to the chamber, *she*, albeit the assassinated monarch resembled her father as he slept, goes to the bed of her king and smears the faces of the sleeping grooms with blood, taunting her husband with his cowardice. With *her* “ the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures ;” with Macbeth “ all great Neptune's ocean ” will not wash the blood clean from his hand ; with *her* “ a little water clears them from this deed.”

When next we see the guilty pair, we find them seated on the wished-for throne ; yet not happy. A change has come over them both, and there cannot be a finer contrast than to compare their speeches in the first act with those in the third. It is indeed with them as Macbeth says :—

“ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.”

Retribution even now has begun to fall upon them. Macbeth, fearing Banquo, gives orders for his murder, as he returns to the banquet at night. This done, he is summoned to the queen. Here we see the punishment of their guilt. Here we find the

realization of that prophecy that on the night of the murder rang through the sleeping house :—

—————“ Sleep no more.
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more.”

How this prophecy was fulfilled Macbeth himself tells us :

—————“ Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever, *he* sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.”

Ambition, for which they strove, has cheated them at last ; and the poor victim of their wrath is a subject of envy to them.

At the banquet Macbeth's imagination once more torments him. As he is about to take his seat among the guests, he perceives his place occupied by the murdered Banquo. Lady Macbeth leaving her throne remonstrates with him, and he again joins the guests, when, at the name of Banquo, he once more beholds the terrible apparition which causes him to show such horror that Lady Macbeth is compelled to dismiss the lords and others, who were invited to the banquet. When they are alone, the attentive reader cannot fail to remark how different is the conduct of Lady Macbeth towards him. Here she pours forth no reproaches, here is no chiding, even though he cries, in the agony of his heart,

“ It will have blood ; they say blood will have blood.”

All the remonstrance of the queen is

“ You lack the season of all natures—sleep.”

This fresh disturbance of mind causes him to resort to the witches, who still delude him with prophecies that he will never be conquered but by what he considers impossibilities.

Meanwhile all things are working to the perfection of the retribution. Lady Macbeth is sick, less in body than in mind, and a doctor is summoned to attend her. But no skill or medicine is available to

—————“ Minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart.”

On her has fallen the curse which only her husband heard. "Sleep no more," is fulfilled in her case most awfully. Night by night she acts over in sleep the events of that awful hour which she only thought of then as the beginning of happiness. *She* who thought "a little water cleared them from the deed," now cries out as she rubs her hand, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Imagination, dead till this hour, starts up to torture her, and in the end destroys her life.

Macbeth, surrounded by his enemies, deserted by his friends, "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," the signs of his end, which he deemed could never be realised, coming to pass, 'gins "to be a-weary of the sun." And yet there is the spirit of the warrior still. With all things against him, we as yet find no fear in his mind. Superstition, that has led him through life, does not desert him at the time of his end. At this time, to add to all other ills, he hears the tidings of the queen's death. "She should have died hereafter," is all the allusion he makes to her. From this moment "on Horror's head horrors accumulate." A messenger reports that the wood of Birnam begins to move. Yet does the infatuated monarch cling to the last hope. But when Macduff informs him of the failure of his last safeguard, the spirit of the believer in witchcraft sinks within him, and his despair can only find words for a curse on his deceivers. Here ends Macbeth's retribution, for his death is that which becomes a warrior, and his last speech breathes out the spirit which distinguished him on that field where he won "the earnest of success," which led him, step by step, to the destruction of this hour.

—————"I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet will I try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield.—Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be he who first cries, Hold, enough!"

Thus, then, have we traced out the two great agents in this extraordinary play, and although some time and space have been expended upon it, there is yet more which an attentive reader may discover, and it is a point well worth the pains.

A question has been raised, whether Macbeth sees two distinct ghosts, that of Banquo and that of Duncan in the banquet scene, or whether he sees the ghost of Banquo in both cases? The

question certainly is ingenious, and there is much to be said on both sides, for the matter merely rests upon conjecture. That the first is the ghost of Banquo is certain. Not only does it appear when Macbeth expresses a wish that Banquo were present, but also the expression "*twenty mortal murders on their crowns,*" corresponds with the "*twenty trenched gashes on his head, the least a death to nature.*"

Moreover, had this been the ghost of Duncan, Macbeth could not have said, "Thou canst not say, *I did it,*" which he does say evidently to Banquo.

Now, as for the second. There certainly are strong points in favour of this being the ghost of Duncan. The manner of Macbeth towards it is totally different, exhibiting far greater horror than in the first instance. The description, too, seems to be that of an old man :

"Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold—
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."

Besides all this, I think it highly probable that the banquet reminded him of that night when he entertained the unwary king in this same hall; and surely, if the ghost of Banquo, whom he did not murder personally, appears to him, how much rather that of Duncan, whom he slew with his own hand. Add to this, there is nothing which tells us that Lady Macbeth did not see this last ghost. The probability is that she did. In the first instance she chides Macbeth for his folly; in the second she dismisses the guests abruptly, I think as much to hide her feelings as those of the king; for we must observe, that she never from this hour derides his superstition, and from this she sickens. Had the second ghost been Banquo, it had never moved *her*. *She* had no hand in Banquo's death, and therefore Banquo's ghost could cause her no alarm. My own opinion is, that we have here two ghosts, which opinion receives more licence, as I believe the stage direction in the old copies is in both cases simply, "Ghost rises." On this point I have for some time dwelt, and confess that I am rather inclined to favour the opinion of the modern critic.

One word more before I leave the general points of this play—one word upon the introduction of the singing witches. Every Shaksperian must be disgusted with the dancing and singing in this play. That Macbeth should be made an opera may please the pocket of the manager, and pamper the vitiated taste of the public,

but it cannot fail to disgust the real lover of our poet. For this purpose we have Middleton's witches dragged into Scotland, and doggrel rhymes into Shakspeare's plays; while, amidst the tragic scenes of our great author, we are indulged with a dance from beings whom Shakspeare has drawn awful and mysterious. Enough upon this point. Good taste will suggest more than I can say.

Here, then, I leave the general points in Macbeth, proceeding in my next to the passages in this play.

C. H. H.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

Who am I, with my ebon vest?
 Spangled with stars, over earth I creep,
 And I scatter the dews of gentle sleep
 On every weary eye;
 And I give to the spirit rest,
 As over the earth I peep
 From my home in the cloudless sky.

Who am I, with my sable wings?
 Shading the face of Cynthia fair;
 Filling the world with a silence rare,
 Or song of the nightingale.
 I am loved by all living things
 In earth, and in sea, and air,
 In the mountain, and wood, and vale.

Who am I, with my Zephyr wild?
 Fanning the leaves of the quiet grove,
 Telling all nature of rest and love,
 And golden dreams of bliss;
 I send forth my fairest child
 Over lakes and sweet streams to rove,
 And to close up each flower with a kiss.

Who am I, but the Spirit of Night?
 I am the child of the golden sun;
 And when first through the heaven his race was run,
 I rose from the purple west,
 Bringing sweet slumber and light,
 And a heaven of peace and rest.

C. H. H.

Lisette; or, Fairy Fabours.

PUCK. If we shadows have offended
 Think but this, (and all is mended,)
 That you have but slumbered here,
 While these visions did appear;
 And this weak and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dream,
 Gentles, do not reprehend.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

CHAPTER I.

HOW LISETTE LIVED IN THE VALLEY OF FLORAINE.

WERE the Guide-books wrong, when they said that in all the country round there was not a spot so pretty as Floraine? or of all the travellers that journeyed thither to verify its fame, was every one bewitched? One of these two things must have been the case; for no one, that ever returned, was able to say one word in praise of the village or its valley. The Guide-books certainly were right;—they gave even a classified catalogue of the beauties of the neighbourhood; but then the chief beauty was omitted,—there was no mention of Lisette; and nobody went to Floraine without seeing Lisette; and with Lisette to look at, who could have time to waste over the valley? And so the travellers came back, and could not tell whether Floraine was a desert or a garden; though they were quite sure it must be a paradise, or else it could not hold a Lisette.—They called her Lisette, but the very old men of the village positively declared that her proper baptismal name had been Elizabeth. Not that it at all required an old man to remember when Lisette had been baptized; only no one but a very old man would have thought of remembering anything, that could change the merry and kind Lisette into a prim and stately Elizabeth.—Well but, Floraine—this paradise. Yes, the travellers thought right,—a paradise it was; the very philosophers called it a kingdom of flowers, although they knew no more of flowers than that one might be gamosepalous, another polypetalous; but a kingdom of flowers it must be, for its name was derived from latin words to that effect, and had it been another Zahara, the classical

authority would have clothed it in their eyes with everlasting verdure. The ignorant villagers showed their imperfect education, (for the period of my story was remote from the present days of universal enlightenment,) by calling it a queendom; flowers filled the valley of every hue and odour, scattered by the mountain side, crowding round the brook, and Lisette was their Queen, the fairest of them all. And well did the queen love her subjects, and fondly did her light heart beat when she surveyed her beauteous empire. Seldom was she happier than when roaming among flowers. Pretty Lisette! Never was she prettier than with flowers in her hair; her nut-brown hair, that Nature—that best of all hair-dressers, careless as she is—had curled so prettily, and tossed so negligently behind her neck and over her white shoulders. Lisette's eyes, what colour were they? Never any youth tried to discover—and many did try—that had not his heart to pay as a penalty for his curiosity. Nobody ever knew exactly the colour of Lisette's eyes; they were not black—people thought they were dark—but they were so sparkling and full of meaning, that they invariably set people thinking of something else when they intended to satisfy themselves as to colour. Nobody at all classical could look at her lips without feeling the force of the assertion, that from such lips the shape of Cupid's bow was modelled; and then what arrows did she shoot from them! every word went to the hearer's heart. And her face, nobody that had ever heard of Lavater could feel that she was otherwise than as good as she was pretty; but the villagers, who knew nothing of Cupid or Lavater, contented themselves with believing that she was a wonder upon earth, and that, as all her thoughts and actions were as beautiful as herself, they ought to be proud of her, and love her; and so all the inhabitants of Floraine were very, very proud of Lisette, and all, (especially the young men,) loved her heartily.

CHAPTER II.

HOW LISETTE SAT BESIDE THE BROOK, AND WHAT BEFEL HER THERE.

Now, there was a little brook that danced, and bubbled, and sparkled through the valley of Floraine; and Lisette loved the brook because it loved her flowers, and watered them, and would sprinkle them with little diamonds, to punish them, if they came

too near its edge. And Lisette used to sit beside the brook, and watch its sporting, and listen to its babble, and then the birds would sing around her, and she would wonder what the brook and the birds were talking about together. Now, one day, as she sat thus listening, and the birds were silent because a cloud was coming over the sun, she thought the brook addressed its talk to her; and she smiled to think herself so silly, and her smile was like the sunbeam,—only the beam was about to be blotted by a dark cloud; but so had Lisette's smiles never been, and there seemed no reason why they should be now. Yet, though she laughed at herself, she listened to the brook, and it seemed to say to her, "Lisette! Lisette! follow me, Lisette!—Lisette! Lisette! follow, follow me!" Lisette listened so long that she forgot it was silly to do so, and laughed then at the brook instead of at herself; and while it still called to her, "Lisette! Lisette!" she still laughed at it, and let it dance away, and did not follow. Presently there came a little angry breeze that the cloud brought with it, or that the brook called in as an ally, and shook Lisette's white dress, and a rose fell out of her bosom into the brook; then the brook danced on, laughing in its turn, and bearing the rose onward in its course. Now, had it been simply a rose, Lisette would have let the tiresome brook dance away with it, rather than follow and give up her point; but then, that rose Silvan had given to her, and she had worn it in her bosom, and she would wish Silvan, when she passed his cottage that evening, to see where she had kept it, and——

"Lisette! Lisette! Now you follow me!" seemed the brook to say, as half angry, half laughing, the mischievous breeze still fluttering over her dress and her brown hair, she hurried to recover Silvan's rose.

CHAPTER III.

HOW LISETTE FOLLOWED IN PURSUIT OF SILVAN'S ROSE.

THE brook seemed to laugh so heartily, that Lisette began to scold; and then the brook seemed sorry for what it had done, and its waters would stop with the rose behind a stone; but when Lisette put out her hand to regain the flower, away it would dance, and the brook laughed more noisily than ever. Thus, with her loose dress and hair still floating on the breeze, the rose always within her reach, but always contriving to elude her grasp, Lisette

followed until Floraine was left behind her. The country now around seemed desert, but Lisette saw that there was, at any rate, one flower in it, the only one she thought of, and that still danced on before her.

“Lisette! Lisette! you follow me now, Lisette!” laughed the brook, and it laughed soon more loudly than ever, for it wandered among rocks. Lisette was tired, and the dark cloud was spreading more widely over the blue sky, and the mischievous breeze was now swelling into a storm wind; but how could Lisette turn back, when each step perhaps would put Silvan’s rose in her possession? And so she was enticed onward still. Presently the brook entered a narrow cleft of rock, where there was no room for footpath by its side; but then the stream was here quite smooth, and the rose was floating so slowly along, and the water was so very shallow, that Lisette felt certain she should succeed at last, if she would only wet her feet; so she did not hesitate to enter the narrow cleft, and was within an inch of accomplishing her hopes, when the breeze, which had now grown into a violent hurricane, forced itself into the cleft, and swept the flower onward in its course. Lisette gave up her endeavours in despair, and turned to go back before the storm came on, but the wind rushed with such violence into the narrow pass, that she had not strength to face it; then Lisette was obliged to hasten on through the shallow stream until she should come to the other side of the cleft, and be sheltered from the fury of the storm.—Suddenly she stood once more on open ground, and it seemed as though the dark cloud had melted from the sun, which shone around her with a splendour she had never seen before; a tender zephyr only sighed through the fissure in the rock; the brook stole noiselessly along; and she stood in a valley more beautiful by far even than her own Floraine.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW LISETTE GAINED SOMETHING BY FOLLOWING THE BROOK.

LISETTE was so astonished, that, for the moment, even she forgot her rose. Everybody had told her there was no other such valley as Floraine, and she had fully believed it; but here, dearly as she loved her own valley, she was obliged to confess the flowers were fairer, the air more perfumed by their sweet odours, and the

charmed eye more dazzled by their beauty. The emerald turf even was softer; the trees, so graceful in their outline and in their grouping, were such as she had never seen before. Fruits, whose names she had never learned, and more delicious to the eye than nectarines or peaches, hung on the green boughs that bent beneath their weight. Birds sang such heavenly melodies, as before had existed in her own bright fancy only; and as they flew from branch to branch, their glorious plumage glittered in the sun; and the brook seemed now like glass,—at one time swelling into basins, and rising in tall fountain columns till it broke into a thousand rainbows,—then winding through the enamelled turf, falling in cascades from one terrace to another. While Lisette was gazing she heard some one cough, and looking round, discovered a little old woman at her elbow. She knew then for certain that she was upon fairy ground, and that a fairy was before her, for she was quite aware of the peculiar sympathy fairies are acknowledged to possess with the bodies of ugly old women.

Lisette had never done anything wrong, and so, her conscience being clear, felt perfectly at ease with the old lady. She could not, however, help expressing her admiration of the garden, and the old woman told her it was the garden of Love. Lisette wondered that such an ugly genius should preside over it, but doubted not she was a good security against invasion; for who, thought she, would enter into a garden of love, that belonged to so ugly an individual? The fairy, probably, did not guess her thoughts, for she continued in the best of tempers:—"Every one of these sweet flowers," said she, "is a love. At every new attachment that is formed on earth, another flower springs up; and with every love that dies a flower fades."—"No wonder, then, that the perfume is so sweet!" replied Lisette.—"I have no power over them," said the old woman; "we fairies made the garden for our own delight, and as we cannot kill the love, neither can we kill a flower; if we pluck its blossom it is formed again."—"Ah!" said Lisette, "that was a beautiful thought to plant a garden on!"—"Not entirely," replied the fairy, "as the event has shown; for we mourn more over the buds that are blighted, than we rejoice over the flowers that bloom. And yet we let the garden stay, for it is pleasant to see how much there is that is beautiful on earth.—But, come now, daughter! I wished to bring you hither for a better purpose than to talk; the fairies all love you because you nurse their

flowers kindly, and they will bestow their highest favours on you.—See, I know all these blossoms, and every flower that tells a love which blooms for you, will I pluck and form into a nosegay. So long as each flower represents is faithful, so long the flower will bloom; even though severed from its stem, it fades but with his love.” “Aha!” said Lisette, “and point me out Silvan here!” The fairy touched a beautiful white rose, and was about to pluck it.” “Pluck it not! pluck it not!” cried Lisette in alarm.—“It will be formed again, my child.”—“Nay,” said Lisette, “but I will not have it plucked; let me have rather the sweet rose that Silvan gave to me: his touch, his words, his blush when he gave it, have clothed it with a greater charm than all your fairy power can bestow on this!”—“See you not,” said the old woman, “that the brook has washed it ashore beside your feet?” Lisette picked it up, and, kissing it fondly, placed it in her bosom. “Stay,” said the fairy; “let me infuse, then, into this rose the magic quality.”—“What! will you make Silvan’s rose to last for ever?”—“So long,” smiled the fairy, “as may last his love.”—“Ay, then, for ever,” cried Lisette; “yes, yes,—that do, sweet fairy; I will tell you now, he confessed his passion when he gave it me this morning; oh that I could wear the precious flower for ever in my bosom!”—The fairy breathed upon Silvan’s rose, and returned it to Lisette, who restored it to its seat in ecstasy.—Then the fairy busied herself with plucking the other flowers, that had blossomed for Lisette;—Lisette thought she never would have done, so many hearts did she possess; and as the old woman brought to her a nosegay that both hands could scarcely encompass, “Ah!” said she, “never was a maiden yet that filled my garden with so many flowers, as you have done, Lisette!”

CHAPTER V.

HOW LISETTE RETURNED TO FLORAINE AND WAS HAPPY.

LISETTE could not miss her way back, for the course of the brook that she had followed was her guide. The storm had passed over, and the ground was wet with the rain that had fallen; and when Lisette had passed over the desert part of the way, she found the sun glistening so brightly in the raindrops on the trees, and the perfume of the flowers was so fresh, all nature

so sweet and so lively, that the birds sang again, and the brook seemed to be talking to them as usual, and not to her, as it had done so lately.

Now that Lisette returned at leisure, she was surprised to find what a long way she had followed, to recover Silvan's rose; but then she had recovered it, and she pressed it fondly against her bosom, without fear that she should destroy its beauty; for she knew now that she could not kill the rose by pressing it to her bosom, any more than, by doing the same thing to Silvan, she could kill his love. Then, again, she wished that, after all, it were but a simple rose, and that the fairy had not breathed on it; for she had often heard of the treachery of fairy gold that changes to pebbles in the morning; and had been taught that fairy favours, however kindly given, never thrived with the possessor; or that *no good can come to any one who trusts rather to the possession of unusual gifts than to the proper direction of his own natural means of action and observation.** But then, thought Lisette, very likely this is true; but what are all the proverbs and maxims in the world compared with the possession of Silvan's love, and the being able to keep for ever and ever the rose that Silvan gave me when he told it? So Lisette was happy again, and by the time she returned to Floraine, late in the evening, had dismissed all thought of the danger of possessing fairy favours.

Lisette no sooner entered the valley, than she began to wonder whether she should see Silvan; and no sooner began to wonder, than she saw him joyously hastening towards her. He thought she had been lost, since she had left Floraine and did not return until so late; and Lisette laughed within herself, and rejoiced that she had persevered in following the brook, when she saw the blush of delight with which he remarked the flower in her bosom. "But where did you gather these, my pretty Lisette?" exclaimed he, pointing to the nosegay; "I know no such sweet flowers in Floraine." "A stranger gave them to me," said Lisette; for she dared not tell where she had been, nor what had happened to her, since she knew that to be a certain way of incurring the displeasure of the fairies.

Lisette walked with Silvan to the village, and thought she never was so happy,—excepting when she walked with him that

* This is written more precisely, and printed in italics, because it is the moral, made to be contained in the tale itself,—for the sake of novelty.

morning, and he gave her the rose she now wore. "Ah, Lisette!" said Silvan, "how I envy, how I love that rose! what a pity that flowers, even though love has hallowed them, fade in the keeping. "Perhaps," said Lisette, smiling happily, "perhaps our love may be such that its tokens cannot fade. Who shall tell?" Silvan laughed. "We will try," said Lisette; "look, Silvan,—hereby I wish this rose may last for ever, and in that case promise that my love lasts with it. If the rose fade"—"What, then, Lisette?"—"It cannot fade."—"Pretty charmer," said Silvan laughing, "we will see by this true and lasting token, how faithful a lover thou canst be!" Lisette gloried in her little deceit, for she thought it would make Silvan very happy; and yet it was not a deceit, for, after all, what did she more than say that her love should last as long as Silvan's?

And the rose bloomed, day by day, and Lisette wore it in her bosom, and knew that Silvan remained true,—which, without the flower, she never would have doubted; and Silvan imagined that, as Lisette had tended all the flowers so well, their spirits loved her, and were obedient to her, and had heard her wish in order to fulfil it.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW A CERTAIN CORIN WAS A THIEF.

Now, among the other lovers of Lisette, or, in other words, among all the young men in Floraine, there was a certain Corin, who, next to Silvan, loved Lisette most heartily. Silvan and Corin were very opposite from each other in appearance. Silvan was a young man with black hair, dark complexion, and flashing eyes. Corin's hair was auburn, his face delicate, and pale with pining for Lisette; his blue eyes full of love, and tears whenever Lisette's name was mentioned. Corin saw that Lisette loved Silvan better than himself, although to Corin, from pity, she was very kind; but he did not torment her with his fruitless love, lest he should give her pain; neither did he hate Silvan, (for how could he hate what Lisette loved?) and so kind-hearted Corin wasted his life away, sighing in secret. When Lisette was in the valley he would watch her from afar, and then, waiting till she came home, he would go and wander where her steps had been, and look at the flowers

she had tended, wishing the while that he had pleased Lisette as well as Silvan.

One day, as Corin wandered sighing by the brook with flowers in his hand, he came suddenly upon Lisette, asleep upon a grassy bank. His heart filled as he could now gaze unobserved upon her beauties; and as she smiled in sleep, he thought her dreams were of Silvan, and sighed heavily. Then he observed a rose upon her bosom; he knew that there she generally wore one, but no one that looked at Lisette marked her mere ornaments sufficiently to discover that it was always the same flower. Corin gazed upon the rose, and thought, if he stole it from her bosom, what a treasure he should then possess, how little she would lose!—when it withered, still he would preserve the leaves, once hallowed by the favour of Lisette; and what a consolation it would be to have so dear a token! He looked at his own flowers,—there was a rose among them exactly like Lisette's; he would exchange; Lisette would be no loser, and himself would gain, oh, how inexpressible a treasure! So Corin stooped down and took from Lisette's bosom Silvan's rose, and put his own rose in its place. And he started as he did so, for he thought he heard a sigh, but it was only the breeze as it passed them.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE STORY ENDS.

WHEN Silvan next saw Lisette, he thought the rose did not look so fresh as it hitherto had done; but the difference was very slight,—so slight even, that Lisette had not noticed it. Silvan said nothing, but the fancy was sufficient to throw a gloom over his spirits, for Lisette had often smilingly told him, that she would be faithless when the rose should fade; for she loved Silvan so much as to believe that she would herself be false as soon as he.

Lisette noticed Silvan's gloom, and tried in vain to discover what might be the cause; but the next time they met, Silvan saw for certain that the rose was fading; and then he threw his arms around Lisette's neck and kissed her passionately, and looking fondly at her through his fastly falling tears, he turned away, and fled.—Lisette looked after him sadly; she thought he would return

soon to her, but marvelled what it was that had moved him. Then she looked down at her rose, and poor Lisette trembled, and her face became pale; she saw that the rose was gone, for Silvan's last embrace had shaken all its petals off, and the breeze was carrying them away.

She took up one that fluttered at her feet, and saw that it was fading!—Oh, how suddenly from that hour fled the smiles from Lisette's once playful lips! how quickly for ever was the blush of pleasure fled! How soon, how very soon, was care and misery planted on her joyous brow! Silvan returned not,—he was false; she did not wish him to return.—Lisette! Lisette! how drooped the flowers of Floraine when thou camest no longer to tend them! how sadly, sadly murmured now the brook! and the birds, when they missed thy song that carolled once with theirs, in what plaintive lays did they bewail thine absence!

One day the villagers found upon a grassy mound, whereon Lisette and Silvan many a time had sported, the body of a young man, with misery and anguish traced even in death upon his face; they scarcely credited, so few were the lines which still betrayed that it was Silvan. They buried him beneath that mound, but did not tell Lisette, for they hoped that yet she might recover, and did not wish her young heart to be broken. And to that mound Lisette too would repair, to the once favoured spot, ignorant that faithful, broken-hearted Silvan was beneath. There she would think of Silvan, wishing that she did not love him still, while the salt tears coursed themselves unheeded down her sunken cheeks, and her hair fluttered neglected in the breeze,—alas! there were no flowers in it now,—there was no rose now in her bosom!

And Corin, who little knew that all this misery was caused by him, mourned for Lisette; but as he found the rose he stole had never faded, he thought a good spirit had thus intended to reward his faithful love, and given him encouragement. He believed that the truth and fierceness of his love hindered the sweet flower from fading.

With length of time the bitterness of Lisette's sorrow was appeased; and as she saw that every flower in the fairy's nosegay blossomed still, and knew thereby how many true hearts loved her, she thought she was wrong to breathe so many sighs for one that had been false. Then she would let Corin speak with her;—but he never spoke of love, lest her wound should bleed afresh.

One day he stood beside her on the mound where Silvan lay, and thought she seemed so calm and peaceful, that he might venture to make known his love. He thought to tell her how the rose he preserved had never faded; and told her of the theft that love committed.—Lisette heard no more; the dreadful truth entered as lightning into her soul; and when Corin, his tale ended, grasped Lisette's white hand, he saw that it was of a deathly whiteness,—he pressed it, it was cold—cold and passive. He put her hair aside, and timidly gazed into her face; her eyes were open, but the fire had left them.—Oh, it was therein lay the fearful change!—Rest seemed half veiling an expression of intensest agony.—Floraine must mourn—the sweet Lisette was dead!

They buried their favourite, the once gay Lisette, within the mound by Silvan; and the unhappy Corin, who had smiled his last, restored the rose to her in death, and placed it on her bosom; and in the grave it faded not, for still the love that called it forth was blossoming—in heaven.

HAL.

MCERENS.

SAYS Mœrens, "This waste world is Sorrow's, and Sorrow
Will hunt down our pleasures, or chase them away :
For each little rose that may blossom to-morrow,
Ah, how many thorns point their lances to-day !"

By the tresses of Eos, he shall not afflict us!
We vow by gay Zephyr, we'll laugh at his gloom !—
This we know, that for every chance thorn—that hath pricked us,
A host of dear roses have lavished their bloom.

The man who content in God's garden reposes,
Wherein shall he know that a thorn lurketh there,
While the roses,—the blushing and maidenly roses,—
With perfume that dies not still hallow the air.

If, Mœrens, the joys that these roses can bring you,
Though breathing out Heaven, inspire not content,—
Grasp for more :—touch them rudely :—the thorns then will sting you,
And, laughing, will tell you,—for that thorns are meant.

we'll

HAL.

A CHAPTER ON GRAVES.

"The depth of human reason must become
 As deep as is the holy human heart,
 Ere aught in written phrases can impart
 The might and meaning of that ecstasy
 To those low souls, who hold the mystery
 Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb."

As men journey along through the toilsome paths of life, perhaps there is nothing which has so much power in binding them together by those links to which we owe so much of our earthly happiness, as the knowledge of the fate that will, one day or other, fall upon us all. If there were in our life all the chances and changes which it at present possesses, except the certainty of its speedy termination, men would care little to connect themselves by any strong ties with those from whom, ere long, they would be almost sure to be separated. But now, knowing their stay in this world will be but for a short time, and knowing also that their stay will be terminated by the same dark and gloomy grave, they cling to each other, and form those ties of public society and private affection, by which they may best administer support, comfort, and consolation to each other, during their brief pilgrimage.

It is to these institutions of society, springing from a sense of companionship in sorrow, that we owe most of our bodily comforts. But in these cold forms and ceremonies we should find but little comfort for our hearts. Man, possessing a soul,⁷ spiritual and unearthly in its nature, can find happiness only in a fellowship with beings also spiritual. And many are the spirits from the unseen world that haunt our minds as we journey on our earthly course, holding a strange and mysterious communion with our hearts, and causing us to live an inward and unseen life, without which our outward life would be poor indeed. Many and various are the forms in which they array themselves. Some come before us in vestures of glory, filling our hearts with high and holy thoughts, as they whisper to us strange tidings of the world whence they have come. Some come, the spirits of departed ages, calling up past scenes, and bringing before us examples of those who have lived and died before. Others come, the spirits of futurity, bringing to our mind's eye pictures of lovely sunny scenes, in

which we fondly hope we may sometime play our part ; or bearing a darker and a more gloomy form, as they cast a shadow over our spirits, the dim forebodings of coming sorrow. Others are there,

— That haunt the steps of the lone and forsaken,
And the echoes of hours that are gone they awaken ;
When the loved one is gone, and all would be drear
To the heart in its loneliness, then come they near ;
They gather the flowers, the bluebell or rose,
Or they scorn not the meanest flower that grows.
And they weave them into a magic chain,—
Though the flowers may wither, the spell doth remain,—
And with them they bind up the heart that's in pain,
And waken the spirit to gladness again.
Then all around it they breathe through the trees,
And whisper a voice on the magic breeze ;
A voice still and gentle, which yet can reveal
That name to the heart that its sadness can heal."

Of all these spirits, so many and so various in their nature, there is not one so constantly with us as the spirit of the grave. In our gayest scenes, when all is brightness and mirth and health around, that gaunt spirit raises his shrouded form among us. When we are alone, he is with us. When we are in the throng of life, he is with us. When we look upon the face of nature, in every chance and every change around, we see the impress of that spirit's form. The wild wind, as it scatters the leaves on their autumnal tomb, seems to whisper his name. If we gaze on the loveliest prospect that this world can afford, we see in the midst thereof a grave.

But this spirit, as he wanders with us in our daily walks, hath cast a veil over the fearfulness of his aspect, so that we look upon him with an unfearing eye : we dread not his presence.

"Is it not wonderful, the darkest day
Of all the days of life,—the hardest wrench
That tries the coward sense,—should mix itself
In all our gentlest and most joyous moods
A not unwelcome visitant : that thought,
In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot
Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form
Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself
To his mysterious converse ?"

It is well to go to the "old kirk yard," and wander among the graves, to commune with death in his own domains ; to see the noble and the serf lie side by side, the master and the slave. Nowhere

do we see a fairer view of men than in their graves, for their faults lie buried with them. "Man wars not with the dead. It is a *trait* of human nature for which I love it." And is it not well to pass by the graves on our way to worship in the temple of that God whose eternal temple we must enter *through* the grave.

But there are graves of another kind. Is not each man's heart a grave, wherein lie buried many a sad and mournful memory? Many bright and glorious forms fill our youthful hearts, making all around us seem glad and merry with their presence. As in the healthful child of half-a-dozen years we see no symptom of decay and death, so do we deem that these visions and hopes of our youth will last for ever. But time, as its years roll on, spares them not. One by one they fade, they die; and in our hearts they make their tomb, chilling them with the chill of death. And often what pangs of fearful agony are there, ere they thus sink to rest in that cold sleep! When some fond affection, that the heart hath cherished as its dearest, holiest treasure, is blighted, scorned, betrayed,—all the bright dreams and visions of a whole life changed to a dread desolation,—long and bitter are the sufferings of that heart, ere the spirit that had so beautiful, so glorious, so loved a form, can die. And, oh! when their grave is in the heart, what a dreary blank and void doth all around it seem!

Over our churchyard graves the green grass grows, and many a flower of beauty to deck the pillows of the dead, and breathe a perfume around their resting-place. And are there no flowers of the heart that bloom over the graves of buried hopes and loves? Sweet and holy flowers are there of gentle and beautiful thoughts,—thoughts that spring from the chastened heart, as water from the stricken rock,—thoughts that shed their own sad sweetness over many a poet's page,—thoughts that have borne with them many a heart from this poor earth, to the heaven that ever shed a brightness over the darkened spirit. And as the flowers in our churchyards seem to whisper of life even at the grave, so do these funeral flowers also tell that those affections and earnest longings of the soul, though lost to us for a little time, will one day live again; that though they are now in a sleep from which there is no earthly awaking, they will rise again, and in a form more pure, more holy, more heavenly.

I will never believe that those earthly children of a heavenly love were formed but to perish. Flowers were they from heaven, and though in the sinful soil of our hearts they withered and died,

when we are borne into their own warm climate, beneath their own sunny sky, and the dry ground of our souls is watered by the blood of redeeming mercy, then will those flowers again revive, and blossom, and spread abroad their green branches, and bear glorious fruit,—the fruit of love, and peace, and consolation.

And there are too in our hearts graves less gloomy and mournful in their nature—graves of thought. Is there not buried there many a lovely and gentle thought that has come, surely, from a better world, to shed a momentary ray of joy and brightness on our spirits? They have passed through our minds so quickly that we have scarce known them; for in the rude sinfulness of our nature, they found no home or resting-place for their own pure essences: and so they died almost ere they were born. But in our hearts have they made their graves, and over their sepulchres also have sprung flowers—flowers that have given promise of their rising. For in that day when the graves shall be opened, and the fetters of death broken,—when our bodies shall arise from the loathsome bed of corruption, clothed in a glorious immortality,—then also shall there be an awakening of the heart, and from the depths in which they lie buried, shall be called forth each dream and vision that hath haunted the spirit, and every thought shall be arraigned—a fearful array—before the tribunal of the Judge. And then shall those on whom the blood hath been sprinkled be changed, even as our bodies shall be changed; and those dearly loved guests of our hearts, which died in this cold stranger world, shall arise clothed in the beauty of a heavenly immortality, to enter the home whence they came. And then, in their own land, they shall form for us the paradise of which they could only teach us to dream here; while each thought of beauty, whose brightness was dimmed and hidden in the dark murky atmosphere of our souls, shall there shine forth as a glorious jewel to deck our brows.

Upon the grave of the murderer there rests a curse: no flowers will bloom over it. So there is no curse that can fall upon our hearts so dire, as the curse of secret sinful thoughts. They lie there mouldering and rotting, converting all around them into loathsomeness and corruption; casting a withering blight over our whole souls, so that no green thing or flower of beauty may bloom there;—all is a gloomy, dreary waste. Men see not upon earth the corruption that lies rankling beneath the surface; they know not what it is that sends a man forth among his fellow-men unloving and unloved, a curse wherever he goes. But for such an one there

shall also be an awakening; and when he shall stand before his Judge, from his heart shall be called up all these black thoughts, that shall stand fearfully forth as the mark, the brand upon his vesture, of a cursed immortality.

Oh, then, as we kneel upon the grave, and pray that our death may be "the death of the righteous, and our last end like his," let us strive and pray against *thought sins*, lest they make their graves in our hearts, and blight our spirits with their curse. Let us pray that, during our earthly life, our inner and unseen world may be peopled by spirits from the heaven, that may first brighten our existence here, and afterwards bear up our souls on their angel wings to their own blessed home!

PUCK.

THE PARTING CUP.

'Tis our last cup at parting ;—oh, let it go round,
 As full as our hearts are of sorrow to-night ;
 Our last cup at parting!—oh! breathe not a sound
 That may sadden the wine-cup which sparkles so bright!
 We have long known each other;—then why should we borrow
 A pang from the joys we already have seen ;
 Or doubt that our friendship will prove on the morrow
 As firm and as true as it ever hath been?

'Tis our last cup at parting ;—the days that are gone
 Come sadly before us as tearful we part ;
 And, fresh in our memory, many an one
 Of the lost friends still dear to the desolate heart.
 But, oh! if they linger in death round the dwelling
 That's dear to them yet in the mansions of light,
 Be sure they are here, while our bosoms are swelling
 With sorrow, as circles the wine-cup to-night.

'Tis our last cup at parting,—and many long years
 May pass ere we taste of its nectar again ;
 And the eye may ere then be a fountain of tears,
 And the gladsome heart broken by sorrow and pain.
 But why dream of ill, while the sky that is o'er us
 Is shining in beauty, unclouded and bright?
 Let us hope that the future, expanding before us,
 May beam like the wine-cup that circles to-night.

C. H. H.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

A Tragedy.

(Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.)

ACT II.

(The Scene, a Hall in the House of the Galotti.)

SCENE I.—CLAUDIA GALOTTI, PIRRO.

CLAUDIA. (in entering, to Pirro, who enters from the other side.) Who galloped then into the court?

PIRRO. Our master, madam.

CLAUDIA. My husband! Is it possible?

PIRRO. He follows close upon me.

CLAUDIA. So unexpected?—(hastening towards him.) Ah! my best one!—

SCENE II.—ODOARDO GALOTTI, and the former.

ODOARDO. Good morning, love!—What, have I surprised you?

CLAUDIA. Most agreeably!—if it mean no more than a surprise.

ODOARDO. Nothing more! Be not uneasy.—The happiness of the present day caused me to awake so early; the morning was so fair; the way so short; I imagined you all here so full of business—How easily, it struck me, might something be forgotten! In a word, I come, and look, and hasten back immediately.—Where is Emilia? Without question, occupied in adorning—

CLAUDIA. Her soul!—She is at mass.—“On this, more than on any other day, I have need to seek grace from above:” she said, and left every thing as it was, and took her veil, and hastened—

ODOARDO. Quite alone?

CLAUDIA. The few paces—

ODOARDO. One is sufficient for a fall!

CLAUDIA. Be not angered, my best one; come within,—to rest for an instant, and, if it please you, take refreshment.

ODOARDO. As you will, Claudia.—But she should not have gone out alone.—

CLAUDIA. And you, Pirro, remain in the antechamber to deny all visitors to-day.

SCENE III.—PIRRO, and soon afterwards ANGELO.

PIRRO. That come from curiosity alone.—For the last hour what questioning have I not gone through!—And who comes there?

ANGELO. (*still half behind the scene, in a short cloak, drawn over his face, the hat shading his forehead.*) Pirro!—Pirro!

PIRRO. An acquaintance?—(*as Angelo advances, and throws open his cloak.*) Heaven! Angelo?—You?

ANGELO. As you see.—I have been long enough skulking round the house to speak with you.—A word now.—

PIRRO. And do you dare to come again to light?—You have been, since your last murder, declared an outlaw; a reward is offered on your head.—

ANGELO. Which you, surely, have no thought of earning?—

PIRRO. What would you with me?—I entreat you, make me not unhappy.

ANGELO. With that, mean you? (*showing him a purse of gold.*)—Take it! It belongs to you!

PIRRO. To me?

ANGELO. Have you forgotten? The German, your last master——

PIRRO. Not a word of that!—

ANGELO. Whom you led into our toils on the way to Pisa—

PIRRO. If we should be overheard—

ANGELO. Had the kindness to leave behind him for our use a precious ring.—Do you not remember?—The ring was too valuable to be turned to money at once without suspicion being raised. At length I have succeeded. A hundred pistoles I received for it: and that is your share. Take it!

PIRRO. I will have none of it,—keep all.

ANGELO. As you please—If it be the same to you! how high your head is raised for nothing—(*as if about to return the purse into his pocket.*)

PIRRO. Give it me then! (*takes it.*)—And what now? For, that you should seek me for this purpose only——

ANGELO. That you fancy not so very probable?—Scoundrel! what do you think of us?—That we are capable of depriving another of his dues? That may be fashion with your so-called honourable men; not among us.—Farewell! (*makes a feint of leaving, and returns again.*)—One thing, though, I must ask.—The old Galotti came galloping all alone into the town. What does that mean?

PIRRO. Nothing: a simple ride. His daughter will this evening be married to the Count Appiani on the estate from which he comes. He cannot await the time—

ANGELO. And rides soon forth again?

PIRRO. So soon, that he will find you here, if you delay much longer.—But you have, surely, no design on him? Be on your guard. He is a man—

ANGELO. Do I not know? Have I not served under him?—If there were only something to be got.—When do the young people follow?

PIRRO. Towards noon.

ANGELO. With much escort?

PIRRO. In a single carriage—the mother, the daughter, and the Count. A couple of friends come as witnesses from Sabionetta.

ANGELO. And servants?

PIRRO. Only two, except myself; and I ride in advance on horseback.

ANGELO. That is well.—One thing more: Whose is the equipage? Is it yours? or the Count's?

PIRRO. The Count's.

ANGELO. Bad! There is an outrider, then, beside the sturdy coachman. Well! Well!—

PIRRO. I am astonished. But what do you seek?—The little ornament the bride may wear will hardly repay the trouble—

ANGELO. So, then, shall the bride herself repay it!

PIRRO. And in this crime too must I be your accomplice?

ANGELO. You ride on before. Ride, then, ride! and turn your head at nothing.

PIRRO. That will I not!

ANGELO. What? Verily I believe you think to play the conscience-stricken.—Man! I believe you know me.—Do you prattle! Does a single thing turn out other than as you have told me!—

PIRRO. But, Angelo, for Heaven's sake!—

ANGELO. Do what you dare not leave undone.

[*Exit.*

PIRRO. Ha! let but the devil seize thee by a hair, and thou art his for ever. Oh, miserable!

SCENE IV.—ODOARDO, CLAUDIA GALOTTI, and PIRRO.

ODOARDO. She is keeping me too long—

CLAUDIA. Another minute, Odoardo! It would so grieve her to miss seeing you.

ODOARDO. And I must speak too with the Count.—Scarcely can I await the time when I may call this worthy young man son. All that he does delights me; and, more than all, his resolve to live himself in the valleys of his fathers.

CLAUDIA. My heart breaks when I reflect on this.—So entirely must we lose her,—this darling, only daughter.

ODOARDO. What do you call to lose her? To know that she is resting in the arms of love? Let not the delight you take in her oppose her happiness.—You would almost revive my old suspicion:—that it was more the bustle and confusion of the world, more the vicinity of the court, than the necessity of giving our daughter a sufficient education, that induced you to remain here with her in the town;—far from a husband and a father that loves you both so fondly.

CLAUDIA. How unjust, Odoardo! But let me say one thing now in favour of this town, of this vicinity to the court, that are so hateful to your rigid virtue.—Here, and only here, could love have brought together those who were moulded for each other. Here only could the Count find Emilia; and found her.

ODOARDO. That I confess. But, my good Claudia, were you therefore right because the event has made you so?—Good, that this town education has thus ended. Let us not call ourselves wise, where we have been no more than fortunate. Good, that it has thus ended!—Now those are found, who were intended for each other; now let them go whither innocence and peace invite them.—What should the Count do here? Bend and bow, flatter and crawl, and seek to elbow out the Marinellis; that at last he may gain a fortune which he needs not; that at last they may concede to him an honour that for him were none.—Pirro!

PIRRO. I am here.

ODOARDO. Go, and lead my horse before the house of the Count. I follow, and will mount again from thence. (*Exit Pirro.*)—Why should the Count serve here, when there he can

himself command?—Besides this, you remember not, Claudia, that, through our daughter, his chance of favour with the Prince is gone. The Prince hates me—

CLAUDIA. Less than you fear, perhaps.—

ODOARDO. Fear! What! should I fear a thing like that!

CLAUDIA. For have I not told you, that the Prince has seen our daughter?

ODOARDO. The Prince? And where?

CLAUDIA. In the last *veggia* which he honoured with his presence, at the Chancellor Grimaldi's. He behaved towards her so graciously——

ODOARDO. So graciously?

CLAUDIA. Conversed with her so long——

ODOARDO. Conversed with her?

CLAUDIA. By her wit and liveliness seemed to be so enchanted——

ODOARDO. So enchanted?—

CLAUDIA. Spoke of her beauty with so many flatteries and compliments——

ODOARDO. Flatteries and compliments? And all this you tell me in a tone of ecstasy? Oh, Claudia! Claudia! vain, foolish mother!

CLAUDIA. How so?

ODOARDO. It is good! It is good! That, too, is ended now.—Ha! when I picture to myself——that were the very place where I am most fatally to be wounded.—A sensualist, that admires and lusts.—Claudia! Claudia! The mere thought drives me into fury!—You should have made this known to me at once.—Yet, to-day, it would give me pain to say any thing at which you might be hurt; and I should, (*as she grasps his hand,*) were I to stay longer.—God be with you, Claudia!—Follow me in happiness! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—CLAUDIA GALOTTI.

CLAUDIA. What a man is that!—Oh! the rough virtue—if, indeed, it can deserve this name!—All things seem to it suspicious, all things reprehensible.—Or, if they call this knowledge of the world,—who, then, would desire to know it?—But where stays our Emilia?—He is the father's enemy: therefore—therefore, if he have an eye for the daughter, is it only to disgrace him?

SCENE VI.—EMILIA *and* CLAUDIA GALOTTI.

EMILIA. (*rushes in, anxious and distracted.*) Well is me ! Well is me !—Now I am in safety. Or has he followed me even hither ? (*as she throws the veil aside, and sees her mother.*) Has he, my mother ? Has he ?—No ; thanks be to Heaven !

CLAUDIA. What ails thee, my daughter ? What ails thee ?

EMILIA. Naught ! Naught !

CLAUDIA. And you gaze so wildly around you ? and tremble in every limb ?

EMILIA. What have I been compelled to hear ! And where, where have I been compelled to hear it !

CLAUDIA. I thought you in the church—

EMILIA. Even there ! What careth vice for church and altar ?—Oh, my mother ! (*falling into her arms.*)

CLAUDIA. Speak, daughter !—Put an end to my alarm.—What is there so bad, that can have crossed you on that holy ground ?

EMILIA. Never should my devotion have been more earnest, more ardent than to-day : never has it been less what it ought to be.

CLAUDIA. We are human, Emilia. The gift of prayer is not at all times in our power. In the eye of Heaven the desire to pray is also prayer.

EMILIA. And the desire to sin, is sin.

CLAUDIA. That hath not my Emilia desired.

EMILIA. No, my mother ; so deeply hath the grace of Heaven not suffered me to sink.—But, alas, that another's crime, against our will, can make us partners in it !

CLAUDIA. Compose yourself !—Collect your thoughts as much as possible.—Tell me at once what has happened to you.

EMILIA. Scarcely had I—farther from the altar than is otherwise my custom, for I came too late—bent down upon my knee ; scarcely had I begun to raise my heart to contemplation, when close behind me something took its place,—so close behind me,—I could move neither forwards nor to one side,—much as I desired it ; from fear that another's devotion might disturb my own.—Devotion ! that was the worst I apprehended.—But it was not long before I heard, close, quite close to my ear,—after a deep sigh,—not the name of a Holy One,—the name,—be not angry, my

mother,—the name of your daughter!—My name!—Oh that loud thunders had hindered me from hearing more!—It spoke of beauty, of love,—it bewailed that this day, which would make my happiness,—if, indeed, it made it,—would decide his misery for ever.—It conjured me—To hear all this I was compelled. But I looked not round; I would act as though I heard it not.—What could I else?—Pray to my good angel to strike me with deafness; and even though, even though for ever!—That I prayed; it was the only prayer that I could utter.—At length it was time that I should rise again. The holy service was concluded. I trembled to turn round: I trembled to look upon him, who had dared to yield to such impiety. And as I turned, as I looked upon him—

CLAUDIA. Whom, my daughter?

EMILIA. Guess you, my mother, guess you.—I thought to sink into the earth.—Himself!

CLAUDIA. And whom?

EMILIA. The Prince.

CLAUDIA. The Prince!—Oh, blessed be the impatience of your father, who was here but now, and would not wait for you!

EMILIA. My father here;—and would not wait for me?

CLAUDIA. If, in your distraction, you had let him also hear of this—

EMILIA. What then, my mother?—What could he have found in me to condemn?

CLAUDIA. Nothing; as little as in me. And still, still—Ha! you do not know your father! In his anger he had confounded with the criminal the guiltless object of his crime. In his fury I had appeared to him the cause of that which I could neither prevent nor have predicted.—But the rest, my daughter, the rest! When you recognised the Prince—I will hope that you were sufficiently mistress of yourself to show towards him in one glance all the scorn that he deserves.

EMILIA. That was I not, my mother. After the glance with which I recognised that it was he, I had not the heart to direct a second towards him. I fled—

CLAUDIA. And the Prince followed you—

EMILIA. Which I knew not, till, in the porch, I felt my hand was seized. And by him! Out of shame I was compelled to pause: to disentangle myself from him would have drawn too much attention upon us from the passers by. That was the only

reflection of which I was capable—or of which I have now remembrance. He spoke ; and I answered ; but what he said, what I answered him ;—if I yet think of it, then it is well, then I will tell it you, my mother. Now I know nothing of all that. My senses had left me.—In vain I try to recollect how I got away from him, how I left the porch. I am first again conscious that I am in the street, and hear him hurrying after me ; and hear him enter at the same time with me into the house, ascend the stairs with me—

CLAUDIA. Fear has its own peculiar sense, my daughter.—Never shall I forget with what a mien you hurried in.—No, so far he dared not venture to follow you.—Heaven ! Heaven ! if your father knew of this.—How wild even he was when he only heard that the Prince had lately seen you without displeasure.—Meanwhile be at ease, my daughter. Think this a dream that has befallen you. Nay, it will have consequences less even than a dream. You escape to-day at once from every snare.

EMILIA. But—must he not, sweet mother ? The Count must know of this. I must tell him.

CLAUDIA. Not for the world!—Why ? For what object ? Will you for nothing, and for nothing yet again, make him uneasy ? And what if he were not so now : understand, my child, that a poison which does not act at once is not the less a poison to be feared. What makes upon the lover no impression, may yet work upon the husband. To the lover, it may even be flattery that he should triumph over so dangerous a rival ; but when he has achieved his triumph : ah ! my child!—then is the lover often changed to quite another being. May your good stars preserve you from experience of this !

EMILIA. You know, dear mother, how willingly I submit in all things to your clearer views. But, should he learn it of another that the Prince spoke with me to-day, would not my silence, sooner or later, add to his disquiet ?—I fancy still that I had rather I kept no secret away from him upon my heart.

CLAUDIA. Weakness ! enamoured weakness !—No, by no means, my daughter ! Tell him nothing ! Let not anything be observed !

EMILIA. So be it, then, my mother ! I have no will opposed to yours.—Aha ! (*drawing a deep breath.*) I am becoming now, too, quite light again.—What a silly timid thing I am !—Am I not, mother mine ?—I might have acted some other way in this matter, and should have forgiven myself equally as little.

CLAUDIA. I would not say that to you, my daughter, until your own sound sense suggested it. And I knew that it would tell you so the moment you became yourself again.—The Prince is gallant.—You are too little accustomed to the trivial language of gallantry. In it a courtesy is raised to an emotion,—mere flattery to earnest protestation,—a passing thought to a desire,—a desire to a design. Nothing in this language sounds like everything; and everything in it is as much as nothing.

EMILIA. Oh, my mother!—so must I seem to myself, with my terror, perfectly ridiculous.—Now shall he certainly not hear of this, my good Appiani. He might hold me easily for more vain than virtuous.—Hush! comes he not there himself? It is his step.

SCENE VII.—COUNT APPIANI. *The former.*

APPIANI. (*enters thoughtfully, his eyes bent upon the ground, and approaches without perceiving them, until Emilia runs to meet him.*) Ah, my dearest! I did not think to meet you in the antechamber.

EMILIA. I would wish you to be cheerful, Sir Count, even where you do not think to meet me.—So solemn! so serious!—Is this day worthy of no more joyous an emotion?

APPIANI. It is worth more than my whole life. But big with so much happiness for me,—it may perchance be this very happiness that renders me so serious,—that makes me, as you term it, lady mine, so solemn.—(*observing the mother.*) Ha! you also here, dear madam!—soon to be respected under a more heartfelt name!

CLAUDIA. A name that will become my greatest pride.—How fortunate are you, my Emilia!—Why would not your father stay to join in our delight?

APPIANI. This moment have I torn myself from his arms:—or he, rather, tore himself from mine.—What a man, my Emilia, is your father! The model of all manly virtue! To what feelings is my soul not exalted in his presence! Never is my resolution to be always good, always honourable, so lively as when I look on him,—when I picture him before me. And by what else, save by the fulfilment of this resolve, can I render myself worthy of the honour to be called his son,—to be your husband, my Emilia.

EMILIA. And he would not wait for me!

APPIANI. I judge, because, for so hasty a visit, his Emilia would have excited him too much,—too strongly have held possession of his soul.

CLAUDIA. He thought to find you busied over bridal tire ; and heard—

APPIANI. What I, with the tenderest admiration, have heard from him again.—Right so, Emilia ! a pious wife will you be to me, and one not proud over her piety.

CLAUDIA. But, my children, do one thing, yet neglect not the other. Now it is high time ; now haste, Emilia !

APPIANI. What ? my dear madam !

CLAUDIA. Surely you will not lead her so, my lord Count, so as she there stands, to the altar ?

APPIANI. In sooth, I observe it now for the first time.—Who can look at you, Emilia, and take note at the same time of your dress ?—And why not so, even as she stands there ?

EMILIA. No, my dear Count, not so ; not entirely so. But yet not much more splendid ; not much.—Rest an instant, and I am ready !—None, none at all of the ornaments,—the last present of your prodigal generosity. Nothing, nothing at all, that could befit alone such ornament.—I could be angry with them, these jewels, if I had them not from you ; for three times have I dreamt of them.—

CLAUDIA. Ay ! Of that I was quite ignorant.

EMILIA. As though I wore them, and suddenly every stone in them was changed into a pearl. But pearls, dear mother, pearls betoken tears.

CLAUDIA. Child ! the meaning is more dreamy than the dream. Did you not ever love pearls better than all precious stones ?

EMILIA. Certainly, dear mother, certainly.

APPIANI. (*thoughtfully and sadly.*) Betoken tears ! Betoken tears !

EMILIA. How ! You, also, does this move ? You ?

APPIANI. Yes, yes ; I should take shame to myself. But when once the imagination is disposed towards pictures of sorrow—

EMILIA. Why should it be so disposed ? And what think you that I have thought of ?—What did I wear, how did I look on the first day I pleased you ?—Do you remember still ?

APPIANI. Do I remember ? In my thoughts I see you never otherwise than so ; and see you so, even when you are not so, and I see you.

EMILIA. Good, then ; a dress of the same colour, the same pattern ; flying and free.—

APPIANI. Excellent !

EMILIA. And the hair—

APPIANI. In its own brown lustre; in locks, as Nature made them—

EMILIA. The rose therein not to be forgotten!—Right! right! —A little patience, and I stand before you so. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.—COUNT APPIANI. CLAUDIA GALOTTI.

APPIANI. (*gazing after her with a dejected air.*) Pearls betoken tears!—A little patience!—Yes, if time but lay without us. If but one minute on the dial could not within our souls extend itself to years.

CLAUDIA. Emilia's observation, Count, was as quick as it was correct. You are to-day more earnest than your wont. But one step only from the goal of all your hopes,—does it repent you, Count, that such has been their goal?

APPIANI. Ah, my mother, and can you suspect that of your son?—But it is true; I am to-day unusually dull and gloomy.—For look you, madam,—still one step from the goal, or never to have started, are, in effect, the same.—All that I see, all that I hear, all that I dream, preaches me since yesterday, and before yesterday, this truth. This one thought chains itself to every other that I must have, that I will have.—What does that mean? I understand it not.

CLAUDIA. You make me uneasy, Count—

APPIANI. One thing follows then upon another!—I am vexed; vexed with my friends,—with myself—

CLAUDIA. Why so?

APPIANI. My friends, unfortunately, require that I should say a word to the Prince concerning my marriage before it is completed. They grant me, I am not compelled; but have it that respect to him permits not otherwise.—And I have been weak enough to promise them. I was even now about to go to him.

CLAUDIA. (*thoughtfully.*) To the Prince?

SCENE XI.—PIRRO, *immediately afterwards* MARINELLI, *and the preceding.*

PIRRO. Madam, the Marquis Marinelli stops before the house, and is inquiring for my lord the Count.

APPIANI. For me?

PIRRO. He is already here. [*opens the door to him, and exit.*]

MAR. I ask your pardon, Madam.—My lord Count, I called upon you at your house, and learned that I should find you here;

I have urgent business with you—Madam, I must once more ask your pardon ; it is ended in few minutes.

CLAUDIA. I will not prolong them.

[*Makes him an obeisance, and exit.*]

SCENE X.—MARINELLI. APPIANI.

APPIANI. Now, sir.

MAR. I come from his Highness the Prince.

APPIANI. And what are his commands ?

MAR. I am proud to be the bearer of so especial a mark of favour.—And if Count Appiani will not do himself the injustice to refuse to acknowledge in me one of his most devoted friends—

APPIANI. Without more preface ; if I may entreat you.

MAR. As you will.—The Prince must send at once a plenipotentiary to the Duke of Massa, on occasion of his marriage with the Princess, the Duke's daughter. He was long uncertain whom he should appoint : at length, my lord Count, his choice has fallen upon you.

APPIANI. On me ?

MAR. And that, if friendship may make boast of what it does, not without my contrivance.—

APPIANI. Indeed, you make me at a loss for gratitude.—For a long time I have no more expected that it would please his Highness to employ me.—

MAR. I am assured, that he has sought only for a sufficient opportunity. And if even this is not worthy enough of such a man as the Count Appiani : then, I must readily confess, my friendship will have been too premature.

APPIANI. Friendship and friendship, ever the third word !—With whom then am I speaking ? The Marquis Marinelli's friendship I had never dreamed that I possessed.—

MAR. I confess that I have done wrong, my lord Count,—unpardonably wrong, in that, without your permission, I have wished to be your friend.—But with all this, what does it matter ? The favour of the Prince, the honour that is offered to you, these remain as they are ; and I doubt not, you will seize them eagerly.

APPIANI. (*after some reflection.*) By all means.

MAR. Good ; come then.

APPIANI. Whither ?

MAR. To Dosalo, to the Prince.—All preliminaries are already completed, and you must start to-day upon your journey.

APPIANI. What do you say?—To-day?

MAR. Rather this very hour than in another. The affair requires the utmost haste.

APPIANI. In truth?—Then do I regret that the honour which the Prince intended me must be declined.

MAR. What?

APPIANI. I cannot start to-day;—nor to-morrow;—no, nor the day after.—

MAR. You are jesting, Count!

APPIANI. With you?

MAR. Incomparable! If the joke satisfy the Prince, so much the merrier.—You cannot?

APPIANI. No, sir, no.—And I trust that the Prince himself will be satisfied with my excuse.

MAR. That excuse I am curious to hear.

APPIANI. Oh, a trifle!—Look you; I am to take a wife to-day.

MAR. Well! and then?

APPIANI. And then?—and then?—Your question is desperately naïve.

MAR. We have examples, my lord Count, of marriages having been postponed.—Certainly I do not believe that the bride or bridegroom always have been thereat pleased. The plan may have its disagreeable side. And yet, I should have thought, the command of a master—

APPIANI. The command of a master?—a master? A master that we choose not for ourselves is not so exactly a master of ours. I grant you, that unconditional obedience is due from you to his Highness, but not from me.—I came hither to this Prince's court out of my own free will. I desired the honour of serving him, but not of becoming his slave. I am the vassal of a greater master.—

MAR. Greater or smaller: master is master.

APPIANI. Why do I contest it with you?—Enough! Tell the Prince what you have heard:—that it gives me pain to be unable to accept his favours; because I am about, even to-day, to enter into an union which will complete my happiness.

MAR. Will you not, at the same time, let him know with whom?

APPIANI. With Emilia Galotti.

MAR. The daughter of this house?]

APPIANI. Of this house.

MAR. Ahem! Hem!

APPIANI. What now?

MAR. I should think that in that case there would be so much the less difficulty, in postponing the ceremony till your return.

APPIANI. The ceremony? Nothing but the ceremony?

MAR. The good parents will not be so very nice.

APPIANI. The good parents?

MAR. And you know Emilia will certainly remain on hand.

APPIANI. You know, certainly?—With your You know, you are,—I know, a perfect ape!

MAR. That to me, Count?

APPIANI. Why not?

MAR. Heaven and hell!—We will hear more of this.

APPIANI. Pah! Spiteful is the ape; but—

MAR. Death and destruction!—Count, I call for satisfaction.

APPIANI. That, of course.

MAR. And would have it of you now:—only that for the tender bridegroom's sake I will not spoil a day like as this.

APPIANI. Kind-hearted thing! Nay, now! Nay, now! (*taking him by the hand.*) To Massa certainly I cannot let myself be sent to-day: but for a walk with you I have still time enough remaining.—Come, sir, come!

MAR. (*who tears himself away, and exit.*) Have but patience, Count; but patience!

SCENE XI.—APPIANI. CLAUDIA GALOTTI.

APPIANI. Go, paltry one!—Ha! that has done me good. My blood is stirred. I feel myself another man, and better.

CLAUDIA. (*hastily, and with anxiety.*) Heaven! My lord Count!—I heard violent exchange of words.—Your face is glowing. What has arisen?

APPIANI. Nothing, my dear madam, nothing at all. The chamberlain, Marinelli, has done me a great service.—He has spared me the pains of visiting the Prince.

CLAUDIA. In fact?

APPIANI. We may start now by so much the earlier. I go to hasten my people, and return immediately. Emilia, too, will by that time be ready.

CLAUDIA. May I be quite at ease, my lord Count?

APPIANI. Quite at ease, madam.

[*Exit, as CLAUDIA retires inwards.*]

(*End of Act II.*)

NOTES BY THE WAY.

WE SELECT FOR NOTICE FROM THE EVENTS OF THE PAST MONTH THE
 . PARLIAMENTARY VOTE OF A NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL TO LORD
 EXMOUTH, LORD SAUMAREZ, AND SIR W. SIDNEY SMITH.

OUR predilections, literary and peaceful, may, perhaps, seem outraged by the confession we are about to make. It is our firm conviction, notwithstanding all the plausible arguments brought forward to the contrary,—arguments which we have heard none yet bold enough directly to oppose; it is our firm conviction that posthumous honours in the form of monuments, votes of parliament, and the like, are due to the naval or military man, infinitely rather than to the man of science or the man of letters. Our opinion is unbiassed, for our sympathy is with the latter: the man who clamours for thus honouring these mighty dead, however good may be his intentions, exhibits, we will not say a false sympathy, but no sympathy at all. What cares the man of letters for a statue or a column! his monument he builds with his own hands, and wood and stone cannot add to or detract from one atom of his fame; the results of his labours are all tangible; and, if they ought to live, they die not with him. Each new edition of his works is a more effectual and more glorious monument than though men dedicated to his service all the marble in Carrara! He has himself painted the living image of his soul, and the copies of it are in all men's hands; his monuments are by the hearth of every family. How absurdly superfluous would be a column of stone to Shakspeare! A fico for your monuments! if you would show yourselves grateful to the man of letters, *honour him while he lives!* Preach, if you must preach literary patronage, of *that* your duty; would that you only practised it! But with the sailor and the soldier, how different is this! his bubble reputation glitters, indeed, in bright colours while it lasts; but lasts how short a time! His labours consist of actions which, it seems ridiculous to say, exist not after they are completed; his valour is displayed, his country served, and it remains only with that country not to forget by whom the service was performed.

That he may not die, and the world forget that he hath been among the actors on it, is the aspiration of a noble mind; yet on what but the memory of his countrymen has his country's defender to depend? He leaves nothing tangible, nothing substantive to remind his nation of their debt; these tangible memorials that nation erects for him, artificial aids to memory. Upon brass and marble she records the debt of gratitude; and pays that tribute of fame, the reward which her noble champions so ardently desire. A country that thus, by honouring those who *have* served her, shows herself alive to the merits of her brave defenders, offers the noblest incentive to present exertion; and since it is upon that exertion, and the character of its champions, that a nation's welfare must depend, it is reduced to nothing less than the most needful policy, to show, from time to time, a sense of that gratitude which the unflinching courage and devoted patriotism of our British heroes ought always to inspire.

The selection on the present occasion has been made most happily. The actions rewarded are sufficiently distant to ensure the calm judgment with which

alone true merit can be praised ; yet sufficiently near to be within the memory of men now in their prime ; men who in youth glowed over the deeds of the heroes, and in manhood, seeing that they have met with their reward, are incited with good cause to a noble emulation.

In this triplet of brave men, honour is done at once to the whole service: it is, in fact, a monument to the Naval character—a monument to the British seaman, not merely as a man of valour, but in that character which has won for him his highest laurels—as a man generous as brave—as humane as he is daring and intrepid.

For what is Lord Exmouth distinguished?—For a long string of brilliant achievements ; for the terrible action against Algiers, in opposition to an inhuman slave-trade ; for the indomitable courage of an Englishman ;—but for something more. We can name other actions :—when scarcely fledged as a commander, with his own hand he saved from drowning, at different times, two of his men, once when himself dangerously ill. He never issued to a subordinate a harsh command, or ordered what he would not do himself. To promote cheerfulness, he would himself share the common labour. In 1796, when the Dutton East Indiaman struck near the citadel at Plymouth, and the whole crew were on the point of perishing, when the danger was so great that only one man could be found to assist in the hazardous attempt ; then, by the (with this exception) single humane exertions of Lord Exmouth, and at the imminent risk of his own life, the hopeless crew was saved. Another time, when, on a cruise, having captured a French vessel, he found on board the wife of a deputy who was going with £3,000, the produce of her property, to join her husband in exile ; with true nobility, he restored his portion of the prize-money, and paid to the poor woman, out of his own private purse, the share which had fallen to his subordinates. These are the British seamen, whom our country will do well indeed to honour ! We wish that we had space to dwell on the glories of these three brave men ; not because we think they are not fully known, but because they are topics upon which, as Englishmen, we love to dwell. Could we but recount the perseverance of Saumarez,—another flower in this wreath of naval glory ; the chivalry of Sir Sydney Smith,* whose soul seemed transplanted from the ages of tilt and tourney, the hero of some troubadour minstrel,—rushing with the enterprise and knight-errantry of youth into the most fearful dangers, and coming out of them successful and unscathed,—indued with all the courtesy and noble generosity of the ancient chevalier :—could we dilate upon the defence of Acre against the whole forces of Napoleon, the repulse of the enraged general after two months of incessant combat.

Enough has already passed through our minds to awaken in us an enthusiastic feeling of rejoicing, that, in the midst of angry debates and political animosities, parliament should have paused awhile cheerfully to perform an act of policy and duty, to confer with discrimination those honours which form the highest ambition of a noble mind, next to the conviction seldom indeed, if ever, absent from a British sailor's bosom, that he has done his duty.

* We refer our readers with pleasure to "The Life of Sir Sidney Smith," by Mr. Howard ; as a piece of literature it is of very moderate pretension, but as a piece of *feeling* it is most worthy of perusal. We know no life of a man whose trade was arms, written in such truly honourable and christian spirit.

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HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

No. VI.

IN the preceding papers we have taken a general view of the study of history, the various methods in which it may be pursued, the dangers attendant on each, and the remedies which they demand. I do not mean that any directions have been given as to the best manner of acquiring a knowledge of history, or any remarks made on the relative merits of any works intended for that object; but rather that the turn and temper of mind in which history should be read has been examined, and somewhat has been said on the leading principles which must guide us in its investigations. Little has been advanced on the magnitude and importance of the subject; this, in fact, all are ready to admit, few, alas! practically to remember. It is not one to be exalted into grandeur for the brief space of an essay, and forgotten with the praise which has been lavished on it; there is rather reason to fear lest some, when led to view the study in its true extent, and glance at the profound principles, intricate series of causation, and vast results which it shadows forth, should feel convinced that for any but the greatest minds it is useless to enter upon it. True it is, that to attain such proficiency in this study as to be a guide and example to others, does require mental and moral endowments of no ordinary character. But in this, as in every other pursuit, it is not merely to the greatest proficient that real and sound benefits accrue. We do not reject the study of the classics, because we do not hope to equal the attainments of a Porson or a Hermann, or judge mathematics useless to us, because we see no chance of surpassing the discoveries of Newton.

So it is in history ; we must be content to sit at the feet of Thucydides or Tacitus, and humbly learn from their lips ; we may criticise indeed, but it must be in a spirit of reverence ; yet from what falls to our lot we may derive improvement, both as intellectual and moral beings. We may not, indeed, acquire the penetration which can trace in the dim outlines of the future the probable operations of those moral laws which the contemplation of the past has discovered to us ; nay, we may often need assistance to enable us to see their effects in the past itself ; but by the very knowledge of their existence, and feeling of their greatness, united to a deep consciousness that they are but the modes of action of a divine and eternal power, our moral nature cannot but be elevated, ennobled, and trained to the exercise of all its highest and purest faculties. If there be any man who is led to this pursuit by the mere love of distinction, he has mistaken his mark ; let him betake himself to some easy acquirement, where his darling position of first may be quickly grasped, and let him leave history to men of purer aim and higher feeling, for they alone will be apt learners or useful instructors in its school. Let then those who feel a real interest in this study for its own sake, follow it with diligence and in a right spirit of inquiry, and they will reap, sooner or later, the fruit of their labours.

I would here introduce a remark, which seems to me applicable to the study of history generally, whenever (and when does it not?) it leads us to reflect on the characters and actions of men. Very many persons, who in common intercourse would readily acquiesce in the propriety of forming, as far as possible, a charitable judgment of the conduct of others, and abstaining from the imputation of bad motives where good may exist, seem to consider the rule as abrogated and annulled in respect of those of former ages whose actions are recorded in history. They sport with their motives, and condemn them with a facility really wonderful. But is it either just or wise to set such limits to the exercise of a charitable judgment ? Is it not better to treat the memory of the dead with the same respect and consideration as we would the character of the living ? To endeavour to discover and appreciate that which is good in the mind of each man, who comes before us as we read, will both lead us nearer to the truth, and be more conducive to our own moral advancement. Our first inquiry should be, Had this man any high principle of action, any object out of himself and above himself, which he valued above the

gratification of his passions, any ideal venerated in his loftier moments, superior in any degree and at any time to the love of self? If we find it so, we should make full allowance for it, as a motive of his life and conduct, in every case where it is not manifestly overpowered and excluded ; and the same course we should pursue even more in judging of national than of individual acts. To *demonstrate* the truth of this assertion would be impossible ; but, as founded on the great principle of charity to men, it will, I think, recommend itself to every rightly-feeling mind, and might, did space permit, be confirmed by arguments and instances of very considerable weight. “Are we then,” it may be asked, “to yield up our reasonable conclusions, framed from careful investigation, to this vague feeling of benevolence to men?” Certainly not ; but the human mind is so constituted that reason can rarely, if ever, be brought to act simply and independently of the feelings ; they generally precede, and in some degree influence the judgment ; all then I mean is, that this charitable disposition should be habitual with us in the study of history.

There is an objection, which might be advanced against the view of history which I have taken, when, in the course of these essays, I have spoken of the investigation of the laws which regulate human affairs, an objection which I should wish to meet in concluding the series, and the more so, because some, falling into the same misconception of my meaning, might thence derive apparent support for a false and dangerous principle. “Do you not,” it may be said, “direct us to endeavour to discover for ourselves, from the comparison and analysis of events, the moral laws by which the course of human transactions is governed? Are not these laws, proceeding from the Divine Ruler, of necessity founded on and in consonance with the principles of his government of mankind? Do you then mean that it is to be our aim to find out for ourselves what these principles are? If so, into what a maze of bewilderment are we led, how difficult, how uncertain is the task imposed on us, how great the peril if we err!” In all this there is much truth ; bewildering indeed would be the labyrinth in which we should be wandering, were such our aim as students of history. But does the inquiry into the *laws* by which the Divine Ruler governs the world, imply any doubt as to the *principles* on which his administration of it is built? I think not ; for by moral laws we understand only the constant rule and method according to which *principles* are carried into effect. Those

principles determine the ultimate object, the final result to which the operation of all moral laws conduces, they go far to decide the nature of the laws themselves, yet are they distinct from them, and in no case to be confounded with them. We feel sure that the rewarding of virtue and punishing of vice are in agreement with our conception of the nature of the Deity ; but we cannot thence conclude, what in national existence at least seems to be a fixed law, that guilt shall finally work out its own punishment ; the former being known, we may still regard the latter as a fair subject for investigation. At the same time, from a knowledge of the principles, we may derive material assistance in discovering and comprehending the laws which are founded upon them. The objection, then, being based on an assumed identity between *laws* and *principles* of moral government, or at least such a connexion as renders each law a *necessary consequence* of some principle, falls to the ground ; the question, however, still remains, whether from history we can hope to ascertain what are the principles of the Divine government. It would appear that, supposing us to be totally ignorant of them, we could not hope to discover them from the course of events alone ; nay, knowing them, and convinced of their truth, we are not unfrequently perplexed in the endeavour to reconcile them with the phenomena of history. Often, for example, we might be led to think that virtue is not rewarded—that vice will be finally triumphant ; not, indeed, because history affords real ground for any such presumption, but because our limited view of human affairs, the open success of wickedness, the slow, and often hidden progress of good, all combine to mislead and perplex our judgment. To what then is the student of history to look for the knowledge of the principles on which the world is regulated ? Certainly to revelation ; there, and there only, may he truly learn the nature of God, the wisdom, the holiness, the benevolence of his character in all his relations to man ; there he will find the source and explanation of every law, in the knowledge of the final object to which all things are tending among men ; there his perplexities will cease, so far at least as principles are concerned. Let him not then be eager to throw away what he has learned, as a Christian, of the Divine character, for, in so doing, he is casting aside his best and only sure guide. No man, it may be confidently asserted, will attain the highest results or derive the greatest good from the study of history, who does not enter upon it with his mind fully and deeply imbued with belief

in the reality of a divine government in human affairs, and of those principles inherent in it, which Christianity declares to us; nor will any writer attain durable celebrity and respect as a great historian, who does not view the mighty changes of society, and the varying current of human transactions, with the eye of a Christian philosopher. I mean in *these days*, for the historians of antiquity, destitute as they were of the clearer light which we possess, claim our admiration for the profundity of their judgment, and in many cases for the high moral standard to which they adhered. I am aware that the instance of Gibbon, who apparently continues the acknowledged historian of the later ages of the Roman empire, may be adduced as convincing proof of the contrary to this assertion. But it must be remembered that, especially in a period, on the literature of which students rarely enter, the mere collection of facts, and mechanical part of an historian's task, is so weighty and comprehensive as to preclude the production of many extensive works on the same times, and thereby give a higher degree of importance to any writer who has successfully completed the task, even though his principles and opinions may not be subjects of approval. On this account the history of Gibbon will undoubtedly continue to be a standard work in relation to the period of which he treats; yet would it even now be scarcely considered as a good model for a writer of history to place before him, and it is, perhaps, in this that we are to find the test of a really great historian—in his work taking rank, not as valuable for the information it conveys respecting a certain age or nation, but as giving sound instruction and good example for our guidance in the study of history generally. We feel sure then, that on the principles which religion proclaims, the government of mankind is founded; if at times we cannot discern their operation, nay, are inclined to doubt their very existence, let us wait patiently, certain that, established as they are by the highest authority, it needs but time to develop their influence, or judgment on our part to perceive it. Often, I am convinced, a man deeply impressed with this conviction would foresee far more clearly than one of greater intellectual penetration, but destitute of this element in his mind, the course of human action, and the ultimate result of the mighty events and vast changes which are moving and working among mankind.

“What then are these laws, of which so much has been spoken?” is a question which naturally succeeds, but on which it is not my

purpose to enter. The inquiry has so often occupied the minds of men of much thought, and no ordinary ability, that here to undertake it would be the height of presumption ; yet there is one part which we may with safety affirm, that it is intended that virtue and right should certainly triumph over vice and injustice,—that those principles in man's nature which raise him above himself, and urge him by motives of duty and conscience, are those which ultimately possess the highest and most durable influence on the fortunes of the human race, and have in them an energy by which they must ever rise superior to the low desires and selfish passions which are too prevalent among men. It may be truly said that no noble and virtuous action ever fell to the ground ineffectual for the good of mankind ; thoughts and deeds, animated by this vivifying spirit, ever dwell in the minds of men, and aid, after the lapse of ages and in successive generations, to rouse and cherish the purest and noblest feelings which are implanted in our nature. Thus it is that the heroes of Greece or Rome, though two thousand years have passed over their graves, are still living benefactors to mankind ; thus, in more recent days, the noble self-devotion of the martyrs of England, or the heroic constancy of La Vendée, are destined to exercise an undying influence over the minds of men. We should always keep before our eyes this necessary tendency of virtue, this essential energy with which it is endued, and we shall, by the remembrance of it, be guided through many a doubt which the intricacies of human affairs present to our limited vision. Nearly six thousand years have elapsed since history began. In that time great changes and mighty revolutions have convulsed the earth ; empires have risen and sunk ; freedom and slavery, knowledge and ignorance, have alternated with one another ; the tide of conquest or civilization has rolled from land to land, and from age to age, and still the same passions, the same motives, either for good or evil, are working among men. Yet in the midst of this apparent chaos of conflicting passions and discordant elements, by the operation of this eternal law of the prevalence of virtue over vice, some great and durable results have been attained ; by the increased communication of ideas, by the recorded wisdom of a few great minds, which have thought for mankind, and, above all, by the indestructible influence of Christian belief, some lasting effects for good have been developed in our race ; surrounded, indeed, by vice and wickedness, yet triumphing and to triumph over it. Thus we may well apply

the words of the poet, by him perhaps intended but in a kindred sense :—

“ Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of th’ eternal plan appears,
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.”

G. S. W.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

(*From Æschylus.*)

THEY little recked, each warlike chief
On battle bent, of woman’s grief;
Nor virgin age, nor beauty’s bloom,
Nor prayer, nor tear prevaieth,
Nor e’en her father’s lineage high
To shield his child avaieth.
The tones of prayer in silence sunk,
That father’s voice is heard,
He turns him to the chieftains there,
And he speaks the fatal word.
He bade them raise her from the ground,
Where veiled all she lay,
And, like some bleating lamb,
To place her on the altar-mound,
And stern that rising voice to quell
Of strange and boding tone,
That seemed with curses deep to swell,
A daughter’s dying malison.
All beautiful, as pictured there, she stood
In speaking silence bound,
Her light robes flowing on the ground;
One pity-moving glance around
She darted on the men of blood;
For oft amid her father’s halls,
To princes gathered there,
’Mid feast and wine, she poured the song,
In maiden beauty fair;
The thrilling music of her voice,
Tuned to notes of mirth and gladness,
Banished every thought of sadness,
And bid her father’s heart rejoice.

G. S. W

THE CONSTELLATION LYRA.

THOU glorious realm, whose high and solemn space
 Men here call Heaven! upon whose Lord we call!
 Whose every star that trembles in its place
 Revolves with music round its central ball!
 If here no more 'tis heard within the hum
 That bounds our earth—if in our hearts no more;
 It is not that thy oracles are dumb,
 Thy music mute, thy inspiration o'er.

'Tis that the *listeners* are no more:—for thou,
 Star-tuned infinitude, art pealing on!
 But they that bowed them with unwearied brow
 To hear the eternal mistrelsy are gone.
 They who, the measure of their souls transcending
 Our mortal stature, in their hour could hear,
 When seas of space on heavenly shores are ending,
 Sounds like eternity exulting near.

They, like the dove, from their own fleshly ark
 Far o'er that ocean in their thoughts upborne,
 To worlds beyond, where all to us is dark,—
 Foreheard the music of a new-found morn;—
 With beckoning spirits from afar drew down
 Its wandering echoes to these humbler plains;
 And rapt in utterance sweeter than their own,
 Around the all-hailing world diffused the strains.

They are gone! the secret of their souls has perished,
 And silence deepens o'er the space they crossed;
 But still we glory in the dreams they cherished;
 Some yet go listening as for something lost.
 Great minds go stooping, eagle-eyed to soar
 When the hour comes and the far off appears,
 And inspiration, like a sound of yore,
 Starts on their thoughts, unheard by earthlier ears.

The prophets listened,—and it reached from far
 Their exiled homes and solitary place;
 And poets, wandering in a world at war
 With its own light, its glory, and its grace;

Clothed in their bright apostleship with signs
Of that pure mission which they bear to men—
In nightly watchings, and when proudly shines
The Lord of Fire, still catch the sound again.

O Lyre of Heaven, when, on the heights of old,
Chaldea's shepherds called the stars by name,
Heard they that glorious music as it rolled?
And dimly marked the regions whence it came?—
When slept their flocks beneath the spangled skies,
They tracked the sound till to their souls appeared
Thy starry strings among the heavens to rise;
A dream by faith unto their hearts endeared.

A dream? no! nightly o'er their tents descending,
The heavenly harmony confirmed their faith;
And still the Lyre, amidst the planets blending,
Its golden chords was visible till death.
When rose Orion, belted and in splendour,
And heavenly Argo, freighted with her prize,
And bright Arcturus—did the Lyre, with tender
And sweetest music, in its place arise.

Thou, that in wisdom didst ordain the stars
To be thy ministers, and in their place
To keep that fiery battlement which bars
From us thy happier regions and thy face!
What if, in yearning to be wise, the soul
Did, with a bright imagined dream, conspire
To hear thy utterance in the stars that roll
Within the fabled precincts of the Lyre!

Did not the morning stars break forth in strains
Of joy o'er earth and its foundations made?
And kindred planets o'er the Syrian plains
Sing o'er the Infant in the manger laid?
Did not men hear them? and if silence now
Seems darkening round the ever-tuneful spheres,
'Tis that the clouds of ages on earth's brow
Bars out the harmonious music from their ears.

For thou, O Lyre, still in the pathless height,
Art ever singing from thy spheres on high;
While sleep the nations in the starry light,
Or hear but rivers, or the wind rush by.

But one, of many, and of millions, one,
 In whom the immortal is less clouded o'er,
 From age to age, still as the world rolls on,
 Hears and shall hear it till it rolls no more.

Earth's generations rustle and go down,
 Like harvest ripened to the reaper's hand ;
 All Nature's voices, mingling with their own,
 Pour forth a plenteous music o'er the land ;
 But them no instinct lightening through their clay,
 Leads where one thought may take a tone from thine ;
 Or—wanting utterance—do they steal away,
 Die, and of that within them make no sign ?

In vain their eyes, even in yon heaven, require
 Undimmed thy bright similitude to see ;
 They read no semblance of a glorious Lyre
 In all that now is visible of thee.
 Thy strings, which streamed like meteors when they graced
 That form the ancients of the world revered,
 Yon scattered stars have with their beams displaced,
 And all the Lyre they loved has disappeared.

But clouds shall pass ; and from all eyes and ears,
 When films, obstruction, and the shroud shall fall,
 Then, like the listeners of the world's young years,
 A perfect vision shall be given to all.
 And thou, the fabled image of a clime,
 By shepherds peopled, and by prophets trod,
 Shalt break thy strings before expiring Time,
 And all thy harmony yield back to God.

POLYMETERS.

(From the German of Jean Paul F. Richter.)

Constancy.—"Oh, I dwell in thine eye," said the little brother, when he saw his own face pictured in his sister's eyes. "And I, too, live in thine," she replied. "Ay, truly," thought the father, "so long as ye look upon each other ; for the heart of man is like his eyes."

Old Men.—Verily, long shadows are they, and their setting sun lies cold upon the earth, but they all point towards the morning.

Children.—Little children, stand ye near to God ; for the smallest earth is nearest to the sun.

TALES OF A SPANISH VETERAN.

HASSAN, THE LION-SLAYER.

(Concluded from Page 146.)

“TIME, in his progress towards eternity, whither his unwearied wings are ever tending, had slowly traversed over that little space we mortals term two years,—to him a speck scarcely marked in his interminable flight, but to us a lengthened period, fraught with many incidents of joy or sorrow, to be therefore remembered and dwelt upon as landmarks in the pilgrimage of life. Hassan recovered—had been summoned to the wars. To Zadie, you may be sure, this period had seemed sufficiently dreary and tedious; there were times when hope gave way to despondency, and all her bright anticipations of future happiness were overcast by doubt and fear, for no tidings of the absent one reached her, and she pictured him stretched a lifeless corse on the battle-plain, or a pining captive in some dungeon of the Christian foe, from whom but little mercy was to be expected. At length a wandering santón, or hermit of the desert, whose pilgrim feet had led him to the seat of war, visited the valley of Fez, on his way to the shrine of the prophet at Mecca. He told her of a youthful warrior, whose shout was like the rattling peal which comes upon the ear when storm-clouds are rent asunder; whose sword was fatal as the flashing levin-bolt, the herald of destruction; whose eyes were bright and terrible as meteors, lighting his followers to the work of death; whose form was stately as the cedar tree which flourishes on Libanus, yet graceful as the bending tamarisk.

“‘His name? his name?’ the maiden cried, ‘was it not Hassan?’ ‘Even so,’ was the expected response; and quickly an eager party gathered round to hear of the young chief’s welfare, and of the exploits which were to immortalize his name.

“‘Well did his followers call him the Lion Slayer,’ continued the pilgrim, warming with his subject; ‘the bravest of the Christian host fell before him, and none could withstand the sweep of his death-fraught scimitar. As I beheld him on his fiery barb, bursting through the ranks of his steel-clad adversaries, with the plumes of his jewelled turban streaming wildly in the gale, the rings of his closely fitting hawberk glittering, and the silver shield, on which the blows of hostile weapons fell thickly as the date-blossoms

are scattered by the whirlblast, gleaming in the sunshine, while his nervous arm rose and fell like the hammer of doom, methought there passed before me a visible embodiment of the destroyer Azrael, or that one of the mighty ones of past ages had returned to earth to fight again the battles of their faith, and conquer, as they erst had done, the dogs and sons of dogs—be their graves defiled!—who deny the supremacy of Mahomet, and reverence not the holy symbol of a religion old and imperishable as the stars; yes,

‘——— Looked he not then like those heroes of old,—
Like KHULED the valiant, the favoured of God;
Like ANTAR, the slave-king, the wise and the bold,
Of whose deeds we’re in legends and chronicles told;
Or ALL, who made even hosts at his nod,
Fly as antelopes when they the tiger behold?’

“How far the fervour of the religious enthusiast would have borne him, it is impossible to say, for the silver voice of Zadie broke in, as he was denouncing in tones of deepest wrath curses upon the heads of the infidels, and dooming them all to eternal torture in the gloomy hall of Eblis. ‘But tell me, is he safe?’ she cried, somewhat impatiently; ‘sent he no message, no token of remembrance? What think ye of the war? will it have a speedy and successful termination?’

“‘Maiden,’ the santón answered, his look of stern displeasure, caused by the interruption, gradually softening to one of a more benign character as he gazed on her beautiful and earnest countenance; ‘thou askest of the end and issue of the war, is it not in the hands of destiny? How can we sightless mortals pierce the veil which hangs before the future?—how tell the designs of the great Arbiter of all things? It is a wise ordination by which coming events, whether of evil or of good, are hidden, and we should not attempt to pry into the secrets of the Inscrutable. But I preach to unwilling ears. Well then, as far as human reason and understanding may judge, the issue of the contest is no longer doubtful, and soon will thy lover return, bearing the laurels he so well deserves to wear. The Christians are dispirited and faint, their treasures and their strength alike exhausted, their braver spirits seek the mountain fastnesses, while the timid and crouching tarry in the plains and cities, to become hewers of wood and drawers of water to the conquering children of the only true faith.’

“Well pleased was the old Emir to hear such tidings of his adopted son, and of the holy cause in which he was engaged; earnestly

did he and Zadié, who hung on his words as though they possessed a fateful charm, entreat the santón to tarry awhile with them ere he proceeded on his pilgrimage. But it was of no avail; he had vowed to press with his lips the sacred shrine once more before he died, and he hastened to fulfil his vow while strength remained to him. He passed like a dream, but to Zadié it was a dream of gladness; and she cherished the bright images with which it was fraught, and awaited with renewed hope the return of her warrior from his toils and dangers. Yet a few more days of anxious expectancy, yet a few more nights of broken slumbers, and then—what then? music and sunshine without discord or shadowing cloud, peace and felicity, life-long and unbroken—life-long, did I say? eternal! stretching onward into a state of beatified existence—of imperishable beauty and everlasting happiness. Young hearts! young hearts! what happy self-deceivers ye are; to you the promises of hope seem prophecies certain of fulfilment; to you the voice of joyous anticipation sounds like an oracle, and to you the hollow specialities of life appear veritable realities; thornless are the flowers wherewith ye deck the dwellings of the future, and in the Circean cup of pleasure sparkling ready for your lips ye suspect not that at the bottom may lurk poisonous dregs. Ye dream not that the golden bowl which hangs by the fountain of existence may be broken, or that the silver chain may drop link by link till nought remains whereby ye may cling and fancy yourselves secure. Young hearts! young hearts! ye are happy self-deceivers!

“Another year had slowly passed away, and the heart of the watchers again began to grow weary and desponding, when one evening the desert scouts brought in the joyful intelligence of the advance of a party of horsemen, whose banners and equipments plainly might be distinguished as those of their friends. Soon was there a congregating at the entrance of the valley of yearning hearts eager for the long denied embrace of love and kindly greeting of friendship. The level rays of the declining sun flashed on the silver crescent, borne in the van of the party, and the green embroidered gonfalon which floated beneath it spread out its folds to the evening breeze, while ever and anon the trumpets gave forth their triumphant peals, and the tambour sent across the waste its deep reverberating boom. Soon shouts rang through the rocky defile, and the clash of arms meeting in mimic warfare; and swift horsemen dashed here and there in all the madness of joy, now bounding forward with the velocity of an arrow—now pausing suddenly as smitten

by the finger of destiny, while joy beamed on every swarthy face, and every dark eye flashed with intense excitement. Ere long, however, some of the bright eyes of those who had watched and waited were dimmed by tears, and then smiling faces wore a look of settled grief and melancholy, as they became aware of the absence of husband or father, brother, lover, or friend, who had fallen in the war. Ever is it thus with earthly triumphing and joy; the shadow of the death-angel is cast on some portions of the pageant, and the sound of wailing comes like a dirge-note, between the swelling peals of gladness."

Here Gonzales paused, and looked smilingly around on his attentive auditory, then singling out a beautiful maiden, who reclined by the side of her lover, a vine-dresser from the neighbouring hills, whose muscular arm, bared to the shoulder, encircled her waist, he continued, "Fair Inez there is longing to hear of the passionate words and the love-beaming looks which passed between the youthful couple after their long estrangement—of the bridal dresses, and the festivities attendant on the happy occasion; but I must leave them all to her imagination, having reached the point at which my tale concludes. Suffice it that Zadie and Hassan were wedded, and that they enjoyed a long life of uninterrupted prosperity. That the old Emir lived to dance upon his knee a miniature copy of his heroic son, and then departed peacefully, blessing Alla for the fulfilment of his dearest wishes. Listeners, my tale is told.

H. G. ADAMS.

Note.—Mr. Adams is not a student of King's College. In consequence of the accumulation of contributions from the pens of gentlemen who are, he will pardon us if, with this tale, we conclude his series.—ED. K. C. M.

THE POET'S CHARACTER.

Oh, concede and give pleasures to the poet: as poems he restores them to you in a living form; he enjoys the flowers only to diffuse their sweets; for he is like the bee, that, from the blossoms out of which it sips its nectar, carries away the golden dust to sow upon the world fresh flowers. Let him fly to fair Italy, he will bring it back upon his wings as a hanging garden of sweet poesy.—*Jean Paul.*

The lyric poem is the chorus in the drama of life—the world. The lyric poets are a chorus formed from a lovely union of youth and age, joy, sympathy, and wisdom.—*Novalis.*

LOVE AND WISDOM.

"I'll move the Earth!" cried a sage of old,
With his puny powers grown boastful and bold;
"Yield but a spot whereupon I may stand,
And I'll move the Earth with my own right hand!"

Love heard the vaunt,—never wondrous deed
Has been named whose wonders Love could not exceed,
And he cried, "Be the spot I desire my gift,
And this lump of cold Earth into Heaven I'll lift!"

Folly lurked in the cession that Wisdom required,
For she named not, she knew not, the spot she desired—
But Love, the abode that he sought had found,
And in Celia's heart was his vantage ground.

Could Love gain only a footing there,
This Earth up to Heaven right soon he would bear,
Till he who rested on Celia's heart
Blest Earth from high Heaven no longer might part.

But the sage plods on, over Earth,—over Earth,
And his dreams die in air, whence they drew their birth;
And Love, though he striveth, still striveth in vain
His abode in fair Celia's heart to obtain.

Yet though Wisdom craved for a spot unknown,
For want of an object she failed alone ;—
The ground she demanded had Wisdom but seen,
She had bent it, from Earth, to her will, I ween.

And is Love then, so vain of his might, become weak,
Cannot Love rule and compass the heart he shall seek?
Ah!—To nought upon Earth can he power impart
To move or to touch cruel Celia's heart!

HAL.

BRIGHT EYES.

As from black thunder-clouds Fate's arrow flies,
Dealing destruction, flash proud Flora's eyes:—
Sweet Rose! her glances beam upon our view
As summer lightnings in the heavenly blue!

HAL.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

“Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wooest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight.”

It is night; the time that God hath blest; that he hath sent man for his rest after the toils of the day. It is a holy time the night, there is no more of the turmoil and the trouble of the busy day; all is peace and stillness. And when the last “Good night” has been said, and the chamber door is shut, and the knees have bended and the hands folded in prayer to the God to whom the darkness is as the light; when the head is laid upon the pillow, and the holy angel of slumber hath waved its dark wings over it; then often doth the hushed spirit hold communings with beings from another world, which in that holy and silent hour visit the earth, and, as dreams, whisper to its habitants tales of their own land. In sleep too, when the wearied body is laid to rest, the spirit is often, as it were, set free to wander as it will; and then may the spirits of those who, though far parted, are one in heart, meet in that still hour, to tell each other their tale of faith and constancy. To such a night there cometh a morning of renewed strength and gladdened heart, and man ariseth and goeth forth to his task with a cheerful spirit.

It is night, the night of watching; and untiring Love draweth near the couch of anguish, to smooth the pillow for the aching head that knoweth not the ministering hand, to watch the pains it cannot alleviate. How slowly and heavily pass the dark and lonely hours, marked only by suffering and sorrow! How doth the worn spirit long for the morning, as if with the sunlight some beam of hope also must break upon the fainting heart! The morning cometh, the fever hath abated, and for the first time, perhaps, for days, the sufferer knoweth and blesseth the hand that hath tended him in his necessities. How blessed is that morning, when renewed hope shineth again upon the long darkened spirit!

It is night again ; but in the lighted halls there is revelling and banqueting, and the sounds of boisterous mirth are heard, where there should be stillness and sleep. It is a merry night ; but in the morning, where is the strengthened frame and lightened heart that should spring to welcome the returning light, and the blithe singing of birds, and the sweet smell of the flowers that sparkle in the morning dew ? There is instead languor, and weakness, and pale melancholy.

It is night. There is darkness over the earth, and the brightness of heaven is veiled. The peaceful, the good, the happy are at rest ; and now crime cometh forth from its lurking places, and rapine and murder stalk over the earth, and dark deeds are done, that the holy light of heaven may not look upon. It is at night the youth first learns the power of the intoxicating fluid,—the morning's misery sends him again to the fatal bowl. Night after night is he found at the drunkard's board. His money is all gone, He must have more, or he can get no more drink. It is night : in the darkness he will be hid, and he commits his first theft. He grows bolder in crime. At last there is danger, an alarm will be given, he will be taken, and he already sees the gallows before him. There is but one resource ; his victim lies dead at his feet. He is safe : he will be at peace. In the morning he joins his companions ; but the form of his victim rises before his eyes. He talks loudly, and joins in the rude laugh ; but he breaks off suddenly in his merriment, for that form is before him. He will drown his senses in drink, but it is there still, pale, bleeding, immoveable. The darkness shall hide it from his sight, but in the night he is alone—alone with *that*.

* * * * *

There is a morning and a night to the human heart. In the morning of the heart all is cold ; upon its soil resteth the heavy dew, clothing all its flowers with a damp and chilling vesture. But the sun cometh ; there springeth up in the heart a warming, a burning passion, and the damp dews are changed to glistening gems upon the flower-buds. All things are beautiful and bright in that pure light of early morning. The sun goeth on his course of splendour, and at noon all is brilliant and dazzling ; but the dew-gem of the morning is gone ; where is the pure, bright, crystal tear-drop that glistened in the eye of childhood ? it perished in that burning heat. The still, gentle, evening

cometh. But when the western clouds are brightest in their golden radiance, seeming like fairy isles in the blue sea of heaven; when the sun hath laid aside his more dazzling splendour, and arrayed himself in a softer and more holy brightness; when the flowers of earth have turned their fair heads towards him, and all seemeth more beautiful than it ever did before—then tremble! for, ere long, that sun whose brightness hath lighted thee on thy life's way will set, and there will fall upon the heart a night, dark, desolate, and void.

But the morning of life may have been cloudy, and the day stormy, and to such an one there will come a night of rest and peace. And when the tempests are hushed, and the deep waters still, through the clouds of night will break in a—not brilliant,—but soft, gentle, holy moonbeam, that shall pour its silver ray of peace upon the wearied spirit, that shall lull it to rest in the sleep of the grave.

To the night there comes a morning. On the desolate and forsaken heart a sun of brightness shall again arise; and the wearied tempest-tossed spirit shall awaken from its night of rest to a new day. But not in this world. There shall be an awakening from the night of the grave to another sun and another world. But there too will be a morning and a night, a morning whose brightness shall know neither clouds nor changing—a night whose blackness of darkness shall see no morning.

PUCK.

THE HIDDEN LIGHT.

THE sun was high in the blue vault of heaven, and poured his glad, warming beams upon the earth, so that the flowers blossomed brightly, and the sparkling waters reflected his golden radiance. All nature rejoiced in that brilliant and heavenly light.

But after a time the sun veiled his brightness in a mantle of dark clouds; and then the flowers all drooped their fair heads in sadness, the waters were no longer sparkling, but all seemed dark and heavy.

There may be love in the heart; but if all its brightness and warmth be shrouded by the cold clouds of form and reserve, there will be no blooming flowers, no bright reflection of its golden light to tell of its presence.

PUCK.

ELLERTON CASTLE ;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."



CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

ANDREW WESTRILL—KATE.

ANDREW WESTRILL'S terrible death struck with awe all those who stood around him ; it was a fearful sight to see a man expire with all the blackest passions in his heart,—to see, in the first minutes after soul and body parted, the features stamped with earth's fierce passions—and death, to stand beside and mock their imbecility. But the vile soul was fled, and the form that it perverted returned once more to the shape in which God formed it, ere it mouldered to its native dust,—the expression of peace, that for weary years a restless spirit banished, resumed now its sway, and the face, as of an innocent and smiling child, changed suddenly to manhood, rested upon Westrill's pillow. By the hands of him he had held his bitterest foe were the last kind offices performed ; Edward Heringford closed Andrew's eyes ; he alone dropped a tear upon the corpse, for he looked upon Kate Westrill's brother.

During the night the body of Andrew Westrill remained within Joe Bensal's cottage, for a storm was rising, and when night came it broke forth in all its fury. All watched in turn beside the dead, a task to Mat Maybird particularly distasteful. Mat was no coward, but he was not free from the superstition of the age. The rain plashed against the window, which was shaken impatiently by the furious wind, as it came moaning across the country. Mat verily believed that the storm was caused by the escape of Westrill's wicked soul, and the rushing of howling demons from all quarters to lead it to their home in triumph. Then, he thought, came some and gazed in at the window, to see the body whence their brother soul had come, and, striving to enter, furiously shook the fastened casement, until his Ave Marias scared them thence, then they flew moaning away, and their sounds died faintly in the distance.

In the morning came those who were to bear to Ellerton the corpse ; the storm had ceased, but the sky was overcast, and thin

rain fell ; they carried him upon a bier into the village. When the villagers heard that Andrew Westrill, Kate's wicked brother, was slain, and that they bore him home, they met, and would have greeted him with curses, but when they saw Heringford in tearful mourning by his side, their curses were choked up by blessings that arose in every heart to greet their friend and favourite. They carried Andrew's body to the cottage that had been his own. They carried him in ; it was broken and desolate, but he it was that had planted ruin and desolation there ; beside the hearth, whose fires in life he had quenched, there first they laid him down. The stillness of death, that he had cast as a veil over the house of his father, hung now also upon him, for it was the hour of retribution.

One room alone within that broken house contained a bed ; thither they carried him, and there they spread the body out. A sunbeam struggled through the clouds, and darted then into the chamber,—it played upon the dead man's face ; and Edward called to mind that that room had been Andrew's when a child, and that there they had in old times slept together, when such a sunbeam would awaken them : and there slept Andrew now, but to the greeting of no sunbeam would he now awaken. The child had slept there in peace and plenty ; now, after years of misery and vice, the man there rested, amid the wretchedness his life had made.

None among the villagers would watch over the body, or perform for it the last offices by which man parts solemnly with his fellow. In the night-time they buried him, for they feared the feelings of the people ; and in a corner of the holy ground, as an intruder there, beneath a mound unmarked by one memorial of love or friendship, there rested Andrew Westrill ; and the grass grew rank above his grave, the only grave that no fond mourner tended ; the flowers were choked up and died, but a deadly nightshade planted itself there, and no man plucked it up, and it grew luxuriantly, mingling with the rank grass its lurid berries ; and strangers shuddered as they passed, for they said it was a murderer's grave.

In the meantime Kate remained a tenant beneath the roof of good Father Francis. They did not tell her of her brother's fate ; indeed, had they done so, she would have been unable to comprehend it, for her mind had not yet recovered from that last dreadful shock, and it seemed doubtful whether reason would be restored.

Pretty Kate! it was a sad thing for Ellerton to see its old favourite wandering, without consciousness of past or present, over the scenes of youthful gladness; the village queen, still crowned, indeed, with flowers, but the garland of her own weaving, woven with wavering hands, to circle an aching and a vacant brow. Father Francis, who watched with fond affection every act, thought he perceived a hollowness in her distemper; he imagined that although it still preserved an outward form in all its chilling horrors, it was become now but an empty shell, which at a touch might crumble into dust. That touch was given. For a long time Kate had been ignorant of the things and persons placed around, even her own Edward had seemed strange to her; but he by his voice had struck a chord that won upon her soul, with him she loved to talk of the brave warrior that had loved her, and had fallen in his country's cause; when her hand was clasped in his she felt a thrill, she thought, such as her Edward's touch of old had given; at length she yielded herself to him entirely, made him the partner of all her fancied woes, and placed in him alone implicit confidence; no word from his lips would she ever doubt. The favourable moment seemed at hand; and at length, when walking with Kate and Annette de Vermont, her constant companion and tender nurse, through scenes sacred to the memories of old, once more he declared himself to be indeed her Edward. Kate Westrill, with a sudden flush, made sign that she believed him, her eyes were lighted up with new fires ere their lids closed, and she fell back senseless into Annette's arms.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

SIR RICHARD ELLERTON—JESSAMINE.

EVENTS tend now rapidly towards the point at which our history will cease; and as the good steed, that has borne us over many a mile of dull or pleasant road, starts on with redoubled speed when he approaches his own home and journey's end, so does our goose-quill now scorn all restraint, and takes the shortest road to its long pause, however the unwilling guide might wish to linger.

Curts and Spenton lived together for some days after the outbreak last recorded, in a state of the most delightful amity. The

constant admiration of Simon Byre was so flattering to the former individual, that he began to feel for the strange being, if not love, something as near akin to friendship as a man like Curts might cherish ; but her unwearied attention to this object of devotion was by no means so pleasing to the watchful Spenton, who found no single opportunity for the carrying out of his designs.

The time when Sir Richard Ellerton would return to the cave, in the meantime, drew nigh, and Curts was anxious that he might have a tale to tell. There were no bolts in peaceful Ellerton ; nothing would be so easy as to enter Edward's house by night, and complete the crime in which they had so often failed. This was arranged, and without delay carried into effect. Curts and Simon Byre,—Spenton was never partner in their plans, but he was present too, for since he had last seen Jessamine he had never ceased to dog his victim's footsteps,—Curts and Simon Byre found, as they hoped, the door unbarred, and made their way to Edward's chamber ; but it was empty.—Both were enraged ; Curts would have repaid his trouble by carrying off such moveables as were suited to his taste, this Simon Byre would not allow ; they would leave no trace that they had been, and come again, when they would be sure of their success, to-morrow. To-morrow ! how surely does man build upon a morrow ; yet he knows not what one little minute may produce.

Heringford was absent, for he knew that Sir Richard Ellerton was wandering among the ruins, and had been seized with the, perhaps Quixotic, hope of effecting a reconciliation, by speaking with him once more. The death of Westrill, he imagined, would be a weighty argument upon his side.

Sir Richard, since he left the cave to return in a week, and find his plans completed, remained close at hand, awaiting the time among the castle ruins. A feeling—what it was he knew not—but a solemn feeling drew him still to a strange sympathy with the monument of his own crime ; and he would be near the cave. His mind was breaking down ; the voice of his conscience was yet louder than of old, and he was to endure a week in agony of suspense and apprehension. Ignorant of all that had occurred, it was in such a mood as this that Edward met him, and he learned that his design had failed. The effect was terrible ; Sir Richard rushed forward to slay Heringford with his own hand, and then recoiled in horror from the deed. It is needless to detail the scene : they parted as they met, save that Edward's pity was

increased,—Sir Richard's agony was doubled. Urged to distraction by a misery such as man might hardly bear, Sir Richard Ellerton, in these fearful moments, again met his evil genius, Jessamine.

“Aha!” exclaimed she, “still on thy search, good master!”—

Sir Richard turned away in fury, but she held his arm.

“Look at me,” continued the woman; “if I shake, it is with age; my heart beats well enough for one such as I. Art thou a man, master, to be moved thus at blood dry for these twenty years? Wilt thou not stay—not look at me? Am I so loathsome to thee now;—thine, master, was the pearl; by thee it was cast into the dust.—Thou art the murderer!”

“Murder!” shrieked Sir Richard, and stepped back aghast, as the stern ruins echoed back the word. Jessamine stood before him in the moonlight; and as she grinned upon his rage, and still extended towards him her long bony arm, pointing with her finger at him as she denounced his crime, she seemed a tenant of the evil world, that had haunted him, tempted, and betrayed. In mad rage he struck her to the ground. She rose with a fearful threat, and Sir Richard leapt towards her, with her life to stay its execution, but she had retired quickly within her tower, and the door was barred upon him. Angrily, he cast himself against it, striving that he might burst the fastenings, when the light flitted from the window; he stood aside, and saw it ascend from loop-hole to loop-hole of the tower; he watched that he might track her passage, and bar her from escape. She had gained an upper corridor,—anxiously he watched, for his fate hung on the result; the light passed slowly from window to window; suddenly it was extinguished; there was a piercing shriek, and all was still. There was no light save where the moon's rays silvered the grey walls,—no sound, save when the night wind moaned among the falling walls, or rustled in the ivy.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

SPENTON WINS HIS LAST GAME—SO DOES CURTS.

SPENTON sought anxiously for an opportunity of separating Curts from Simon Byre, and tried a variety of means in vain. At length one day he brought in a pretended rumour that Heringford had left for London.

"Ay!" exclaimed Curts, "we had better ascertain that point. It may be true."

Spenton perceived that this bait had been caught at.

"I will go myself and find out this afternoon," said Simon; "the question may be soon decided."

"So is best," said Spenton, his eye glistening with delight; and immediately he turned the conversation.

Breakfast done, Spenton challenged Curts to play dice, willing by every means to lull any suspicion that might exist, and appear on the most friendly footing. Curts, having nothing else to occupy him, accepted the invitation.

Surprising beyond measure was the run of good luck that did homage to the prosperous Curts, for Spenton permitted him to cheat to his heart's content, and himself intentionally cheated to his own disadvantage. Never before was Curts in such good humour as when he continually pouched the money of his opponent,—money that was willingly parted with, because soon to be taken back.

"Double the stakes!" cried Spenton, with apparent recklessness.

"Right!" said Curts, "very right, indeed. The stakes shall be doubled."

Curts, of course, won them.

"This is vexatious," said Spenton, apparently annoyed, "I never was so unfortunate before."

"Excellent!" cried Curts; "thou seest I do not cheat."

"Playest most honourably," replied Spenton; "so do I."

"Right," replied Curts, "thou art playing as people should play; that is, when they play with me."

"I have but ten marks more," said Spenton. "Five on the next game!"

The five were lost.

"The other five must follow next," said Spenton. "I stake them all upon this throw."

"Right!" said Curts. "Very good!—I will throw for them."

He threw, and swept off the remainder with a laugh of exultation. Spenton appeared to care little for his loss; for, had he acted much despair, he would have laid himself open to new sources of suspicion.

"It matters not," said he; "when Sir Richard pays, I shall have money enough, and then it will be my turn to win."

"Right!" replied Curts, with whom now nothing appeared

wrong. "Right! Thou wilt be sure to win then.—This is a good day's work."

Pouring the coin upon the table, he proceeded to count it with manifest delight; chuckling and muttering to himself with all the exultation of avarice, whose greedy demands are more than satisfied.

After this they dined, Curts being, as a matter of course, in excellent spirits.

"Hast beaten me, Curts, at the dice," said Spenton, "but darest thou drink against me? What shall the wager be?"

"Do not accept the challenge," advised Simon Byre, who had an eye to his fitness for the night's adventure against Heringford.

"Fret not thyself, Simon," said Curts, "Spenton can bear but very little, and it will not harm me to outdrink him."

"We will see that," said Spenton. "Name the wager."

"The whole of the next booty thou obtainest," said Curts, "whatever it may be."

"Agreed!" cried Spenton. "And, if I win, the money thou hast just now won comes back into my purse."

"Right!" said Curts. "Can'st outdrink me it shall be as thou wilt."

"Then," said Simon Byre, "I will pursue mine errand in the village, and leave ye to the full enjoyment of your beastly contest."

Simon, accordingly, left the cave.—Spenton and Curts were alone.

"What shall our liquor be?" demanded Curts. "Thine be the choice."

"The strongest," replied Spenton, placing a flask of spirits beside Curts, and a similar one—in respect of bottle, at least, and the colour of contents—before himself: these he had prepared beforehand.

Unsuspicious of the trick that had been played him, Curts drank deeply; Spenton still keeping pace, luring his victim on by well-feigned symptoms of intoxication. Curts became talkative.

"Thou drinkest well, Spenton," said he, "better than I could have thought."

"Another cup," urged Spenton, filling his own with the harmless liquor.

"Another cup," echoed Curts, and a cup of burning spirit was

swallowed at a draught. Curts now spoke with the greatest freedom, and told the night's plan.

"Dost not fear something will occur to prevent thee?" asked Spenton, smiling.

"Not I," replied Curts, "if Heringford be at home. Simon is gone to see. What should prevent us?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied Spenton. "Another cup."

"Of course," replied Curts; "thou thinkest to win thy money back, but thou shalt not, Spenton. No, no," said he, tapping the pouch that held it, "I drink for that."

Another cup accordingly was drained, and Spenton rejoiced inwardly at the success of his plan.

"Heringford thinketh not at this moment," said Curts, in drunken joy, "that his end is so near.—Ha! ha! Spenton, I can mind thy purse!"

Spenton feared that Simon Byre would return before he had executed his villanous design, and again urged the liquor upon his victim. To save his money Curts drank willingly; and still Spenton urged him on to more. The weazen face of the villain was puckered into an expression of delight, as Curts, no longer able to withstand the potent influence of the drink, fell back stupified. Spenton, with deliberate coolness, and a sneer of malice on his face, drew the dagger from his belt, and felt its keen edge with a brutal satisfaction, as his eyes gloated over the prostrate form of his victim.

There was a rustling at the entrance,—he started with fear,—it was but a few dried leaves shaken by the wind; and again, wiping away the cold sweat that had started to his brow, he turned towards the senseless figure.

Spenton knelt beside Curts; again he felt the dagger's edge; again gloated over his prey; then raised the weapon, and gave one heavy well-directed stroke; a red jet of blood followed the steel when it was withdrawn, and stained the murderer's dress. There was but a violent twitching of the features, an arm was convulsively raised,—the foul crime was committed.

Spenton fled.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

CONSCIENCE.

SIR RICHARD ELLERTON, when he saw Jessamine's light extinguished, was filled with despair. She had escaped him,—escaped, to expose all his plots and his wickedness,—to put an end to all his hopes. Among the rambling passages and corridors, with which she was as well acquainted as himself, it would be next to useless to attempt pursuit, without one clue to guide him. But his despair urged him to exertion : Jessamine must die or he was ruined, and, with the strength of madness, forcing open the door she had closed upon him, he entered her room. By the direction the light had at first taken he knew the course in which she had commenced her flight, and rushed in haste up the dark staircase : arrived at the summit, as he was about to enter the corridor, moans and dismal shrieks met his ears—they were the cries of Jessamine ; but the conscience-stricken man assigned, in his superstition, other causes to the sounds that thus disturbed the stillness. A deed of murder, that he remembered but too well, had been perpetrated near that spot, and he stood appalled and trembling. The shrieks ceased, and a low moan was the only sound : to him it was the moan of spirits over the murdered one. There he had before heard shrieks of agony—to his ear they were repeated.

The moans ceased. Impelled, by an inexplicable feeling, he walked on with tottering step over the charred floor, until the moonlight, darting through a loop-hole, showed him a wide breach, where it had given way beneath the feet of Jessamine. He shuddered, and paused. There was a door close by, and, as he timidly placed his hand upon the lock, a cold moisture was on his brow. He opened the door, and advanced one step : it was the room in which the infant had been murdered ; there was a glimmering light through the window from the night without, that scarcely sufficed to reveal the objects within, but *he* could see them clearly ; the fire had not touched that part to harm it ; and there was the bed, now dropping to pieces,—the child's bed, where Jessamine was its nurse and murderess. The glass had fallen from the casement, and a slight air agitated the furniture of the bed ; to his disordered brain the innocent seemed sleeping there, as he had seen it on that night, and the motion was Jessamine near. The moans were at that moment renewed, and Sir Richard started at the

sound; the deed was done!—and he fled rapidly to the tower, where he descended once more into the open air.

The fresh breeze upon his now flushed face revived him; it was but for a time; then he thought of his tottering plans, of the disgrace that threatened.—He took a vial from his bosom, looked at and replaced it. No; it had lain there many a long year,—he would not yet remove it.

Yet Edward might be dead. His accomplices in the cave might have taken some steps to his advantage; he knew not what might have occurred there, and he decided upon visiting the place; but yet he feared,—he would delay awhile. A presentiment of evil was upon him; he could not shake it off, and dared not hurry the moment when it should be verified.

Day dawned, and, after long lingering, at noon he proceeded to the cave. His journey was half completed, when he turned back, dreading what he might have to hear, for he knew that his plots were failing.—All day he concealed himself in the dark recesses of the ruin; towards evening he again walked towards the cave; still his courage failed him, but this time he did not turn back, and crept timidly through the entrance.—Within, a sight encountered him more dismal than aught he had conceived. Upon the floor lay Curts, a pool of blood around him, and by the body knelt Simon Byre, employed in a wailing measured chaunt of mournful cadence, which, according to the custom of her own savage country, she was singing over him she loved.

“Who did this deed?” exclaimed Sir Richard.

Simon Byre made no reply, as she continued, without interruption, her monotonous rite.

“Fell Curts by his own hand?”

Simon waved him off impatiently, for he disturbed her duties.

Sir Richard misinterpreted the action: “Alas!” said he, mournfully, “am I outcast even among these!” Slowly he quitted the cave, and descended the hill into the village. Folding his cloak around him, and placing his bonnet over his face, to screen himself from observation, he stood as the sun was setting on the village green. There was a sound of boisterous mirth,—the children of the village were at play. He stopped to look at them. Once he had been a merry child, and his voice had once been loud as these were now upon that village green. Since then into what a fearful sea of crime had he been launched,—now to be stranded. He remembered, as he saw these playing, who had been his old com-

panions, and what now had become of them. Some were dead, but they had died honourably, with wife and children around their bedside to smooth the last weary pillow,—he should not be like those: what wife had he among the living? Beatrice was murdered,—Esther was dead; what child had he to love him?—Others of his companions still lived, respected—their children were sporting on the green; and, as he traced in them their father's faces, and fancied them his old companions young again, himself alone excluded, he alone branded with infamy, he alone hated, he alone different to all the rest, a miserable outcast, whom all men shunned and shuddered at; as he looked on the happy children, and thought of this, a scalding tear trickled down his haggard and careworn cheek—a tear of the bitterest agony and remorse.

Intent on their games, the children, at first, did not notice him; but at length he was observed by a few, and they instinctively drew back; their timidity was infectious, and soon the sight of the solemn man, in his long dark cloak, had damped the sports, and they grew from boisterous mirth almost to silence. Sir Richard, acutely sensitive, was not slow to observe the change, and, muffling himself yet more closely, turned away.

“Even so!” muttered he, bitterly, as he heard the mirth resumed at his departure. “Even so! There is a curse on and around the murderer, and ever will be.”

As he passed through the village he noted all the houses, and remembered the early friends that used to live in them; now they were tenanted by sons or grandsons, some by those friends themselves now old, who had lived long enough to hate his name. He came to the cottage in which his own childhood had been spent, and he remembered it well. It was large and irregular, yet neat; there was an elm in the garden, he used once to climb into its branches; and out of that garden full many a flower had he plucked, to weave into garlands and gay coronets for little Beatrice. Impelled by curiosity to see who were the present inmates of his old home, and by a yet more solemn feeling, too mysterious even for a name, Sir Richard tapped gently at the door: it was opened by a venerable woman, who, when the stranger asked a cup of water, invited him to enter.

A little girl was preparing the supper, in a room he well remembered; and the mistress of the house, the old woman who admitted him, urged her guest to share her meal. He accepted the invitation.

He could not refrain from asking questions of the changes in his early dwelling. And on this hint the old woman spoke, and opened all the stores of her garrulity. Sir Richard heard himself the subject of remark—his real crimes, partly known or part suspected, mixed with all the conjectures of the village, but true enough and home enough to cut him deeply. Suddenly he rose in the midst of a detail of curses on his name, as if to leave, and asked a cup of water.

“’Tis a weak drink for one that travels through the night,” observed the dame.

Sir Richard drew the vial from his bosom. “I have this to mix with it.”

“And what is that?” asked the woman, bringing the water.

“It is the only thing,” replied Sir Richard, sadly, “that to me can now make drink pleasant.” Pouring the contents of the vial into the cup, he drank it off; and, thanking his hostess for her hospitality, soon afterwards departed.

It was twilight when he reached the open air, and he wandered on unobserved, he cared not whither; by night he was in a forest, where, wearied with fatigue and anxiety, he extended himself upon a bank to sleep, but in vain. As he lay, the figure of Esther appeared, in sable garments, mourning over him; he looked up into her face, and it melted away. Beatrice came,—Beatrice and a child; then other figures of those whose death proceeded from his hand; for report spoke truly, when it said that in France he had recklessly plunged into crime. The memory of Beatrice, dead, was agony more than he could bear, and to hide the thought of that one crime, a thousand others were committed to outweigh it; these, indeed, brought their punishment with them, but they answered not the purpose he intended; for still the first and deadliest of all, the murder of an affectionate wife, could not be dimmed in his recollection:—though he bathed his hands in the blood of others, her blood-drops he could not obliterate from his soul.

Then came the heavy weight, pressing without mercy upon his heated brain; then forms and shapes too horrible to mention; and, in frenzy, the tortured wretch started up from the ground, and hurried through the wood,—a legion of demons, laughing and yelling, in fancy, at his heels, whom in vain he endeavoured to outstrip.

The sun rose in its glory: he was in the open country, walking beside a river, a large house was in view, and a long turf plot in

front. A deathly calm was upon him, and, still muffled in his cloak, he walked slowly on. Footsteps were near, he looked up,—De Vermont was before him, for he had wandered to Carnwood. De Vermont regarded him sternly. Sir Richard trembled before his glance, and cast down his eyes towards the ground.

“Mercy! Pity!” exclaimed he. “My spirit is broken.”

De Vermont had not expected such an address, and looked with compassion on the guilty wretch who had reduced himself to such an extreme of misery. His face was thin, pale, and haggard; there was a hectic flush upon his cheek; his eyes were dull and sunken; his lips in constant nervous trembling.

Moved, despite his own feelings of indignation, to pity for the unhappy man, De Vermont generously sought in what he could assist him. At a tone of kindness from man, so long unheard, Sir Richard burst into tears.

“Leave me,” said he, “leave me to myself. Kindness from thee is the most cutting shame that I have felt through years of anguish.—Leave me to my fate!”

De Vermont left him, after vain endeavours to assist, and he seated himself beside the river, where he remained long in reverie. At length he arose.

“Ay,” said he, “’tis fitting that I too should die there!” And with trembling step, and failing strength, he returned to Ellerton Castle.

(To be concluded.)

SILENT LOVE.

OH, think not the warm heart less fondly is beating,
While echoed thou hear’st not its pulse on my lip;
Oh, deem not the love that ne’er stooped to entreating,
Because it is silent, less fervent and deep.

The restless waves, dearest, that, heavenward leaping,
Proclaim the great ocean’s unlimited sway,
Though deep be the flood that beneath them lies sleeping,
Pour not into streamlets their waters away.

HAL.

IMAGINATION.

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
 In a cowslip’s bell I lie,
 There I couch when owls do cry,
 On the bat’s wing I do fly
 After summer merrily.” *Song of Ariel.*

I WOULD remind those who affect to despise the productions of the imagination, of an excellent remark made by Foster in his admirable essay “on the application of the epithet romantic.”—“The want of imagination is never an evidence, and perhaps but rarely a concomitant, of a superior understanding.” With whatever errors and excesses it may be chargeable, it is beyond dispute that the imagination is one of the most valuable and amazing of the human faculties; and the remark of a celebrated mathematician, who, after reading an epic, asked “what it proved?” is childish and contemptible. He might have inquired, equally to his credit, of what use are painting and sculpture; and of what purpose are the colours of the butterfly, since they assist not the insect in flying through the air. It may be granted that the castle-building with which some people amuse themselves, is, to say the least of it, particularly ridiculous; and by what rules of architecture these workmen are guided, it is hard to declare. They join things together the most opposite in their natures, and so mingle them

“ut turpiter atrum
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè.”

And when we read of the heroes and heroines of some authors, we are apt to congratulate ourselves on their non-existence; for did they enjoy absolute life, the habits of society would be deranged by their vagaries. There is no faculty, the operations of which need more careful watching than those of the imagination; and when associated with a weak reasoning power, it soon usurps an unbridled authority, and renders its possessor the victim of its extravagance; it is then that we witness the most grotesque absurdities, the vainest chimeras, the wildest dreams; all things are seen through a glass darkly, discoloured and misshapen; and the superlative degree of comparison is very superfluously resorted to. Those feats of the imagination which do honour to its exercise have been achieved under the direction of reason, which has corrected its excesses, subdued its colourings, and restrained the ardour

and impetuosity of its flight. It has prevented those incongruities and deformities so often disfiguring the writings of romance, which abound in every kind of monstrosity ; they tell of friendships which can never be realized, and of lovers surpassing the renowned Don Quixote in the height of his passion for the enchanting Dulcinea. It is better to have scarcely any imagination, than one we cannot govern ; for nothing so unfits us for the investigation of truth. Let me entreat the closest attention to a fine remark of the able author I have before quoted. “ There may be an intellect not *positively* feeble, yet practically reduced to debility by a disproportionate imagination, which continually invades its sphere, and takes everything out of its hands.” Might not a vigorous and prolific fancy have interrupted the abstruse calculations of Newton, by interfering with the continuous and sustained exercise of those forces of the understanding necessary to effect them ? There are many who would have made much progress in science and philosophy, had they not been so intensely enamoured of the ideal, and obeyed implicitly each unreasonable injunction of the fantastic fancy which is mistress of their minds. It would indeed be a most interesting inquiry to ascertain how far the different faculties antagonize, and the consequences of such antagonism ; to mark where the stronger overcoming the weaker, utterly destroy the balance of the understanding, and wrest the rod of judgment from her hands ; and happy is the mind, which, rich in every attribute, can voluntarily urge each power into action, and lull that power to repose again.

Let us regard a moment the condition of the person in whom the imagination is defective ; whilst others read with feelings of ecstasy such works as those of Milton and Shakspeare, he thinks it a fine thing (if he should notice them at all) to ridicule and sneer at their sublimest passages. He is, unless he possess that reasoning power which sometimes exists unaccompanied by imagination, a mere creature of the senses ; the sublime and beautiful will never enter the scope of his vision, nor seduce his attention from those grovelling employments which occupy his time. The epithet romantic will never be applied to him ; nor will he be found voluptuously indulging in the lap of reverie. He will lose one great agent in refining the sentiments ; and the coldness of his language will most probably be typical of his frigid heart. He will see no gold but that which is instanced by the metal ; laugh at ideal joys and sorrows ; and consider such a story as the *Bride of Lammermoor* the foolish invention of an enthusiastic phantasy. The mysterious witches of “ the blasted heath ” would have no influence over him

and he would view their cauldron as a common boiler; and whilst Hamlet, awe-struck, confounded, and amazed, is listening to the ghost of his murdered father, he could coolly reason on the absurdity of believing in sprites and phantoms. The "thin air" would agitate him not, and he could sup with a good appetite with the grim spectre standing in his presence. He may have excellences peculiar to himself, but to play the lyre of the muses to him is a waste of melody—a lamentable waste. He would consider the poets as the maddest of their species, forgetful how truth lies hidden in the *sound* to those who attend not to the *sense* of rhymes. And not seeing the application of ideal compositions, and blind to the fact that they are oftentimes based upon and deduced from the real, he may censure that, in the bliss of his ignorance, which if he rightly comprehended, he would warmly eulogize.

What an irreparable void would be left in the mind by the extinction of imagination! Without it, reality would show all its horrors, and the waters of ecstasy would be half dried up. What could embellish the language of the orator? What could inspire the studies of the painter? What could wing poetry for her heavenward flight? The world of imagination is more to us even than the real world; the invisible is more thought of than the seen; the touchless than the tangible. How teeming was the imagination of the blind Milton! It was to him as a sun, when all was dark around. It is imagination which enhances the beauty of reality, and thence, ascending on soaring pinions, discovers shapes the loveliest, formed perhaps by a combination and re-arrangement of those which it has seen. Assisted by comparison, reason, and judgment—for without these it is a feeble faculty—it ranges throughout the domain of nature, wanders through earth, sea, air—searches after all that is exquisite and wonderful; and, after culling the most gorgeous treasures, disposes of them in its own sweet order, and lavishes them bountifully, through the medium of language, on all who listen to its siren voice. Its descriptions are redolent with splendour and magnificence—what is so beautiful? Its

———"isle is full of noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

Does it assume the character of a fairy, it acts as we might presume a fairy would:

"It plucks the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from our sleeping eyes."

We follow it through its most devious mazes, as if its form were palpable. Sometimes it delights in the vast and terrible; and

figures the most dismal and terrific crowd around it in thick array. It can vary its scenes at its pleasure ; the calm and the tempest, the sunbeam and the lightning, all wait on its command. Nay, such is its power that it defies the war of elements ; and, shutting its eyes to the terrors that encompass it, can repose luxuriantly on a bed of flowers. In a desert it can behold a paradise, in a paradise see nothing but sterility and gloom. It rides swiftly on the revolving planets, tracks the courses of the eccentric comets, and travels further than the remotest star. It greatly magnifies the largest things, and discerns a smaller than the minutest object. Who shall tell me what it cannot dream of ? who shall fix the limits of its empire ? who shall obstruct it in its discursive paths ? It is an adventurous and prolific faculty ; it dives where plummet never sounded, and soars where never eagle soared ; it “sucks where the bee sucks,” and lies, like Ariel, in the cowslip’s bell. Nothing can compete with the beauty of the scenery through which it sometimes leads us : all is joy, pleasure, harmony, wherever it progresses with fantastic step.

The imagination has distributed its treasures very partially ; meagerly to some, overflowingly to others ; and we may account for the different way in which the poets are appreciated by different persons, by the relative degrees of the ideality of their readers. What seems a palpable extravagance to some men, is by others considered as the highest beauty. The greatest triumphs of the imagination have been achieved by Shakspeare, compared with whom the majority of the poets

“are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.”

At his touch the inanimate world breathes like the animate ; at his command all nature speaks with voice most eloquent ; zephyrs sing music and the winds declaim ; the beautiful appears where we saw it not before, and its fair spirit is seen to hover where we should least have expected it to have gladdened our sight. All things discourse impassionedly and to the purpose, and a momentous lesson is clearly written on the small blossom of a humble flower. “The world of spirits and nature,” says Schlegel, “have laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demigod, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he lowers himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority ; and is as open and unassuming as a child.” And when we discern much meaning in what he utters, we cannot persuade ourselves that we know the whole, and feel, in the full consciousness of our vast inferiority, that much as we admire his wonderful creations, the author, and he alone, could have appreciated to the utmost all those

excellences which defy description, or have dived to the bottom of those deep waters, which are unfathomable by the great mass of persons, who simply content themselves with skimming their surface. Let not little minds conceit themselves with the idea that they can comprehend such plays as *Lear*, or that an examination of the philosophy of the Prince of Denmark leaves them nought to dream of; nor let them, when they see *Othello* acted, think that they have witnessed all its passion delineated; and that there is nothing left to complete the picture of the gentle *Desdemona* and the frantic *Moor*. No representation can do *Shakspeare* justice, and no critic can delineate his every merit. *Johnson* has grandly and mellifluously taken his defects to task; but the defects were those of his own creation, and resulted from his having a less fervent imagination than that of the poet, whom he frequently failed to understand and appreciate. He is an instance of the lesser condemning the greater, and would he were the only one that could be found. Others also who have written on him have written to show that they knew him not; that his glory was too dazzling for their eyes to dwell upon. No better proof can be given of a fine imagination, than a correct appreciation of the works of *Shakspeare*; and none can estimate that faculty in others unless they possess a share of it themselves.

Hail to thee, charming Imagination! queen of the lovely! interpreter of the sublime! thou art arrayed in splendid apparel, majesty is in thy mien, and thy countenance is full of brightness! thou holdest in thy hand a wand which is more powerful than the sceptre of princes, whose riches are not comparable to the treasures of thy kingdom! how often hast thou lifted us from the actual world, where passions the meanest and the basest strive with selfish and ungovernable contention for the mastery, and carried us to the places where thy spirit dwells! Thou hast been the physician who hast healed our wounds—the good Samaritan that infused the balm! How often, flying on thy silver wings, have we beheld sights seen by no other eyes, and heard sounds of divinest music—such as were never echoed in the ears of those who have not the privilege to share thy bounties! The happiness which thou yieldest is the only happiness which is unalloyed; the smile that thou wearest is the only one which is never succeeded by a frown; and if we would pluck the unfading roses which deck beauty's cheeks, and gather the "forget-me-not" which ever flourishes in friendship's keeping, we must come to thy garden, for each other is liable to the blast that withers, and the winter that mantles all things with desolation.

W. F. B.

DIFFICULT POINTS AND PASSAGES OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

No. IV.—MACBETH.

THE difficult passages in this play are comparatively but few in number. Our author in this sublime tragedy appears to be more than usually clear. It contains, however, a few passages on which it may be as well to remark, more especially as Dr. Johnson has, by his notes on this play, made many passages obscure which before were plain, and in endeavouring to unravel the knot, has only succeeded in drawing it tighter.

In Act I. Sc. 2, the following passage occurs :—

“If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.”

As Dr. Johnson justly observes, “cracks” is used here for “thunders,” as in Act IV. Sc. 1, we find “the crack of doom,” meaning the thunder of the last day. The passage signifies that Macbeth and Banquo fought so fiercely, that they appeared like cannons *doubly* charged; and the tautological expression “doubly redoubled,” is used, by a Latin idiom, to express great force. So in Richard the Second, Act. I. Sc. 3, we find,

“Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And at thy blows, *doubly redoubled*,” &c.

On this passage—

—————“Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving on’t. He died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he *owed*,
As ’twere a careless trifle,”—

Dr. Johnson has the following extraordinary note. “As the word ‘*owed*’ affords here no sense but such as is forced and unnatural, it cannot be doubted that it was originally written, ‘the dearest thing he *owned* ;’ a reading which required neither defence nor explanation.” Really I think if the Doctor had ever read

Shakspeare through, he must have met with this word in this sense an hundred times. For a few examples, see this play, Act III. Sc. 4 :—

—————“ You make me strange
E'en to the disposition that I owe.”

Also the Tempest, Act I. Sc. 2 :—

“ This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the world owes.”

Also the Comedy of Errors, Act III. Sc. 1 :—

“ What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe ?”

Also Sonnet 18 :—

“ Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;”

and a thousand examples, which would cost the reader more trouble to refer to than me to find.

In Act I. Sc. 5, we meet with that remarkable expression which has been received as unintelligible by some, and absurd by others ; among which latter class we again encounter the erudite Doctor.

“ That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, ‘ Hold ! hold ! ’ ”

Upon this passage, Dr. Johnson, in the Rambler, No. 168, remarks thus :—“ Lady Macbeth proceeds to wish, in the madness of guilt, that the inspection of Heaven may be intercepted, and that she may, in the involutions of infernal darkness, escape the eye of Providence. This is the utmost extravagance of determined wickedness ; yet this is so debased by two unfortunate words, that, while I endeavour to impress on my reader the energy of the sentiment, I can scarce check my risibility, when the expression forces itself on my mind ; for who, without some relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt *peeping through a blanket* ?” And Mr. Beckett, in his “ Shakspeare's Himself Again,” says, “ To make Heaven peep through a blanket, is, to say as little as possible in its disfavour, highly ridiculous.” However, let us see what the result of a patient investigation of the passage will be. When Shakspeare speaks of “ the blanket of the dark,” he evidently alludes to the curtain of a theatre, which was for the purpose of concealing the performers from the audience before and after the performance of the play. And as Lady Macbeth is about to do that which she would not have to be seen, she invokes the Night

to spread a blanket, or curtain, between her and heaven. There is in the latter part of this passage, an allusion, as Mr. Tollett informs us, to an old military custom, which inflicted death on any man, "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat, or otherwise, if a third do *cry 'Hold!'* to the intent to part them, except that they did fight in a combat in a place enclosed; and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid hold but the general."

The soliloquy, Act I. Sc. 7, requires a little explanation.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With *his* surcease success—that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here—
But here upon this bank and shoal of time
We'd jump the life to come."

That is,—“If it” (viz. the gaining of the crown) “were done,” (completed) “when 'tis done,” (when the murder is performed) “then 'twere well.” “It were done quickly if the assassination could at once catch success upon Duncan's surcease—so that this single blow might be all that could happen here—so that I should have nothing to do but to stab him and be king.—As to a future,—I would put that out of the question.”

Dr. Johnson has a very ridiculous note on “Tarquin's ravishing strides.” He seems to think that a “ravishing stride” expresses great violence. Macbeth, however, compares the “*stealthy* pace” with which Murder creeps towards his design, with the strides taken by Tarquin on his way to the chamber of Lucrece. How Tarquin crept we find from our author himself:—

“Away he steals with open, listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust.”
Rape of Lucrece. (Stanza 41.)

Johnson also believes the conclusion of this soliloquy to be, if not wholly unintelligible, at least obscure. I confess I do not perceive anything unintelligible in the passage.

—————“Thou sure and firmset earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk; for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
That now suits with it.”

The meaning is this. He cries out to the earth not to hear him,

lest the very stones should speak, as he afterwards says in Act III. Sc. 4:—

“Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.”

The meaning of taking “the present horror from the time” is evident. If the stones were to speak, the *silence*, which, to the mind of the regicide, was a “present horror,” and which is a fit accompaniment to the time, which may either signify the hour, or the time of the murder, would be broken.

It may be well to correct an error which I have found to be very common, that of supposing that the two who cried “God bless us,” and “Amen,” were the two grooms who slept in the king’s apartment. This is not the case. These two were Malcolm and Donalbain, as is evident from the following conversation:—

“MACB. Hark! who lies i'the second chamber?

“LADY M. Donalbain.

“MACB. This is a sorry sight.

“LADY M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

“MACB. There’s one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried ‘Murder,’
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers and addressed them
Again to sleep.

“LADY M. There are two lodged together.

“MACB. One cried ‘God bless us,’ and ‘Amen’ the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman’s hands.
Listening their fear I could not say ‘Amen,’
When they did say ‘God bless us.’”

These could not have been the grooms. Lady Macbeth had so “drugged their possets,” that they were nearly dead. When Lady Macbeth has said that Donalbain sleeps in the second chamber, Macbeth proceeds to tell how he heard *two* voices. She says then that there were “two lodged together.” These two we find were Malcolm and Donalbain; for when the whole is roused by the cries of Macduff, we find these two entering together from the same chamber. Moreover it is probable that their proximity to the king on the night of his murder, as well as their sudden flight, gave license for suspecting them of the regicide.

In Act III. Sc. 2, the following passage occurs:—

———“Come, seeling Night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale.”

This passage has been much commented upon, but, to my thinking it is not difficult. "Seeling" is a term used in falconry; the eyes of the wild hawk are for a time closed, or, as the technical term is, "seeled." (*See Johnson's Dictionary.*) From the words "tender eye," and "scarf-up," I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare, who often runs from one metaphor to another, alludes to the bandaging up of an eye, for the purpose of blinding it. The latter part of this passage needs no explanation—"the great bond which keeps me pale" is, of course, the life of Banquo.

"His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors."—ACT IV. *Scene 2.*

Lady Macduff evidently alludes here to the flight of Malcolm, and Donalbain, and supposes that her husband's flight will be construed in the same way.

"He has no children!"—ACT IV. *Scene 3.*

This has been much disputed. Some assert that "*he*" refers to Macbeth; and means either, "He, having no children for me to kill, I cannot adequately revenge my own;" or, "Had he been a father, he could never have robbed a father of his children." It however refers to Malcolm, and means—"He has no children, or he would not think that a grief like mine can be cured by revenge."

"Bring me no more reports Let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear."—ACT V. *Scene 3.*

The "reports" are evidently those of the "minutely revolts" mentioned in the preceding scene; and the force of the passage is, "Tell me no more of their revolting; even if they all fly, I cannot fear till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane;" a speech highly characteristic of Macbeth, and exhibiting in a strong light his reliance on supernatural protection, when every hope is going from him.

Dr. Johnson, in commenting on that beautiful passage,

—————"my way of life
Is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,"

says:—"As there is no relation between the "*way of life*" and "*fallen into the sear*," I am inclined to think that the W is only an M inverted, and that it was originally written, "my May of life." What does the Doctor mean by there being no relation between the two expressions? He evidently does not understand the metaphor. Macbeth is not comparing himself to a *tree*, which the autumn has

made sear ; but to a traveller, who has gone on his way through the more beautiful seasons of the year ; and whose way now lies among the sear-leaves of the autumn, which has overtaken him.

The last passage in this play which I shall speak of, is that which Macbeth utters on the death of the Queen.

—— “she should have died hereafter—
There would have been a time for such a word
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.”

I reject Dr. Johnson's proposed alteration of this passage without a comment. By simply pointing it as above, the passage is made clear. Macbeth's meaning is this,—“She should have died hereafter ; any time would have been better than the present for such a catastrophe. To-day I am troubled enough with other things, to-morrow there would have been time for such a word.” I may here remark that “word” is used in this place in the sense of “message ;” as we say, “to send *word*.” He then proceeds to moralize on man's disposition to think any time better than the present for the bearing of evils, which, come when they will, always appear to come ill-timed.

My next paper will treat of the play of King Lear.

C. H. H.

THE VANITY OF GREATNESS.

“Omnes eodem cogimur.”—HOR.

THE pomp and pageantry of gilded state—
Wealth's golden store, and beauty's fleeting bloom—
Must yield at length unwillingly to fate,
And sink unhonoured in the silent tomb.
Low in the dust the rich man's ashes sleep,
And marble monuments above him lie ;
While many a grief-struck mourner comes to weep
O'er the poor peasant's grassy mound hard by.
Here both decay—no monumental pride
Can bid the worm go seek another feast ;
Here both are equal—they lie side by side ;
Here both decay, the greatest as the least.
From this a lesson learn, O proud, vain man ;
Turn not from poverty with such disgust ;
A few short years—a brief and fleeting span,—
And thou and he shall mingle in the dust.

C. H. H.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

*A Tragedy.**(Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing)*

ACT III.

*(The Scene, an Antechamber in the Villa of the Prince.)*SCENE I.—*The PRINCE. MARINELLI.*

MAR. In vain; he refused the proffered honour with the greatest scorn.

PRINCE. And thus the matter stands?—Thus must things take their course? And thus even to-day will Emilia be his?

MAR. To all appearance.

PRINCE. I had promised myself so much from your idea!—Who knows, how absurdly you have carried it out.—Though a fool's advice chance to be good, it needs a man of sense to act upon it. I should have thought of that.

MAR. A fair reward do I find here!

PRINCE. Reward for what?

MAR. That I have been ready for your sake to throw even my life into the balance.—When I found that neither by earnest nor by jest could the Count be persuaded to prefer honour to his love: I strove to drive him to take arms. I said to him things over which he lost his self-command. He poured out insults upon me: and I demanded satisfaction,—and demanded it at once upon the spot;—I reasoned thus: either he falls through me; or I, through him. He falls through me; then is the field all our own. Or I through him: well, and if so; then he must take flight, and at the very least, my Prince wins time.

PRINCE. Would Marinelli have done this?

MAR. Ha! a man should know beforehand, when he is so insanely ready to sacrifice himself for the service of the great—a man should know beforehand, how they will acknowledge—

PRINCE. And the Count?—He has the reputation not to suffer such a thing to be said twice.

MAR. That character he vindicated, without doubt.—And who can blame him for it?—He added, that to-day he had more important business to attend to, than to break a neck with me. And so postponed me for the first eight days after his marriage.

PRINCE. With Emilia Galotti! The thought drives me mad!—Therewith you were content, and went your way:—and come and boast, that you have thrown your life for me into the balance; have sacrificed yourself to me—

MAR. But what else can your Highness desire that I should have done?

PRINCE. What else have done?—As though he had done anything!

MAR. And will your Grace let us hear what you have been doing for yourself?—You were fortunate enough to speak with her when in the church. To what conclusion did you come?

PRINCE, (*contemptuously.*) Curious to boot!—And I must satisfy you.—Oh, it was all exactly as I could wish.—You have no need to trouble yourself farther, most officious friend!—She met my desires more than half way. I need only have carried her away with me upon the spot. (*Cold, and in a tone of command.*) You know now, what you desire to know;—and may retire!

MAR. And may retire!—Yes, yes, that is the end of the song!—and would be the same even granting I would attempt impossibilities.—Impossibilities, do I say?—So impossible it may not be: but hazardous!—If we had but the bride in our power; I would answer for it that the wedding came to nothing.

PRINCE. Ay! for what will the good man not answer! Now need I but give him the command of my body guard, and he would lie in ambush with it by the public road, and as one among fifty would attack a carriage, to tear a girl out of it, and bring her to me here in triumph.

MAR. Maidens have been carried off by force ere now, without it seeming that force has been employed.

PRINCE. If you knew means of doing that: you would not spend so much time prating of it.

MAR. But one must not have to be answerable for the event.—Unhappy accidents might possibly occur—

PRINCE. And it is my custom, to make men responsible for what they are unable to prevent.

MAR. Then, your Highness—(*a shot is heard in the distance.*) Ha! what was that?—Did I hear rightly?—Heard not your Grace a shot?—And there another!

PRINCE. What is it? What does that mean?

MAR. What may your Highness think?—What if I were more active than you fancy?

PRINCE. More active?—Tell me then—

MAR. In short, that of which I spoke, is taking place.

PRINCE. Is it possible?

MAR. Only forget not, Prince, of what you have but now assured me.—I have your word again — —

PRINCE. But the preparations are—

MAR. As they always of necessity must be!—The management is entrusted to people upon whom I may depend. The road winds close by the park palings. There one party will have attacked the carriage; as if for plunder. And another party, among which is one of my own servants, will have rushed out of the park; as if to rescue the attacked. During the conflict in which both sides will apparently engage, my servant is to seize Emilia, as though to save her, and bring her through the park into the house.—Such is the design.—What say you now, my Prince?

PRINCE. You surprise me strangely.—And an alarm comes over me—(*Marinelli steps to the window.*) What are you looking at?

MAR. In that direction it must be!—Right!—and a mask already leaps over the palings and hastens hitherward;—without doubt to tell me the result.—If your Highness will retire—

PRINCE. Ah, Marinelli!

MAR. Well, what think you? That now I have done too much; before too little?

PRINCE. Not that. But with all this I cannot foresee——

MAR. Foresee?—Rather behold everything at once!—Retire, quickly.—The mask must not find you. (*Exit PRINCE.*)

SCENE II.—MARINELLI, and soon afterwards ANGELO.

MAR. (*returning to the window.*) There winds the carriage slowly on its way back into the town.—So slowly? And with servants on the boot?—Those are signs, that please me not:—can the stroke have been but half successful;—can it be a wounded man they carry back so carefully,—and not a dead one?—The mask dismounts.—It is Angelo himself. The hare-brained scamp!—At last, he knows the by-ways around here.—He makes signs to me. He must be certain of success.—Ha, Sir Count, you who would not be sent off to Massa, and now must travel yet a longer journey!—Who could have taught you to know apes so well? (*walking to the door.*) Ay truly, vicious are they.—Now, Angelo?

ANGELO, (*who has removed his mask.*) Be prepared, my Lord Chamberlain! She will be brought immediately.

MAR. And how else did it pass off?

ANGELO. As I believe, right well.

MAR. How is it with the Count?

ANGELO. At his service! So, so!—But he must have had scent of us. For he was not so entirely unprepared.

MAR. Quick, tell me what you have to say!—Is he dead?

ANGELO. It grieves me for the good gentleman.

MAR. Take that then, for your compassionate heart! (*gives him a purse of gold.*)

ANGELO. Alas! my valiant Nicolo! you must pay also for the slaughter.

MAR. So? Loss on both sides.

ANGELO. I could weep for the noble youth! Although this (*weighing the purse in his hand*) makes his death by a quarter better to me. For I am his heir; because I have avenged him. Such is our law; as good an one, I fancy, as ever yet was made for faith and friendship. This Nicolo, my Lord Chamberlain—

MAR. Tush! with your Nicolo!—But the Count, the Count—

ANGELO. 'Sdeath! the Count had griped him well. For which in my turn did I gripe the Count! He fell; and if he chanced to get back alive into the coach, I am answerable that he lives not to come out of it again.

MAR. If that be only certain, Angelo.

ANGELO. I will lose your employment if it be not certain!—Have you any farther commands? For my road is the most distant: at once, to-day, we must be beyond the boundary.

MAR. Go then.

ANGELO. When anything fresh arises, my Lord Chamberlain,—you know how I am to be found. What another man will venture to attempt, I can perform without a conjuror. And my terms are more moderate than another's. [*Exit.*]

MAR. That is well!—And yet not so very well.—Fie, Angelo! to be such a bungler!—A second shot surely he might have been worth.—And what tortures may he now perhaps be enduring, the poor Count!—Fie, Angelo! That is called following one's occupation cruelly;—and blundering.—But the Prince must, as yet, be ignorant of this. He must himself first discover how convenient this death is to him.—This death!—What would I not give to be but certain!—

SCENE III.—*The PRINCE. MARINELLI.*

PRINCE. See, she is coming, along the grove. She hastens on before the servants. Fear, as it seems, has winged her feet. At present she must suspect nothing. She thinks only to save herself from robbers.—But how long can that last?

MAR. At all events she is in the first place in our power.

PRINCE. And will not her mother seek for her? Will not the Count follow her? And by how much then shall we be advanced? How can I detain her from them?

MAR. To all this I own that I have yet no answer. But we must see. Your Highness will have patience. The first step, surely, it was necessary that we should take.

PRINCE. For what purpose? if we must retrace it.

MAR. Perhaps it need not be retraced.—There are a thousand things on which we may hold farther footing.—And do you, then, forget the most important?

PRINCE. How can I forget that on which I certainly have never thought?—The most important? what is that?

MAR. The art of pleasing, of persuading,—that never fails a Prince, who loves.

PRINCE. Never fails? Except exactly then when it is most needful to him.—I have already to-day made too bad a trial of this art. With all flatteries and protestations I could not force from her one word. Silent, and downcast, and trembling did she stand; like a criminal that listens to her doom of death. Her agony infected me, I trembled too, and ended with a prayer for forgiveness. Scarcely can I trust myself once more to address her.—At least I dare not venture to be present when she enters. You, Marinelli, must receive her. I will hear, close by, how it passes off; and come, when I am more collected.

SCENE IV.—MARINELLI, *and soon afterwards his servant BATTISTA with EMILIA.*

MAR. If she did not herself see him fall—and that she hardly can have done; or she had not thus hurried onward—She comes. Neither will I be the first thing that here meets her eye. (*Retires into a corner of the hall.*)

BATTISTA. Enter here, noble lady.

EMILIA, (*out of breath.*) Ah!—Ah!—I thank you, my friend;—I thank you.—But God, God! where am I?—And so

quite alone? Where stays my mother? Where stayed the Count?
—They follow, surely? they follow the same path?

BATTISTA. I think so.

EMILIA. He thinks? He does not know? He did not see them?—Was there not firing behind us?—

BATTISTA. Firing?—Ay, in good sooth!

EMILIA. Most certainly! And that has wounded my mother or the Count.—

BATTISTA. I will go out to them immediately.

EMILIA. Not without me.—I will go with you; I must go with you: come, friend!

MAR. (*who appears suddenly, as though he had just entered.*) Ah, my dear lady! What misfortune, or rather what happy chance,—what fortunate misfortune has procured us the honour—

EMILIA, (*thoughtfully*) You here, sir?—I am in your house then?—Pardon me, my Lord Chamberlain, we have been attacked by robbers a short distance hence. Good people came then to our aid;—and this honourable man lifted me out of the carriage and has brought me hither.—But I am alarmed, to see that I alone am rescued. My mother remains still in danger. There was even firing behind us. She is perhaps, dead;—and I live?—Pardon me, sir, I must hence; I must return back thither,—where I ought at first to have remained.

MAR. Compose yourself, noble lady. All is well; you will soon have beside you the beloved persons for whom you feel so tender a solicitude.—Meanwhile, Battista, go, run: they may not be aware of where the lady is. They may be seeking her perhaps in one of the inns of the garden. Bring them to us without more delay. [*Exit BATTISTA.*]

EMILIA. In fact? Are they all saved? has nothing befallen them?—Ah, what a day of terror is this day for me!—But I ought not to stay here; I ought to hasten forth to meet them—

MAR. For what reason, my dear lady? You are already without breath or strength. Recruit yourself rather, and be pleased to step into an apartment where there is more convenience.—I will wager that the Prince himself is already near your dear and valued mother and conducts her to you.

EMILIA. Who, say you?

MAR. Our gracious Prince himself.

EMILIA, (*with the greatest excitement.*) The Prince?

MAR. He flew, on the first intelligence, to lend you aid.—He

is most enraged, that any should have dared to commit such a crime so near to him, as it were before his eyes. He has commanded the perpetrators to be pursued, and their punishment, when they are apprehended, will indeed be terrible.

EMILIA. The Prince!—where am I then?

MAR. At Dosalo, in the villa of the Prince.

EMILIA. How strange a chance!—And you believe that he himself will soon appear?—But in my mother's company?

MAR. He is already here.

SCENE V.—*The PRINCE, EMILIA, MARINELLI.*

PRINCE. Where is she? where?—we seek you in all directions, fairest lady.—And you are well?—Good, so then all is well! The Count, your mother—

EMILIA. Ah, my lord! where are they? where is my mother?

PRINCE. Not far; close here in your neighbourhood.

EMILIA. Heaven, in what state shall I perhaps find one or the other of them! Certainly find!—for your Highness is concealing from me—I see it, you conceal from me—

PRINCE. Nothing, best of ladies. Give me your arm and follow me with a good heart.

EMILIA. But—if nothing has occurred to them—if my suspicions are deceiving me:—why are they not already here? Why came they not together with your Grace?

PRINCE. Hasten then, lady, to see all these terrible imaginings take flight at once.—

EMILIA. What shall I do? (*wringing her hands.*)

PRINCE. What, my dear madam? Can you nourish a hard thought against me?—

EMILIA, (*falling down before him.*) At your feet, my lord—

PRINCE, (*raising her.*) I am filled with shame.—Yes, Emilia, I deserve this silent reproof.—My conduct of this morning is not to be justified:—at most to be excused. Pardon me my weakness. I should not have disturbed your peace with a confession from which I have no advantage to expect. But in the speechless emotion with which you listened to it, or rather did not listen, I had sufficient punishment.—And though this chance which once more, before my every hope has fled,—once more affords me the delight of seeing, speaking with you; though this chance might be explained as the direction of a favourable fate:—yet will I—tremble not, sweet lady—depend alone and singly on your glance. No

word, no sigh, shall do you injury.—Only do not afflict me with your mistrust. Only cease to doubt even for an instant on the more than boundless power you have over me. Only do not let the thought dwell with you, that you need against me any other safeguard.—And now come, dear lady, to where delights await you more suited to your inclinations. (*He leads her away, not without resistance.*) Follow us, Marinelli.—

MAR. Follow us,—that may mean: follow us not!—And what need had I to follow them? He may see now how far he can advance with her beneath four eyes.—All that I have to do, is,—to see that they be not disturbed. By the Count, indeed, I should hope certainly not. But by the mother! by the mother! It would surprise me much if she could have been so quietly drawn off, and have left her daughter at a pinch.—Now, Battista? what is it?

SCENE VI.—BATTISTA, MARINELLI.

BATTISTA, (*in great haste.*) The mother, Lord Chamberlain—

MAR. As I thought!—Where is she?

BATTISTA. If you are not beforehand with her, she will be here this instant.—I was by no means bent, as you feigned to order me, upon her search: when I heard her cry in the distance. She is on her daughter's trace; and has traced, perhaps, Heaven knows—our whole contrivance! All that there is of men in this lonely place has collected around her; and each is anxious to be first to point her out the way. Whether they have already told her that the Prince is here, that you are here, I cannot say.—What will you do?

MAR. Let me see!—(*He considers.*) Not to admit her, when she knows that her daughter is here?—That will not do.—Verily she will open her eyes when she sees the wolf is with her lamb.—Open her eyes? That she might do. But Heaven have mercy upon our ears!—But what then? the best lungs can be exhausted; even a woman's. They all cease screaming, when they can scream no longer.—Moreover, it is after all, the mother whom we ought to have upon our side.—If I know the mother rightly:—to be a step-mother to a Prince flatters most women.—Let her come, Battista, let her come!

BATTISTA. Listen, my lord! listen!

CLAUDIA GALOTTI, (*without.*) Emilia! Emilia! My child, where art thou?

MAR. Go, Battista; seek at least to rid us of her inquisitive companions.

SCENE VII.—CLAUDIA GALOTTI, BATTISTA, MARINELLI.

CLAUDIA, (*who appears at the door as Battista is about to pass out.*) Ha! he lifted her out of the carriage!—He carried her away!—I remember you. Where is she? Speak, unhappy man!

BATTISTA. These are my thanks?

CLAUDIA. Oh, if you deserve thanks: (*in a gentle tone*)—then pardon me, good man!—Where is she?—Let me not be longer parted from her. Where is she?—

BATTISTA. O, your Grace, in the bosom of bliss she could not be more exalted.—My master here will conduct your Highness to her. (*To some people who endeavour to press after.*) Back there! back!

SCENE VIII.—CLAUDIA GALOTTI, MARINELLI.

CLAUDIA. Your master?—(*Sees Marinelli, and recoils from him.*) Ha!—That your master?—You here, my lord? And my daughter here? And you, you are to conduct me to her.

MAR. With much pleasure, noble madam.

CLAUDIA. Hold!—Even now it occurs to me—It was you—was it not?—who sought the Count this morning in my house? with whom I left him alone? with whom he had a quarrel?

MAR. Quarrel?—I was not aware of that: a trifling exchange of words upon state business—

CLAUDIA. And Marinelli is your name?

MAR. The Marquis Marinelli.

CLAUDIA. Then I am right.—Hear then, my Lord Marquis.—Marinelli was—the name Marinelli was—accompanied with a curse—No, I do wrong to the noble soul!—accompanied with no curse—The curse my own thoughts have added—The name Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count.

MAR. The dying Count? Count Appiani?—You hear, madam, what affects me most in your strange address.—The dying Count?—What else you would have said I understand not.

CLAUDIA, (*bitterly and slowly.*) The name Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count!—Do you understand it now?—I too, at first, could not understand it: although spoken in a tone—in a tone!—I hear it still! Where were my senses that I did not understand this tone at once?

MAR. Well, madam?—I was from old times the Count's friend; his bosom friend. Therefore if he named me even as he died—

CLAUDIA. In that tone?—I cannot copy it; I cannot describe it: but it contained all! all!—What? Robbers should they have been that attacked us?—Murderers were they; hired murderers!—

And Marinelli, Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count? In a tone!—

MAR. In a tone?—Is it not unheard of, upon a tone, heard in a moment of alarm, to ground an accusation against an upright man?

CLAUDIA. Ha, this tone, could I only bring it before the judgment!—But, woe is me! I forget my daughter over it.—Where is she?—What? Dead also?—Wherein was it my daughter's fault that Appiani was your enemy?

MAR. I can forgive the anxious mother.—Come, madam—your daughter is here; in one of the nearest chambers: and has, I will hope, already fully recovered from her alarm. With the tenderest solicitude the Prince himself is attending her—

CLAUDIA. Who?—Who himself?

MAR. The Prince.

CLAUDIA. The Prince? Do you really say, the Prince?—Our Prince?

MAR. Which else?

CLAUDIA. O then!—I unhappy mother!—And her father! her father!—He will curse the day of her birth. He will curse me.

MAR. In the name of Heaven, madam! What are you thinking of now?

CLAUDIA. It is plain!—Is it not?—To-day, in the temple! before the eyes of the Most Pure! in the presence of the eternal God!—the villanous device began; there it broke forth! (*towards Marinelli.*) Ha, murderer! cowardly, miserable murderer! Not brave enough to do murder with your own hand: but profligate enough, for the satisfaction of another's appetite, to murder!—to have murder done!—Scum of all murderers!—Murderers that have honour will not suffer thee to crawl beneath them! Thou! thou!—For why shall I not in one word vomit forth all my gall into thy face?—Thou! Thou pander!

MAR. You rave, my good woman.—But moderate at least this wild outcry, and remember where you are.

CLAUDIA. Where I am? Remember, where I am?—What cares the lioness, when they have robbed her of her young, in whose forest it may be she roars?

EMILIA, (*within.*) Ha, my mother! I hear my mother!

CLAUDIA. Her voice? That is she! she hath heard me; she hath heard me. And I shall not cry?—Where art thou, my child? I come, I come! (*she breaks into the chamber, and Marinelli follows her.*)

(*End of Act III.*)

NOTES BY THE WAY.

WE, who started forth in our notings by the way with the express object of dwelling upon such topics of the day as, during each month, might seem most worthy of a permanent remembrance, and who might now exhibit the vastness of our antiquarian knowledge upon occasion of the Queen's tour among her loyal Scottish subjects, or might moralize upon the fearful fire at Liverpool, sit down quietly to tell a story; and the period thereof is September 1842; the place in which that act was done to which we will allude—the place is Cornwall. And since a story must most undoubtedly possess a name, we will call it—we have racked our brains for a fine name,—nay, let us rather put in capitals the hero's name,

VERRAN.

It was the close of a bright day last month, when the dew was on the grass, and when the noisy rooks were betaking themselves to bed, and the bright sky was purest blue, spotted by a few islet clouds, on which broke the last waves of the sunbeam; and man gazed with rapture on the blushing west, and was lost in contemplation of the loveliness of heaven; and the first star had lit her silver lamp, and was looking down upon the green earth, beautiful and bright, yet chequered by many a spot of misery. This was the scene above; below, a dreary spot of ground and a few miserable hovels. At the door of one of them stood a squalid man, care speaking from his eye, and he gazed upon the bright star sadly; but in that star the humblest may read love and peace; and through all his poverty it moved him, until he pressed the hand of his sick wife, and turned his head aside lest the star should shine into a tear; as tenderly he pressed his pale wife's hand, as though amid luxury and pomp he had read that love star in an eastern garden.

His children were around him, not sporting, frolicking around with laughing eyes, for they were sick and weary; they had been working in the mines all day, and reposed now on the stunted grass, with broken spirits, scarcely daring even to raise their stealthy glances to the face of heaven. And he too was a miner; poor was the pittance that his own exertions raised to nourish a sick wife, to keep death from preying on his children.

"Robert," said the pale creature on his arm, "where shall we seek bread now? I have paid, as you bade me, the money that we borrowed; it is all our earnings; until next Saturday we shall have nothing for ourselves, nothing wherewith to feed these starving innocents,—and this is Tuesday."

A tear hung on the man's eyelash, but he shook it off, and made no answer, as he fondled a young child, that had crouched fondly at its father's feet.

"Surely," continued the woman, "it had been no sin to have been in debt another week?"

"The man, my Mary," replied the honest miner, "was as poor as we; our sufferings would have been his had we not paid him; but to-morrow I will go into the town, after my work is done, and seek a new employment. God will help us, my dear girl—whom has the great God ever deserted?"

"To-morrow is my birth-day, father," cried the child, that he had taken to his bosom.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed the man, "and yet I will not murmur that thou wert born; if thou hast cost me care, thou hast repaid with love; and He knows

how dear a thing it is to the poor and the miserable to look in eyes that love, and hear a voice of kindness and affection !”

* * * * *

On the morrow early the miner arose, before any were stirring in the wretched hovel, and hastened to his task-work, that he might go in the evening to the town. Many a time his heart filled as he thought of home, and of his children that this day must starve ; yet he worked still cheerfully, and his mind was bent upon his evening's work, and he was full of high hopes of success, for he knew that his heavenly Father would not desert those that put their trust in him.

Now follows the conclusion. He was called to descend a shaft with one of his companions for the purpose of blasting another portion of the mine. They went together, and the train was set. When they returned, it was found to be ineffectual, and an alteration was required. Once more the two were, as usual, lowered in the basket, and the train was shortened ; now, however, it burned with such frightful velocity that in a few seconds it would reach the blast, the explosion would take place ; and they would both be shattered by the huge fragments cast around. They called hastily and anxiously to the man above that he would raise them ; but his arm was paralysed, and he was not equal to the weight. Still the hissing train was approaching nearer and nearer to the fatal point ; wife and children, every bright prospect of that morning's dreams, passed through the mind of the unhappy miner ; another moment, and they both are lost ! Looking into his companion's face, his heart was wrung by the deep agony he read there ; his resolve was taken, and leaping out into the scene of peril, he cried to his companion, “ Go on, brother, I shall be in heaven directly ! At the moment that the lightened basket rose, the mine exploded, and the huge blocks were hurled in all directions. And Verran was not hurt. It was found on search that *the shattered fragments had been cast into every corner of the cavity excepting that in which he lay.* And the miners look with reverence upon the Christian hero, considering that it is by the special intervention of Providence he is permitted still to be among them.

This is our story ; in the principal feature it is truth. We have added to the picture a few of those ties which must bind every man to life ; they may be, or may not be, true in this case, but, if there were not these, there were others as great, or even greater, and the main effect remains the same. People are but too apt to forget how many ties there are that bind all men, even the most wretched, to their fellows, and make a life of sorrow dear ; upon these then we have dwelt ; but the grand action has been left in all its native greatness, without fictitious decoration, without superfluous reflection.

The circumstance we have recorded has been the round of every town and country newspaper, under the head of “HEROIC SELF-DEVOTION.” We had skipped reading it full a dozen times, until the repetition made us curious ; having then read it, we were of opinion that our readers would not greatly be offended if we made it the subject of a note.

We consider such an act as this to equal any deed of the Alexanders and Damons and favoured ones of history ; but we do not look upon it as a solitary example. We have far too good an opinion of the race among which our lot is cast to think this spirit rare, being warmly convinced of the truth of Gray's opinions, expressed in lines that might very well conclude this article if they were but a little less threadbare.

THE
KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE," or "HAL."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

CONCLUDES ALL MYSTERY.

MAT MAYBIRD hath led Annette de Vermont to a very secluded part of the wood around Ellerton, that there they may dispute in peace.

"Nay, nay, my merry maiden," exclaims Mat, "be silent now, for I will speak! Didst thou not say, no longer since than yesternoon, didst not say, that if in aught I persevered, I should deserve it for my pains? Deny it not, Mademoiselle!—Dost blush?—didst not blush then also, when I made promise to remind thee of the sentiment."

"True, Master Maybird, that I said so," replied Annette; "and what, sir, if I faithfully abide thereby?"

"I should have that in which I have persevered? Thou wilt abide by this, Mademoiselle?"

"Ay, verily! Let me but hear wherein Mat Maybird can have been steady?"

"So will I tell thee," replied Mat;—"in love.—Name not Marie Santelle,—I speak of love. In France, Annette, I loved thy merry eyes,—ay, too, and I have seen thee sad—I have seen thee kiss pale Esther's forehead, so were thy sweet lips hallowed in my sight; I have seen thee tend on an imprisoned father—and, above all else

Annette—above all, have I not seen thee smile? and to have seen thee smile, Annette,—to have seen thee smile, and not to love; to see thee daily smiling, and not to persevere in loving, is philosophy I cannot comprehend. Thus then I have persevered in loving, and persevered in desiring that which—Nay, now, no answer, Mademoiselle!—that which you have told me I so well deserve.”

Perfidious indeed would the historian be who stayed not at such a point as this his hand, however pleasant might be all that followed. Certain vows and certain protestations, certain merry accusations, besides certain kisses and certain blushes, are doubtless upon record in a certain court, but the secrets of that court, like court-secrets generally, it is danger, if not desecration, to betray.

Kate Westrill was daily recovering, and happiness seemed now dawning upon all. The night of trouble had been broken, but there was no dawn to Willie Bats. Poor Willie grew very uneasy at contemplating the close of all misfortune. The days of wedding seemed to be drawing nigh; Cicely's smiles appeared more lavish than of old; a change too was come over them; she was more bashful, he thought, yet she was less coy; he thought he might have kissed her had he tried, and yet he thought he had no right to try. His tribulations increased daily; as he laboured still, and still no treasure would appear; he had wasted his life in treasure hunting, and now had not a mark for a new cap on his wedding day. What little money Cicely owned, she had, in the fulness of her faithful heart, secretly expended upon Kate. Willie would work, but he must work on a foundation—he could till no land until he had found means to purchase it. True, he had a small garden full of cabbages, but out of cabbages who could obtain bread? So Willie grew a little—but a very little—thinner, and sighed and slept, and loved and laboured more incessantly than ever, and all his days and all his nights were spent among the castle ruins.

One evening, he rushed hurriedly into the old priest's cottage. He had been running all the way from the end of the village, and yet he was pale as its white cliff.

“It is coming!” he exclaimed; “It is coming down the hill!—it will be here directly!”—

“What is it, Willie?”

“The ghost, Master Maybird; the ghost, Sir Edward—Father, good father, cross thyself,—pray, pray—for hear you not—she is at hand!—listen to its groans!—ha!—Ora pro nobis, Sancta Maria!”

Willie's Latin was provoked by the sudden cessation of the groans,

and their renewal immediately without the old priest's door, where the apparition seemed to have made halt. Father Francis opened his door : upon the threshold had sank an old and palsied woman, her face contorted with pain, supporting with one hand a broken arm, from whence her sufferings proceeded. She looked up into the good man's face.

"Ay, father," murmured she, "it is long since I saw thee, but I know thee still ; a little more silver on thy hoary locks—and I—I too am older. Dost thou remember Jessamine ?"

The old priest looked at her with surprise : "Jessamine, once housekeeper at the castle ? Jessamine, thus ?"

"Even so ; Jessamine of the castle, who has many a fearful tale thereof to tell ; and Jessamine thus,—thus as she has come to tell them !"

They carried her in and tended her. The good man's house was ever open to the distressed ; he knew well to tend upon the sick ; he had learned the virtues of the healing herbs to soothe a suffering body ; and by the healing virtue of another Power, he could soothe as well the suffering soul. But the soul of Jessamine was hardened, and the sickness of her body was beyond all cure.

The next day she begged of the old priest that he would call all to her bed-side, for she could tell them things that they would gladly hear.

"Ye think," muttered she, as they stood around her, "that ye stand here to hear the outpourings of a wounded conscience !—that I repent, amend on my death bed,—even as ye yourselves, that live a life of wickedness, and then piously give away your garment when you know it will be taken from you ! Poor, simple fools ! Your hand is weak and bloodless, the pulse flutters, and ye will not kill !—Oh righteous self-denial !—The death rattle is in your throat, your teeth are locked together in the last convulsion, and your black lips quiver. Ye will avoid the wine cup !—O ye virtuously repentant !—Your eye is dim and glazed, and the treasures of earth fade before your view ; ye charitable misers, ye will succour the widow and the orphan ; ye will bless the poor ! Death snatches your gold-bags from your quivering clutch—ah, ye good death's men, ye cast off all ye have, and bestow it all upon the needy ! Ha ! ha ! ha !" Shrieks mingled with her wild laughter, and she was silent with pain and with exhaustion. As Father Francis uttered prayers beside her ear,—*"Be silent,"* she exclaimed ; "for all but the past my memory is gone—I can remember that—but it is too late to

learn prayers now. If I need prayers, they should have been learned in childhood! But I too have a creed, and my creed also leads me to confess—to confess crimes whose knowledge may call vengeance down on him who laid me thus. Not a word!” she cried, as Father Francis was about to interrupt; “think, if it suit you, I do charity;—but I am becoming weak, and if I haste not, I may yet die unavenged.—Oh, a brave vengeance!—Sir Hubert, dost remember thy sister, thy Beatrice? What! weep!—Ha! ha!—Beatrice used to weep—she often wept when I was near. I hated her—I was her nurse,—I hated her. It is a fine thing to hate—a noble, an engrossing feeling:—wine to the fool—dice to the knave—hate to a woman such as I! When she married Richard Benstone, thou camest oft to see her, and with thee a young knight, the fair Sir Lionel—with locks of blond, and eye of blue, that looked so full of love; too full, for it was that very look of love that put the brave device into my head, the groundwork of the noblest edifice a hating woman ever built. I told Sir Richard that the brave young Lionel loved his fair Beatrice. I told him that the Baroness looked down on his low birth, and saw in Lionel her equal. I contrived proofs of more than was enough to sting his pride and fire his jealousy. He led the young knight into a lonely path and slew him.”

Sir Hubert started, and paced the room with a flushed face; then there came over him the memory of his Lionel, he who had been the inseparable companion of his youth, his friend, the sharer of his hopes and dreams—it was bitter to recall his memory.

“Then came Sir Richard home,” continued Jessamine, “and he went and stood before Beatrice, his hands yet red with the young noble’s blood, and told her the deed he had committed, and reproached her with her perfidy. I knew well she would protest in vain; for she could not disguise her horror at her husband’s deed, and shunned and feared the murderer; and while she mourned her misery, Sir Richard thought she mourned alone for Lionel, and hated him. But I desired her death, and goaded him still on; I had nearly gained my end, when a male child was born, and a new bar arose to my designs. If his wife died, all that she had would be the child’s: his wife he could destroy, but not with the same blow, his wealth. It was in vain I urged that he would slay the mother and the child—he was faint-hearted—trembled—fool!—so was I nearly cheated of my game!”—

Again the pain of her broken limb impeded utterance, and

Jessamine sunk back exhausted ; all were looking down upon the bed in mute terror : it was a tale of crime that may coolly be repeated, but was fearful in the mouth of Jessamine.

“ Ha ! ha ! ” continued she, suddenly raising herself, “ ’twas but a piece to lose, and then the game was mine. It was no new thought, but an old worn-out scheme, that quickly came into my mind, to make the child a changeling. There was a man named Heringford in the village, whose wife had also newly borne a child. The man was poor—we paid him freely—the children were to be exchanged until the end of twenty years, then he should have his own son back, educated, rich, and he should meanwhile receive payment for the other’s maintenance. He demanded written record of the fact. In vain we sought to give him other satisfaction : we had no time to lose, and were compelled to be content with the precaution of binding him by solemn vows to secrecy. The rest was easy. Sir Richard’s scruples were at rest. That child I smothered. It was then given out that the son of Beatrice was dead, and her husband, though the estate and title fell then to the crown, became the master of her property. Old Heringford believed his son had died in the fair course of nature, and was more than satisfied by permission to retain in its place the changeling he had already learned to love. Then came the last stroke at which all had aimed. ’Twas a fair, bright morning, when I gathered herbs from among the dewy grass. Sir Richard was beside me,—like the dew drops on the grass was the sweat upon his brow, as I told the slow corroding qualities of each,—I taught his hand to mix the poisoned cup, but—ha ! ha ! ha ! it was my hand that gave it. It was slow, but sure. Sir Richard did not stay to see the end—he crossed the sea to France. Was not the game well played ? Ha ! what are wine and dice to woman’s hate to stir the soul ! And think ye I am telling this for idle boast ?—no, it is the great game still—hate ! vengeance ! Ay, Richard Benstone, now thy shame is public, now is thy name dishonoured : thou hast paid me for the blow ! I tell no more. My end is already answered.—Cowards ! why stand ye still thus trembling at the sound of deeds I trembled not to do ! Go now, work happiness out of this.—Discover the new ties that bind you, laying the foundation to new bitterness. Young man, the bar is removed now from thy love. Sir Hubert, thou hast found thy sister’s child ; and if it make you dearer, then it is well ; for then may the unkindness that springs up out of every breast on earth henceforth torture you with a yet deadlier sting.”

Jessamine's fearful shrieks of pain and laughter again echoed through the room ; it was well Kate Westrill was not there, or her newly-promised health would have been placed once more in jeopardy. Sir Hubert pressed Edward's hand, and looked into his face with eyes now beaming undimmed with that affection which had often shed so strange a gleam upon his path. "It is as I thought," said he ; "my bodings have been true !"

An explanation he gave afterwards. When the infant died he was at the castle, and had seen the corpse ; he thought it was not like his sister's child, but dared not speak : it might be but the change of death ! Still the thought haunted him that the son of Beatrice was yet alive. In that dim persuasion he had obtained permission to hold the castle for a while, stating his belief that the real heir was living. He lived there until, as he had since boasted, Sir Richard Ellerton burned it to the ground.

When Edward first met Sir Hubert in the wood, under the assumed name of Bruton, he had been to see the husband of Beatrice, whom he had learned to be among the ruins of Ellerton Castle ; and to urge him, vainly, to an acknowledgment of the truth. That attempt was fraught with danger to himself ; for Sir Richard, fearing his suspicions, had caused him to be waylaid in the wood. It was from this point we commenced and have pursued the history.

The motives to Sir Richard's unnatural persecution of his own son were complex. We have seen the terrible struggles to which they gave rise. He believed, and felt he had good reason to believe, that Edward Heringford scorned and detested him—looked on him only as a villain and a foe. This thought armed his heart. He had lived too long in the reckless enjoyment of the wealth so cruelly obtained, that he should afford to lose it all by what the doctrine of debased associates led him to look upon as base faint-heartedness and womanish compunction. Edward already had suspicions of his birth, might soon claim his right, and reduce him into beggary. Crime and wealth may pass a reckless hour, but crime and beggary are fearful partners. A long course of wickedness had extinguished all feeling of love he might have had for a son that he had never known ; but the brute instinct of affection had remained to him, that served only to increase the torments of his conscience, with not strength enough to check his goaded and impetuous career.

There was too much sorrow mixed with all their joy, for any of the party in the good priest's cottage to feel glad at what had

been revealed. But one congratulation passed, and that was, the next day, from Sir Hubert's lips.

"Thou art now, Edward, lord of Ellerton," he said, "but hast no reason to blush beneath the title. King Henry has already signed documents by which he bestoweth upon thee the castle and domains, in part payment for thy gallant services. So from a poor peasant's hut hast thou gone forth, alone in thy strength, and with thine own arm hast thou won that, which now we find to be thy birthright!"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

FATHER AND SON.

RENDERED now doubly anxious once more to meet Sir Richard Ellerton, and prove to him that the heart of a son could hold no sentiment of hate, Edward hastened to the castle. Sir Richard was there. He had but just returned from his miserable wanderings. But he was changed; his hands trembled, and his face was more haggard and more deathly pale; the languid eye no longer kindled into fire, at the presence of the victim.

"Thou art well here," he said; "it is well thou shouldst be here to see me die."

"Not to see thee die," replied Edward; "No, father, I would lead thee back to life—Father, I know all—and bright hope—"

"Ay, hope, Edward, is for thee—I, Edward,—I am dying—and I have no hope—no hope of mercy—no hope of peace.—Oh, it is terrible!—Smile not! smile not upon me!—I was proud once, but now I am broken-spirited!—"

"Father, there is no crime, no thought beyond the reach of hope. Why then despair? Oh, I will be a son to thee, and love thee! We will be happy in each other—we will kneel together, pray together—we will intercede for sins repented, and blest love shall hallow our petitions at the throne of mercy. See, I am lonely, lonely even as thou!—Never has a father's voice encouraged me; never, never has my heart been warmed by the pure angel charm, the hallowed smile of a mother!"

"Ay, and thou feelest that," replied Sir Richard; "no, thou hast known no mother, and thou feelest what must be the bliss of those whose cheeks glow daily love beneath a mother's kiss,

whose aching heads may find sweet pillow in a fond, dear mother's bosom. Ay, son, thou art right—and such a mother as was thine—kind, gentle Beatrice! It was I, Edward, that deprived thee of a mother—of an earthly father.”

“And it is thou, too, who art able to restore them. I know that thou wert tempted and didst fall; it is the fate of man. I know that thy life hath terribly atoned for this. I know that thou repentest now—that love and pity are rekindling at thy heart.”

Tears were rolling fast down the cheeks of the miserable man.

“Edward, had I thought that there was one on earth could love me,—oh, had I thought a son—but no, it is well so. I am dying, Edward, and a dishonoured name is all the birthright that thy father leaves thee. Yet I will kiss thee ere I die. I have kissed no one for a long weary time. The last I kissed was Esther. Tremble not, son—my kiss will not kill *thee*!—O God, thy ways are just!”

“Father, thy lips are deathly cold. Thou speakest too of death! What change——”

“Ay, what a change is this! Few minutes, and he that trembles now, even before thy glance of love, how will he tremble then before another glance that cannot speak of love to *him*! I am dying, Edward,—there is poison in my veins. Start not! it was my will. The dregs of that fatal cup which stopped thy mother's heart, now clog up mine. I saved them; for I thought that some day I might need them too when life should—I am sinking, Edward—I dare not bless thee, lest the murderer's blessing cling to thee as a curse. I would curse thee, that thou mightest prosper and be happy—but now—I cannot curse. There!” he exclaimed, pointing towards the ruined chapel, as he sank back suddenly, “the broken tomb—Beatrice—thy mother—lay me not there, lest the earth cast me up—yet—yet—dear Beatrice——”

Sir Edward Ellerton closed his father's eyes, and sank, bitterly weeping, upon the corpse.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

THE DEATH OF SPENTON.

BUT one more painful scene remains, to mark the end of crime in this eventful history. It shall be short; for much space has

already been occupied by a detail of the misery in which careers of vice are closed.

Simon Byre, having performed over the body of Curts her barbarous rite, dug a grave within the cavern, and buried him; then, kneeling beside the spot, she muttered, in brief terms, her vow of vengeance:—

“I will avenge!” said she, in slow and deliberate accents; then, rising, her whole manner changed; no longer drooping and mournful, a look of fury was lighted in her face. “I will avenge!” yelled she, this time in tones of rage, and hurried from the cavern.

With a sagacity that amounted almost to instinct, and the wild speed that had been so often tested, she followed on the traces of the fugitive. Spenton was far in advance; but she soon came within his sight; and he fled, terrified, into a thicket for concealment.

It was one of those fair winter days in which spring seems struggling to return; the sun shone brightly from a clear blue sky; it was a day of happiness to the innocent; of woe, the extreme of woe, to one at least among the guilty. Pursuer and pursued were upon an open common, with thickets here and there, in one of which the coward Spenton lay concealed.

But his attempts to escape were vain; and Simon, with furious looks, rushed exulting forth, and dragged him from his hiding-place.

“Spare me, Simon!” cried the trembling victim, as his expected destroyer glanced fiercely upon him; “Simon! Simon! only hear me speak! Spare, and I will serve thee while I live—I will be thy slave, thy footstool—anything for life—Simon!”

“I avenge! I avenge!” replied Simon, fiercely; they were her only words, and she forced Spenton upon the ground.

“Mercy! mercy! Oh! oh!—Simon, kill me not!”

His cries, his entreaties were in vain. Placing one knee upon his chest, the gigantic avenger grasped with a powerful hand Spenton's throat.

“Help! help—Simon!—Simon Byre, have mercy!”

“I avenge!” cried Simon; and she tightened her deadly hold upon the victim's neck. There was a violent struggle to be free—the chest heaved under the knee of the inflexible woman—the face became livid, the eyes starting from their sockets—a fainter struggle—and all was ended! Simon removed her hand slowly and with evident gratification: a black mark around the dead man's neck showed where her fingers had pressed. She looked down upon

him awhile with delight in her savage countenance, then, throwing her arms into the air—"I have avenged!" cried she, in silvery tones of joy; "I have avenged!" and she hurried swiftly from the spot. Still, as she fled, her soft, clear woman's laughter rang through the air, as she shouted, in her savage exultation,—
"Avenged! avenged!"

CHAPTER THE LAST,

IN WHICH THE CANDLE OF NARRATION MAKES A TEMPORARY AND BRIGHT ILLUMINATION, ERE IT IS FINALLY MELTED AND EXTINGUISHED IN THE SOCKET OF TOTAL TERMINATION.

PEACEFUL days and blissful hours fled over the heads of our friends, now free from care, assembled under the roof of Sir Hubert de St. Fay.

Jessamine had died a miserable death, to the last rejoicing in her crime. Edward's unfortunate father had been interred, as he desired, yet feared to ask, within the tomb of Beatrice. The body of Spenton had been found—an assurance of the end of persecution; but Simon Byre they sought in vain; she was fled, none knew whither.

Meanwhile, search being directed in the proper channel, proofs of Edward's parentage were found with ease, and laid before the throne; and now, whilst the necessary steps were being taken for his restoration, and Castle Ellerton was being rebuilt, the whole party were entertained at Carnwood, as Sir Hubert's guests.

There the intercourse of those they loved, and calm repose, tended to dissipate the gloom that late events had cast over the party. It was long before Edward recovered from the shock he had received at his father's death; Kate, too, thought often of her brother, but the happiness of others, in time, communicated itself even to them.

For Mat Maybird and Annette, were they not there, frolicking wildly around the woods? Spring had advanced, and they would wander under the green shade; not, like steady lovers of romance, in solemn converse; but rather with their gladsome laughter ringing through the glades; in sport, pursuing and pursued; quarrelling, with the most virulent show of hostility, in the overflow of merriment and love. De Vermont had with pleasure sanctioned his daughter's choice, seeing that Mat was, with him, as with most

other people, a prime favourite, whose indefatigable good humour and sterling honesty of heart had not been expended in vain. Who could be sad when Mat Maybird was near, to jest and laugh, and sympathize? but, if Annette too were with him——

Sir Edward Ellerton and Kate were not to wed until their affairs were finally arranged, which arrangement could not take place until autumn gave sign of her approach. Mat Maybird and Annette had agreed, for the sake of harmony, to wait for the same day—a day which had long since been fixed by Cicely, in the case of her beloved, Willie Bats.

Willie, as the spring waned, and summer's first stray smiles brought the consummation of his love more near, became disconsolate. He could not find a treasure! It was vexatious. He had sought diligently; he had sought carefully; alas! why was it that, in spite of all his labours, he had sought in vain! Now, too, the thought became every day, with each new disappointment, more fresh, more vivid in his mind, that though he still sought on, still he should succeed no better.

Edward had observed his care, and ascertained its cause. Mat Maybird voted it an eyesore. Willie was invited to ride over to Ellerton, to ascertain the progress of repairs at the castle. The exercise seemed efficacious; for Willie Bats returned home in high spirits, having parted for good with his despondency.

Edward's titles were speedily acknowledged, and, with the intelligence of his full establishment into all the honours they afforded, arrived a communication to Master Maybird, by which he found that the king, in redemption of his pledge given on the occasion of their last interview, had presented to his loyal and valiant subject, in consideration of numerous important and valuable services rendered to the state, Carnwood and its dependencies; provided that Sir Hubert de St. Fay would consent to part with them, on receiving, in lieu of these, other possessions of a value more than was equivalent.

To any other hands than those of Mat Maybird, Sir Hubert would have hesitated in resigning the power over his faithful vassals; but Mat was a favourite amongst them, popular as himself; and, as he knew that the transfer of power would not be in any way to their prejudice, he willingly consented to render up his estate and tenantry to the sway of his generous and merry friend. Mat Maybird then became host at Carnwood.

Happily, therefore, the summer days fled on to a close, and,

in good time, the awaited period arrived. One wing of the castle was completed, sufficient for all present wants ; the rest was rapidly in progress.

The first days of August had arrived.—

“ Dost not remember, Kate,” said Edward, “ that ’twas on the eighth of August, a year since—on the day of our village festival, that all our troubles first commenced ; on that day now let us conclude them.”

The eighth of August ! Early on that day, a happy party left Carnwood for Ellerton. There the villagers, in their holiday clothes, received with rapturous enthusiasm their lord and lady ; pretty children there strewed fresh flowers in their path, and minstrels, glowing with the theme, sang their welcome to the happy pair all knew and loved so well.

In the old ivied church, whose simple pillars were decked with garlands twined by many a friendly hand, the pious Father Francis joined their hands. Sir Edward Ellerton and Kate Westrill, Mat Maybird and Annette de Vermont, Willie Bats and the most charming Cicely, became, separately and severally, united pairs ; then left the solemn ceremony, once more to greet the smiling, happy faces that beamed their welcome from without.

Kate once again, and for the last time, amid shouts of rapture, took her seat upon the rustic throne as village queen ; and once more with her sweet smile repaid the victors in the rural games. Edward, for the sake of old and dear recollections, joined awhile in the contest, and received, as of old, a cross-bow from Kate’s hands ; then, as her mild blue eyes were bright with love and happiness, and his with an untainted joy, the enthusiasm of the village leapt beyond bounds. The good old priest, shedding tears of delight at the happiness around him, was upon the green caressing all, by all caressed ; and Joe Bensal had left his cottage by the wood, to present his jovial face at the festivity. Mat Maybird, wholly forgetting that he was the noble lord of Carnwood, introduced the wild Annette, sparkling with wit and pleasure, to his village friends, and himself sported among all ; despite his recent wedding, kissing all the girls, and then his happy wife as well, to stop her scolding.

Willie Bats took his own charmer to the cottage she had lived in with Kate Westrill : it was newly thatched, and newly white-washed ; the rooms were all neatly and prettily furnished ; the garden was tastefully laid out, and full of blooming flowers : in its best days it had never looked so pleasant.

“ Ah ! who is going to live here now ! ” asked Cicely.

“ We are,” replied Willie, running over with happiness. “ This is mine, charmer, mine and thine ! Sir Edward gave it me, and it is he that did all this ; and yet more, I have now fields to till ; and I mean to be industrious, and not trust to chance ; hunting no more after treasure—a vain waste of time—for I never found any—any, excepting one.”

“ And what was that one, Willie ? ”

“ That,” replied Willie, kissing his wife, “ that, charming Cicely, was when I hit on thee ! ”

Meanwhile the revels on the green continued ; then all repaired to the castle, where, in the great hall, a feast was ready. Edward and Kate did the honours of the board, and, as they took their places, the long deserted walls echoed boldly back the prolonged shouts of heartfelt pleasure that arose from the delighted villagers. Kate, the sweet Kate they loved, and their own favourite Heringford were among them, happy now, as they deserved to be ; their sorrows now at end. None envied them their sudden elevation ; it was their due, and, in the hearts of their fond friends, if not also in the world’s dull eye, they had held its equal from the first.

At last the happy day was at an end, and the inhabitants of Ellerton returned to the village they had, for a time, deserted ; Willie Bats, too, the foremost of the train, led his Cicely to the house he proudly called his own, the cottage that was dear to Cicely’s memory, and which to him also recalled days of untold love. There she was installed the mistress, and he, as master, vowed to her he would deserve the happy fortune that was his.

A huge bonfire was lighted, whose flame danced merrily through the night. Morning came ; then, and for the succeeding week, the festivities were continued ; after which, Mat Maybird returned with Annette to Carnwood ; De Vermont and Sir Hubert, who had grown staunch friends, went to London for a time ; and the rest of the company departing, Sir Edward remained, surrounded by his earliest and truest friends, happy in Kate’s love, and proud to share with her the wealth and honours that accrued to the noble and illustrious restorer of the old glories of ELLERTON CASTLE.

(The End of Ellerton Castle.)

THE EARLY GRAVE.

“ Whom the gods love die young, was said of yore,
 And many deaths do they escape by this ;
 The death of friends, and that which slays e'en more.
 The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
 Except mere breath.” BYRON.

OH ! weep not o'er the early grave ;
 Methinks it were a happy lot,
 Ere yet by all we love forgot,
 To sink in Lethe's silent wave.

Were it not better thus to die,
 E'en in the morning of our day,
 Than travel on life's weary way
 In darkness and in misery ?

Oh ! wherefore should the spirit fear
 To yield betimes its parting breath,
 And, sinking in the arms of death,
 To bid farewell to all things here ?

The infant in his little bed,
 Can feel no more life's galling chain ;
 Past is the sense of every pain,
 As calmly there he rests his head.

No brittle friendship's broken vow
 Can teach his little heart to bleed ;
 No hand withdrawn in sorest need
 Can touch his quiet bosom now.

No poverty, with grasp of steel,
 Can wring from him the bitter tear—
 Reposing on his silent bier
 E'en hunger now he cannot feel.

Who knows, within his narrow cell,
 What happy dreams of bliss may come,
 What visions of his own dear home,
 And thoughts no poet's tongue can tell ?

Who knows, who knows, what angel eyes
 Look down upon his quiet rest,
 And keep his little infant breast
 From memory of life's miseries ?

Then wherefore should the spirit fear
 To yield betimes its parting breath,
 And, sinking in the arms of death,
 To bid farewell to all things here ?

C. H. H.

ON THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

ACCORDING to the view taken of this subject, will be the extent and difficulty of handling it. To write a panegyric on the classics, or to point out the intrinsic beauties of any old authors, forms no part of the intention of the writer. The eloquence of many modern writers has made this hallowed ground. To attempt a wide and comprehensive defence of the introduction of this study into modern education, would be impracticable in so limited a space, and presumptuous in execution. Men of note for learning and abilities have already handed down their opinions, or written their vindications; but these were chiefly in answer to sound and well-urged objections, and to repulse no feeble adversaries. Now, among the belligerents against any system will always be found some of more clamour than strength, who brandish a few arguments in the face of their opponents, with troublesome and vexatious perseverance. And since a feeble arm can encounter only feeble enemies, let doughty deeds fall to the lot of the mighty, whilst in a more ignoble strife we dare to raise a weapon in defence of the honoured structure which has withstood so many assaults. But to descend from metaphor, the design of this paper is to offer a few remarks on the classics, considered merely as a study—as an occupation for the intellect; and to combat, if there be space, some of the objections urged against the place it holds in our education. It will be soon seen that the area is somewhat limited—that the fruitful field of praise and declamation, on the beauty, majesty, &c., of the old classic authors, is shut against us; and it is to be hoped that we shall not suffer in the reader's opinion for this forbearance.

Omitting, therefore, all mention of the well-known and acknowledged advantages which result from the study of the ancient classics, in the formation of a chaste and elegant turn of mind, and of the benefits derived from a close and constant contemplation of the most exquisite models, we would first endeavour to make a stand against those who maintain that the improvement which follows upon a long study of words and expressions, does not at all compensate for the loss of time which might be so much better employed; that it is a trifling with the intellect, to fix it wholly on

pursuits of really minor importance; or, at the best, that it is but improving and enlarging the memory, a faculty valuable indeed in itself, but not worthy of being benefited at the expense and to the detriment of other and more noble faculties. There is, it must be confessed, much plausibility in this, even allowing for the confined view taken of the study in question. Language is only the shell or husk of knowledge; and the valuable kernel may seem to be too much neglected. If, indeed, during the long time spent in education, the youth of the present day were no better employed than in gradually collecting and arranging in their memory the words of a language which they will never use in after-life, even though they could speak Greek with the tongue of Demosthenes, or write Latin with the pen of Cicero, their labour were most miserably thrown away. If this study of the language bore no reference to the formation of their minds and of their habits of thought; if they read the old authors merely to reduce under the power of their memory phrases, sentences, and words, they would have laid in at the best a stock of useless trinkets and ornaments, and furnished their heads only with isolated crumbs and fragments of knowledge. There are, no doubt, some scholars who foolishly labour in this alone; but they are, it is to be hoped, but few. Indeed it cannot very well happen, that one who reads the classics at all, whatever be his aim and intention, can avoid catching some of their spirit, and feeling his capacity enlarged, however obstinately he refuse the greater advantages they cast in his way. It must be acknowledged that the proper concern of every man who designs a worthy occupation for his intellect, is with thoughts more than with words. Words should be but the satellites of thoughts, and not be exalted out of their proper station. It is by thought that men attain knowledge: it is by words that they impart it. But this by no means proves that in the education of the youthful mind, the practice of continuous thinking, of deep reasoning, of seeking after knowledge by the efforts of its own intellect, should precede the study of that which stands in so intimate and inseparable a relation to communicated thought. The study of words is doubtless the best introduction to the study of thoughts. From the close connexion which exists between them, and the opportunities thus offered for frequent observation of it, the unpractised mind is gradually led on to higher exercises and more strenuous exertions. And here it might be observed, that the student should never be permitted to study a language for its sake alone, neglecting to remark and profit by the

dependence of the expressions and the style upon the thought. But there is another reason for this early attention paid to language. Every one is ready to confess the vast importance of power of expression, the superiority it gives to men who deserve it not for any other faculty, the disadvantage an inefficient and feeble command of words always brings. This faculty must be acquired early in life. Words are, to most persons, shy and wild—they require long familiarity before they can be tamed and subdued. A sudden or incidental acquaintance will give the mind no command over them; but when early and thoroughly reduced under its dominion, they become habitually obedient, and are no longer unruly, but faithful and ready subjects. Nothing, then, gives a greater facility for acquiring a power over our native language, than a careful study of an ancient language, where difficulty serves to imprint our knowledge the deeper.

But all this, it may be said, is merely a defence of the study of languages generally, and not of the classics. If so much has been done as to point out the necessity of a close study of language in the earlier stages of education, it will need little argument to prove that the study of the ancient classics is the most beneficial, and the most likely to bring about the objects for which the labour is undertaken. That there have been of more modern date, writers of the highest intellect, of the most complete command of thought and language, cannot be denied; but none have surpassed the ancients in that exquisitely-sustained relation between thought and language, which, if the former remarks be correct, should chiefly be sought after, and thoroughly understood. Besides, the difficulties which must be encountered in the pursuit of these beauties form no slight portion of the benefit to be derived from their study. So much, however, is to be conceded to our adversaries, that it were desirable that a longer time and more pains should be spent in investigating and perceiving these excellences, and in imbibing the spirit and scope of these “first grey fathers of the human mind,” than in studying quantities, and digging and grubbing for roots of words. It is not our wish to despise grammar, or speak lightly of critical researches; but let them have their time and their place; let the study of them be considered as the threshold over which the mind must creep before it can gaze upon the full glories of the temple of ancient intellect. This full view is prevented by a practice acquired in schoolboy days, and rendered necessary by university examination, of reading unconnected bits and patches of an author,

instead of establishing a mastery over his thought, his style, and his matter; a habit well qualified to favour the natural desire of novelty, and fitted for insight into a variety of minds; but one surely most injurious to the intellect, by producing a desultory and restless tone of mind; or tearing it too soon from its contemplation, before its craving is satisfied.

One hint more. As it is only in application to other pursuits that these studies are valuable, those who have the charge of the present educational system should not think their duty discharged, if they have made their pupils merely good critical scholars, or crammed their brains to repletion with barren facts and unimportant particulars. Such should not be the design of a liberal education. Were such the only object, it would be in no way superior, as a study, to as many years' employment in the columns of a dictionary. As the study of language can but be merely introductory, they should not consider their task complete until they discover in those under their instruction an assimilation in mind to the grand models, a liberality and capacity of sentiment, with a grasp and reach of thought which marks the powerful and educated intellect. To these let there be united an accuracy and facility of expression, which, in the opinion of many greater writers, may best be obtained by clothing the thoughts of the classics in an English dress. The design of education is not, or ought not to be, to create the greatest proficiency in any one pursuit, but to expand the faculties of the mind by engaging it in many. The wisdom of such a plan is obvious—each study does not require the exercise of all the faculties. The youth who was training for the Olympic games, though in the final struggle he must depend for success on some particular limbs, would not have been permitted to neglect the exercise of every part of his body. If, then, it be found by any one, that from the peculiar constitution of his own mind, or from any other cause, the highest cultivation of his intellect is not to be obtained in the walk which present custom marks out, though the choice be hard to make, it were better to attain the one even at the expense of some advantages, and the prospect of success. The most comprehensive system cannot provide for all cases that may arise; and he who feels himself able, must so modify it as to suit his own purposes.

QUIVIS.

BEAUTY'S DESTINY.

LYRE of my pensive hours,
 Companion of my solitary dreams,
 Pause we in Beauty's bowers,
 Beside the music of her purling streams ;
 Gaze we upon her flowers,
 And sing,
 To the wild breezes as they wander by,
 The sad inevitable destiny
 Of these sweet flowers of Spring.

Tell to the passing wind
 How that these blushing roses had their birth
 When, on her couch reclined,
 Fair Flora breathed upon the waking earth
 Flowers of every kind.
 Then sing,
 To the wild breezes as they wander by,
 The sad inevitable destiny
 Of these sweet flowers of Spring.

Tell how the perfumed air
 Breathes of their sweetness to the passer by ;
 Tell Beauty they are fair,
 So fair that e'en the very breezes sigh,
 Wooing them in despair.
 Yet sing,
 How that the chilling blast of Autumn weaves
 His direful spells to nip the falling leaves
 Of these sweet flowers of Spring.

Lyre of my pensive hours,
 Companion of my solitary song,
 Pause we in Beauty's bowers,
 When the last sigh of Autumn dies along ;
 Show her the faded flowers,
 And sing,
 Into her dull ear, as she passes by,
 E'en thus in ruin must thou, Beauty, lie,
 Like these sweet flowers of Spring.

C. H. H.

DIFFICULT POINTS AND PASSAGES OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

No. V.—KING LEAR.

OF all the plays of Shakspeare, *Lear* is undoubtedly the one which most forcibly appeals to our feelings; and, although I can by no means assent to the opinion that it is dramatically the most sublime of all our author's works, I must say that in point of language I am at a loss to find its equal.

A question has been raised, whether *Lear's* madness was the effect of his daughters' unkindness, or his sudden change of fortune. I think both may in some degree have united to bring about this melancholy state; but that the unkindness of his daughters was the chief cause, is, to my mind, proved by the expression used by him in Act III. Sc. 4:

“Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.”

I think, in my general observations on this play, the character of the fool deserves some notice, inasmuch as he differs essentially from all the other fools of Shakspeare. It may be first remarked that he is the only fool who interests us beyond the present joke—the only one who has sterling qualities in addition to his wit. With the other fools of our author we laugh; with *Lear's* fool we are almost ready to weep. The first thing we hear of him interests us strongly in his behalf, as it lays open to us, not only the estimation in which he is held by *Lear*, but also his own fidelity and love.

“*LEAR*. But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

“*KNIGHT*. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

“*LEAR*. No more of that; I have noted it well.”—ACT I. *Scene* 4.

From the expressions and manner of *Lear* towards him, it is evident, even to the most careless reader, that next to his daughters the fool held the first place in the heart of the old king. When addressing him, he constantly makes use of the expressions, “My

pretty knave," "my boy," "lad," "my good boy," &c. &c. ; and when driven by Regan from her castle, it is the fool to whom he utters his grief ; "Oh, fool, I shall go mad." (Act II. Sc. 4.) On the heath, in the storm of that terrible night—

"The night wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry,"

we have another instance of Lear's affection for his faithful follower, who is even then by his side. When Kent has found a hovel for a shelter, Lear makes the fool enter first into it ; and nothing can exceed the tenderness of the following speech, which Lear addresses to the fool on their road :—

"Come on, my boy, how dost, my boy ? art cold ?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave ; I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee."—ACT III. Scene 2.

That the fool equally well loved his master appears to me plain. We find his jests are all on Lear's folly in giving up the crown ; and the expression, "nuncle Lear," appears to me one of peculiar endearment. It is also worthy of remark, that this is the only fool who is really loved by his master.

I have said that the language of this play is not surpassed by any of our author's works ; and, in the absence of other general remarks, I trust I shall not weary my readers, if I detain them a short time for the purpose of pointing out some of the most beautiful passages.

I do not remember ever to have met with a passage more sublime than that uttered by Lear in the storm.

—————"Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous ; caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert, and convenient seeming,
Hast practised on man's life ! Close pent-up guilt,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful sommoners grace. I am a man,
More sinned against than sinning."—ACT III. Scene 2.

Where shall we find a finer description of filial ingratitude than that of Lear in this play? Brief though it be, it comprehends in two lines more than any writer has before given us.

—————“Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it?”—ACT III. *Scene 4.*

Another passage in the same scene, which irresistibly commands our attention, presents us with a picture inexpressibly sublime. Lear, who in Act II. Sc. 4, utters that beautiful reflection,

“O, reason not the need! our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's,”

now proceeds to carry this idea out. Seeing Edgar without clothes, he breaks forth into this sublime soliloquy:—

“Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated.”

Perhaps there is no passage in this play so well known, and so often quoted, as the description of Dover cliff. A great critic has stated his opinion that no man can read this without feeling giddy. The conclusion of this description,

—————“I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong,”

has certainly the effect of making the reader feel that he is on a height, and must therefore be considered a consummate piece of art.

From the time when Lear begins to recover his senses, we have a series of the most beautiful passages. He, who can read this play attentively, and pass over the following passage without tears, must have a heart not to be envied.

“LEAR. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish, fond, old man,
Fourscore and upward;
Not an hour more nor less; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is ;—and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child—Cordelia.”—ACT IV. *Scene 7.*

Again, what can be more beautifully pathetic than the speech of the poor old childish king to his daughter, when they are being led to their prison.

“LEAR. No—no—no—no ! come, let's away to prison.
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage ;
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
 And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,—
 Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out
 In a walled prison packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.”—ACT V. *Scene 3.*

In the very end of the play, in the

“ Last scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful history,”

we have a passage of surpassing beauty.

“LEAR. And my poor fool is hanged ! no, no, no life.
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all ? Oh, thou wilt come no more.
 Never, never, néver, never, never !—
 ; Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir.
 Do you see this ? Look on her,—look on her lips,—
 Look there, look there !— (Dies.) ”

This is almost unequalled.

I cannot but express my regret that the fate of the fool, Lear's faithful follower, is left uncertain. Some, indeed, have supposed that the fool was hanged with Cordelia, and that the words, “ poor fool,” in the above passage, apply to the fool ; but this is by no means probable. The last we see or hear of this interesting character is in the conclusion of the sixth scene of the third act, where we find him helping to carry off old Lear ; moreover, I do not see how he could have been taken, as we do not hear of his being with Lear and Cordelia when they were made prisoners.

I think the probability is, that the fool died at Dover, whither he helped to bear his master. Probably that "pining away," which we hear of before we see him, increased with the unceasing troubles of the aged king, and the "pelting of that pitiless storm" to which he was exposed on the heath, brought him to his end; and this is the more probable, as Lear never mentions him. Had the fool died after the recovery of the king, we should doubtless have heard of him; and I cannot but wish that one word of farewell from the loving master had confirmed our suspicions of the fate of his faithful and attached follower.

C. H. H.

THE FIRMAMENT.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work."—*Psalm xix.*

I.

THE heavenly vault, with azure glow,
 O'er every clime and nation hung,
 Reveals to all the earth below,
 The source divine from whence it sprung.
 The bright, eternal orb of day,
 That mounts on wings of living flame,
 And thousand stars' effulgent ray,
 The glory of the Lord proclaim.

II.

No voice is heard; yet who can turn,
 At midnight's hour, his pensive eye
 To where in silent splendour burn
 Unnumbered orbs of fire on high,
 Nor think how vast must be the power
 Which formed the glittering train, that there
 To every land, in every hour,
 Their Maker's wondrous skill declare.

F. L. SIMS.

A TALE OF REVENGE.

“ Ah, sister ! Desolation is a delicate thing :
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air ;
 But treads with silent footstep, and fans with silent wing
 The tender hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear ;
 Who, soothed to false repose by the fanning plumes above,
 And the music-stirring motion of its soft and busy feet,
 Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the monster Love,
 And wake, and find the shadow Pain.”

MANY are the dark blots that sin hath cast over the page of human life ; many are the traces of misery and desolation that serve to show where the footsteps of crime have been ; but never is its power manifested in such dreadful might, never is its blighting nature shown so fearfully, as when it seizeth on those feelings of our nature which are left us, the relics of Eden's innocence, and turneth them to ministers of its own dark purpose.

The main feature of my tale is one far from uncommon ; for while the love of gold, or that passion, like in nature though men have given it a more noble name, rules with its iron sceptre the hearts of men, there will not be wanting many, (it may be the greater part of men are such,) who, strangers to any more gentle feelings themselves, care little for them in others ; there will not be wanting fathers, who, without remorse, will clothe their children in purple and gold, unheeding of the breaking heart the idle splendour hides.

Yet, were I to give such a character to the Baron de Leon, I should do him some wrong. He loved his only child Alice with a father's fondest love ; he would have spared nothing to pleasure her, though it had cost him his heart's blood. But there was one thing which an old Norman baron, of ancient line, whose escutcheon had been handed down without a blot for ages, could not give up—his honour, the honour of his race. He could not bear to think his noble castles and wide domains should ever pass into the possession of a house less noble than his own. The safety of this matter depended, of course, upon the marriage of his daughter, the only descendant of the family ; and the Baron had for a long time been seeking for some house whose arms might, in

in all honour, be quartered with his own. The young Charles Longville seemed to him in all respects a fit suitor for his daughter's hand; and he never for a moment anticipated that so handsome and accomplished a man, whose suit was backed by her father's most earnest wishes, would meet with any obstacle at the hands of the young lady herself. Yet so it was.

In one of the rambles which Lady Alice had been used to make in the surrounding forests, permitted by her indulgent father more freely than prudence, perhaps, would have dictated, she had chanced to receive some trifling assistance from a youth who served in the train of a neighbouring noble. Report said that he had distinguished himself by his bravery, while fighting under his master's banner abroad; and of his skill in more peaceful sports, of his gentle bearing and graceful manners, she was herself witness. The service he had done to the Lady Alice procured him admittance to the Baron's castle, where he soon became a frequent guest, a favourite with the Baron, as well as his daughter; the former, with that strange blindness so often seen in such cases, never thinking of the danger, that the handsome youth might engage his daughter's affections, till it was too late.

The Baron first made this fearful discovery when he announced to the Lady Alice, that on the morrow she would be visited by one whom he wished her to receive with favour. "Thou knowest, Alice," he said, "that on thee depends all the honour of our family; and it is time that thou shouldest wed with some house equal in honour to our own. Moreover, I am growing old, and would fain see a chance of some one to inherit this old castle, before I am carried out of it. But I will leave thee to-night to thy rest, that thou mayest rise with a bright eye, and a rosy cheek, to meet thy father's friend, Charles Longville."

Great was the Baron's surprise, when his daughter detained him; and a frown darkened on his brow, when, in a trembling voice, she begged him not to press her marriage with the youth; yet darker did that frown become, when, asking the cause of so unexpected unwillingness, he learnt that she had no longer a heart to give; but when in fearful accents she confessed that to Gerard Dumont her heart and faith were given, the old man was so overpowered with the variety of his emotions, bitter disappointment, anger against his child, rage with himself for his own blindness and stupidity, in not preventing the possibility of such an event, by forbidding the young man his house, that he sank down again

in the seat from which he had risen, unable for some time to speak.

Alice, alarmed at the state to which her confession had brought her father, knelt at his feet, and with tears besought his pardon. "I will forgive thee, Alice," he said in a troubled voice, "if thou wilt indeed be my child, and obey me. Would that my head had been laid long ago in the grave of my fathers, rather than have grown grey, to hear a daughter of the house of de Leon confess that she hath loved a base-born peasant."

"That, father, is he not," replied the girl eagerly. "A base-born peasant would not serve so near the person of the noble Lord of Normanton; neither would he bear the noble brow and lion's heart of Gerard Dumont."

"Curses on his fair face and brave heart," returned the Baron, "if he use them but to bring shame upon our house. He would not serve at all, girl, were his birth such as befits thy husband. But, Alice," he continued, in a softer tone, "think before thou refusest to fulfil my fondest wish. See the husband I have chosen for thee; thou wilt find him young, handsome, rich, noble. Think before thou dost that will break thy father's heart."

"It cannot be, father," said the girl, sadly; "thou wouldest not thy daughter should give her hand where her heart can never go."

"Lady Alice de Leon, talk not thus. Thou art my only child; thou knowest I have loved thee with more than a father's love. I have watched thee from infancy, and as thy beauty grew with thy years, I have loved thee more and more dearly. I have centred all my hopes in thee: my name, my family, all rest on thee. If thou dost marry this Gerard Dumont, it will be thine act that will lay my grey head in a grave of sorrow."

Alice was much moved. "Thou hast, indeed," she said, while she threw her arms round de Leon's neck, and turned her weeping face up to his, "Thou hast indeed been more than a father to me. But oh! thou who hast loved me so tenderly, wouldest not bring misery upon me now? What are riches and honour, when all lies cold and dead within? Oh, my father! thou wert young once, and hast thou not loved? Was there not once a time when thy spirit was filled with one, one happy thought? when to thine eye all nature seemed arrayed in lines of glory? when birds, and winds, and streams,—all sounds of earth and heaven—seemed to thine ear to whisper one glad story, that thou wert loved? Oh!

do not *thou* send the clouds to darken a heaven so bright as mine hath been."

The Baron stood for a moment in silence, gazing on the face of his child. "Alice," he said, "hear me. When I was young, as thou art now, I too fancied that I loved one beneath me—a girl, beautiful, and fond; but unknown, of humble birth. I gave myself up to the passion that was soon master of my soul; I let it lead me where it would, and it led me—I dare not tell thee whither. But, Alice, in my heart it set a sting, whose smart is burning even to this day: it left a curse that hath haunted me day and night, for years, and years, and years. Oh, girl! this is not love: believe me it is not; it is a false deluding passion, that will bring thee nothing but bitterness and sorrow. This is not love. Love's nature is to bless, not to curse—to fill the heart with joy, and bind together with its silver cord, husband and wife, father and child; not to sow there trouble, and discord, and agony. Oh, my child! cast out of thy heart this passion, that will ruin thee. Believe me, it hath not Heaven's blessing, if it comes not with thy father's."

"I understand thee not, father. Why sayest thou this is not love? It hath brought joy and gladness to my heart; it hath been a blessing, not a curse; it would bind us all together with a breakless band. Oh! do thou bless us, and Heaven's blessing will come upon us all."

De Leon spoke not for some minutes, but paced the room with troubled steps, trying to master the better feelings of his heart, which were almost too strong for his worldly policy. But the latter conquered; and turning to his child, he said in a stern voice, "No blessing will come upon the child who despises her father, and humbles her father's house. If thou dost marry this man, thou wilt bring upon thy head the dread curse of a father's broken heart. To-morrow morning, Charles Longville will visit thee. Receive him kindly, or from that time thou shalt no longer be my daughter." With these words he left the room.

We pass over some time that elapsed after the scene we have described—a time that made a sad change in Alice de Leon. Her dark lustrous eye had grown dim; the blush of health upon her cheek was gone; her light and fairy-like step had become heavy, as though all the elasticity of youth had passed away. She was the betrothed of Charles Longville. She had seen her father's health decaying, care making deep furrows in his aged

brow; she had heard him walking restlessly in his room, during the hours of night; or groaning heavily in his sleep—and she could not kill her father. Gerard Dumont had of course been banished from the castle by the Baron's orders; but, by the help of her attendant maiden, she had managed to let him know all the circumstances which forced her to take back the faith she had plighted to him. On him, too, their dark fate pressed with a heavy hand; but while his heart was well nigh breaking, he was obliged to confess that he could not have wished her to act otherwise.

It wanted only a few days to the time appointed for the marriage, when one evening a servant informed the Lady Alice, that an old man stood without, desiring earnestly to speak with her: he had the appearance of a pilgrim, and said that he was travelling homewards from a long journey, and had matters of great importance to communicate to Lady Alice de Leon. Lady Alice bade her maid desire him to tell his news to the Baron; but, when she returned with the pilgrim's earnest request to be allowed to see her, affirming that his tale would be told to no one but herself, she consented to admit him. He seemed very old, with long white hair; yet his grey eyes had not lost all their lustre; and a close observer might have marked in them a somewhat evil expression. Making a low reverence to the lady, he seated himself, at her command, and appeared rather embarrassed how to commence his story. "Would it be asking too much, lady, to let an old man speak with thee 'quite alone for a few moments,'" he said, for Alice had desired her maid to remain in the room.

"You may trust my attendant," she replied, "with anything that touches my own welfare."

"It might be better otherwise," returned the seeming pilgrim; "but let it be so, if it is thy pleasure." He paused. "Thou wilt wonder, lady, that an old man should dare to address thee, high-born and beautiful, on such a subject. But I have known thee long, lady; loved thee, as an old man might love his daughter; and I would fain do aught in my power to minister to thy happiness. A few words will show that I know thee. Thy mother died when thou wert yet an infant; and thou hast loved thy father so dearly, that thou art now about to sacrifice thyself for him, by marrying a man thou dost not love."

"I have but little thanks to give thee," said Alice, proudly,

“ for prying into the secrets of my family, and then coming to tell me what I know full well.”

“ Hear me out, lady,” continued the old man. “ Thou lovest one of unknown birth. I know his parentage.”

Alice started, but did not interrupt him.

“ His parents were noble as thine own. And this was my purpose in coming hither ; to offer thee, if thou wilt accept them, my services with thy father ; to whom I will tell such things, that he shall himself desire the match as much as thou dost.”

“ But art thou sure of this, old man ? ” she replied, looking attentively in his face. “ But if it be so, it is too late. All is prepared, the marriage cannot be put off.”

“ Think, lady, how thy father’s heart will leap with joy, to find his honour and thy happiness can both be saved.”

“ I fear his honour would be in danger, with the Longvilles ; ” said Alice.

“ Nay,” interrupted the old man, “ let thy father himself judge of that. Have I thy leave to speak with him on the subject ? ”

“ If my father chooseth to see thee, of course I cannot prevent it. In truth, I see not why thou hast spoken to me on the matter.”

“ For this reason : I know report doth often tell foul lies ; and I would learn from thine own lips the truth, lest I had done thee a harm instead of a kindness. Farewell, lady. When we next meet, I trust thy fortunes may be brighter.”

By the order of Lady Alice, the old man was conducted to a large hall, hung around with trophies of the de Leons’ ancient prowess ; banners, and arms, and other spoils taken in battle, as well as old family pictures. Here he was left to await the Baron’s pleasure. He looked round for some minutes, seemingly lost in thought. “ Pride goeth before a fall,” he muttered to himself. “ I have waited long, de Leon, for my time ; but I knew it would come. I knew that crimes like thine would not die unrevenged. And I know not how I could more deeply wound thee—and thy child,” he continued ; “ the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children.” He was interrupted by the entrance of the Baron.

“ Thou wouldest speak with me, old man ; ” he said. “ If thou hast a boon that I can grant, it shall be thine.”

“ Knowest thou to whom thou makest so gracious an offer, Baron de Leon,” said the old man, looking earnestly at him.

“ I know thee not,” he replied.

“Thou knewest me once—my name is Grant.”

De Leon started as though a serpent had bitten him. “Art thou indeed the father of——”

“I was the father of the unhappy Mary de Leon,” he said, pausing on the last words.

“How meanest thou that?” returned the Baron, with a frowning brow.

“That paper may convince thee that the betrayer was betrayed;” and the old man handed him a paper as he spoke. De Leon unfolded it, and with a gesture of astonishment looked through it. With a somewhat scornful smile, he returned it, saying, “whatever might have been thy purpose in coming to me, it was a bad plan to bring forged papers.”

The old man took the paper, and repeated calmly, “It is a true paper, Baron, not a forgery; and it was a true marriage between thee and my daughter Mary, and not a cheat, as thou didst suppose. The priest himself gave me that paper. It seems thy agent had more conscience than his master.”

It was indeed true. A heavier vengeance than he had yet felt was coming on him for his early crime. And it had brought him misery enough before this—years of bitter remorse for the fate of a young and trusting girl, whom he had (as he thought) betrayed, and then turned away to give birth to an infant, and perish. But now the staff that he had most leaned upon was breaking. It was in this old man’s power to ruin him, to blast his fame, by showing that his daughter, so prized, so loved, so doted on, whom he was about to give away in marriage, with such pomp and splendour, was not legitimate; for he knew that poor Mary was alive, after he had married the mother of Alice.

The wrongs that his daughter had received at the hand of de Leon had driven Grant almost mad; his passion settled down into a deep, burning desire of revenge, which he had fostered in his heart for years, without an opportunity of taking what seemed to him sufficiently dreadful vengeance. Now the time had come when he would wound him in the tenderest points of his nature,—in his daughter, and in his pride. At present, however, he veiled his dark purpose, and professed that he had come to return good to his child for the evil de Leon had done his own. He promised eternal secrecy if the Baron would consent to the marriage between Alice and Gerard Dumont—on no other terms. If these were not

agreed to, his tale should be told. Pressed by the fear of yet greater shame, the Baron at length consented. He even promised that to his daughter he would appear to delight in the prospect of happiness before her; while to Charles Longville the refusal was to come from Alice alone.

Again we pass over some time, and Alice stands at the altar the bride of Gerard Dumont. The brightness hath come back to her dark eye, and her cheek hath the colour of health as well as the bridal blush. The bridegroom turns from the altar, to pour out his thanks to the Baron de Leon, too, for his gracious favour. At first de Leon heard him not, for his thoughts had wandered back into the depths of past years—to the time when he had stood at an humbler altar, with no more pomp or ceremony than sufficed to mock and ruin one who had given him that holiest of earthly gifts, a maiden's trusting love. Startled from his reverie by Dumont's address, he returned a hasty answer, when suddenly he seemed so struck with the figure before him, that he hardly restrained the exclamation that had risen to his lips. Perhaps the memories so vividly recalled to his mind at that time caused him to mark the likeness he had never seen before. With great difficulty he strove to conceal the dreadful thought that passed through his mind. But there was one present who had noticed his confusion—the old man Grant. "Ha!" he exclaimed, as he advanced towards the astonished group, "art thou better of thy blindness? Lord Normanton," he continued, turning to Dumont's patron, who had been present at the ceremony, "canst thou tell us who this youth is?"

"All I can tell," replied Lord Normanton, "the Baron knows already. A dying girl sought shelter under my roof, and as she died, I swore to protect her child. She said his father was noble, and had married her, but had afterwards discarded her, affirming that the marriage was not a true one."

"Thou knowest more, I think," said the old man, looking fixedly at him; "did she not tell her name?"

"She did," he replied, "but I swore not to disclose it, unless to benefit her child."

"Nevertheless, my lord, thou mayest tell those who know it already. Was it not Grant?"

"It was, indeed," said he, in surprise, "how didst thou know it?"

"Mind not that now, my lord, but look to the Baron de Leon;

methinks he hath swooned. Lady Alice de Leon," he continued, "I have performed my promise; nay, start not that I call thee so, for that is still thy name. Thy husband's poor mother was really married to the Baron de Leon, thy father. Here is the certificate of their marriage. I was her father. But I am old, and will not stay to check your wedding gaieties. I have done what I came hither for—I have done that for which I have lived so many weary years. On the betrayer of my child—on him who brought misery into the old man's home, and desolation to his hearth—on him and on his race—I have had revenge!"

PUCK.

LOVE'S LAST WORDS.

Go! Love's spells for aye are broken—
 Once again this heart is free.
 Go! our last farewell is spoken—
 All is o'er 'twixt thee and me.
 'Tis not that I now regret thee,
 That these tears unbidden start;
 No! this heart will soon forget thee,
 False and faithless as thou art.

Go! but think not, when to-morrow
 Thou hast won another's love,
 All unmindful of the sorrow
 He from thy deceit shall prove,
 That thy heart, for ever ranging,
 Still will be the same to thee,
 That thy love, for ever changing,
 Fond and deep as now will be.

Chase Love's shadow through the bowers,
 From the lily to the rose;
 But upon the choicest flowers
 Many a thorn for falsehood grows.
 Go then, traitor! go for ever!
 Leaving all, yet loving many,
 Till from thee, at last, Love sever,
 And thou be not loved of any.

C. H. H.

PLAGIARISM.

“BEEFEATER. Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee.

SNEER. Haven't I heard that line before?

PUFF. No. I fancy not—where?”—*Sheridan's Critic.*

IN the code of laws by which this country is governed, there is a clause for the protection of property, and the identification of thieves, which decides, that if missing property be found upon the person, or in the possession of any person, within a given time after the goods are first missed, the person on whom, or in whose possession, they are so found, is, in default of a satisfactory explanation, identified with the thief. Something of this kind ought to regulate literary property; for a man's own thoughts are as much his own property, as his house or his lands. Without doubt, however, a difficulty arises, namely, that of swearing to one's own—a thought is a difficult thing to identify—and an idea might in many cases be claimed with equal justice by a thousand different persons. Moreover, these literary robbers, these kidnappers of the offspring of our brains, as Sheridan says, “disfigure them, as gypsies do stolen children, to make them pass for their own.” Yet, notwithstanding all this, something ought to be done, and a handsome monument in the Poet's Corner would be well deserved by any man who should possess the wit to institute an Author's Idea Insurance Office, for the Protection of Literary Property from Plagiarism and Penny-a-liners.

What a despicable character is a plagiarist! His meanness is an aggravated one—a double guilt. Not only does he take for his own the ideas and expressions of others,—which of itself is undoubtedly a gross and unjustifiable robbery,—but he also imposes upon the public, and obtains their approbation under false pretences. Sometimes he assumes the hardy impudence of the highwayman, and having taken your idea, claims it before your face. If accused of plagiarism, he retorts upon you, and taxes you with that meanness. If you still persist in owning your own property, he perhaps declares himself insulted, and in default of having your idea, demands your life. Imagine a man sufficiently *œrated* to claim the authorship of the Waverley Novels; and yet things almost

as brazen have been done. Really such men ought to be Januses, that they may blush double.

Moreover, the plagiarist proceeds on a plan, which, if examined, is the height of folly. Who, if he were building a house, would take a stone belonging to another, and which may be reclaimed at any time, for the foundation? Surely, no one; for to give back this stone, is to destroy the whole building. How much wiser is the plagiarist, who erects his fame “*ære perennius*” as he supposes on a borrowed thought, which may be claimed at any time, and, his foundation gone, himself exposed to the “*imber edax*” of universal contempt?

But while I endeavour to impress on the mind of the reader the intense disgust which I feel for so despicable a character as the plagiarist, I must remark that many are accused of plagiarism unjustly. Similar ideas, nay, even similar expressions, will often occur to two writers of similar minds; and I doubt not but many persons, who are in the habit both of writing and reading, have frequently experienced a difficulty, which I find continually rising up before me, namely, the difficulty of correctly distinguishing between ideas fresh from the forge of the imagination, and those which are not original, and which have long lain hid in the store-house of memory.

It is but too common to find persons asserting, that because two writers have the same expression, the one is a plagiarist; this is absurd—nay, it is worse, it is illiberal. There are many instances of our greatest authors having the same ideas similarly expressed. I will only illustrate this with one example, the most striking which I can remember, wherein two poets—no less than Shakspeare and Milton, have a striking similarity of thought. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. Sc. 1, we have the following passage:—

“LYS. Ah! me, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
For either it was different in blood—

HER. Oh cross! too high to be enthralled too low!

LYS. Or else misgraffed in respect of years—

HER. Oh spite! too old to be engaged to young!

LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

HER. Oh hell! to choose love by another's eye.

LYS. Or if there were a sympathy in choice:

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream.”

There is also a passage in *Paradise Lost*, Book x., which closely resembles this :—

“ This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall ; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex ; for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ;
Or whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness ; but shall see her gained
By a far worse ; or if she love, withheld
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already linked and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate and shame :
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.”

No one who reads these two passages will deny that there is a great resemblance between them, and yet no one will believe that Milton plagiarized. It is the poor man, who has nothing to support him, who resorts to theft, not the rich man. It is the man who has no original ideas who steals those of others, not the great man of literature. And yet many a gentle reader, and ungentle critic, would, if these latter lines bore not the name of Milton, accuse the author of plagiarism.

It is also a practice with malicious persons to accuse a good writer of plagiarism. The learned and erudite Dr. Johnson, whose observations on common-place subjects are always so excellent, says on this point, “ When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried—the charge of plagiarism. By this the author may be degraded, though his work be revered ; and the excellence which we cannot obscure, may be set at such a distance as not to overpower our fainter lustre.” We should be very cautious how we bring this serious charge against a man, more especially as it is so difficult to refute. Sometimes whole works are claimed by some “ swaggering upspring,” and it is with the utmost difficulty that their real writer can prove his title to their authorship. Every one knows that Mackenzie’s “ *Man of Feeling*” was claimed, and that by a member of a profession which might have taught him better ; and with what immense trouble it was proved by the writer that the new claimant was an impostor.

Plagiarism is a crime which cannot be too strongly deprecated, or too cautiously handled. While, on the one hand, we should not shrink from exposing it, we should take care lest, exulting in our knowledge, we lead ourselves into error and disgrace by a false accusation; lest triumphant in our strength, we endeavour, like Milo, to rend the oak, and, failing in our attempts, be devoured by the wild beasts of literature.

C. H. H.

THE BUTTERFLY'S WINGS.

I WOULD that the Butterfly's wings might be
For a sweet starry summer-night lent to me ;
I'd change all the joys that Ambition could bring
For a sail through the air on his bonnie bright wing.

I would not envy the toilsome bee,
For the sweets that he gathers are nought to me ;
With my painted and beautiful wings I'd fly
Through the perfum'd air of the midnight sky.

And then would I wander o'er mountain and vale,
In the silvery gleam of the moonlight pale ;
And taste of the sweets of the sleeping flowers
Through the wearisome waste of the silent hours.

The rose that so daintily closes her breast,
As she sleeps in the arms of the Spirit of rest—
And the lily, that lies on the rippleless lake,
From their fanciful dreams with a kiss I'd awake.

And blithesome and gay would I flutter my wings
Through the musical hours when the nightingale sings ;
I'd listen awhile to her sorrowful lay,
Then off to the merry woods far away.

Oh! would that the Butterfly's wings might be
For a sweet starry summer-night lent to me ;
I'd change all the joys that Ambition could bring
For a sail through the air on his bonnie bright wing

C. H. H.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

A Tragedy.

(Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.)

ACT IV.

*(Scene as in Act III.)*SCENE I.—*The PRINCE. MARINELLI.*

PRINCE. *(entering from Emilia's apartment.)* Come, Marinelli! I must recover strength—and have need that you enlighten me.

MAR. O for the old mother's fury! Ha! ha! ha!

PRINCE. You laugh?

MAR. Had you only seen, my Prince, how madly, in this very room, the mother raved—Surely you heard her cry!—And how tame she became all at once, at the first sight of you—Ha! ha!—One thing I know, that no mother ever scratched a Prince's eyes out, because her daughter had found favour in them.

PRINCE. You are a poor observer!—The daughter rushed fainting into her mother's arms. And for that the mother forgot all her rage: 'twas not for me. It was her daughter that she spared, not me; what though she spoke not aloud, what though she uttered not distinctly—that which I myself would that I had not heard, would that I had not understood!

MAR. What, my lord?

PRINCE. To what use is this disguise?—Out with it. Is it true? or is it not true?

MAR. And if it were true!

PRINCE. If it were?—Then it is?—He is dead? dead?—*(Threatening,)* Marinelli! Marinelli!

MAR. Well?

PRINCE. By Heaven! By the all-righteous Heaven! I am not guilty of this blood. Had you but warned me it would cost the Count his life—No! no! rather had it cost mine own!—

MAR. Had I but warned you?—As though his death formed portion of my plan! I had bound Angelo by his own soul to see that no one might be harmed. And it would have passed off without the slightest violence, had not the Count himself first used it. He shot the first man that came near him.

PRINCE. Verily ; he should have understood the joke !

MAR. That Angelo pressed on them in his rage, and avenged the death of his comrade—

PRINCE. No doubt, is very natural.

MAR. I have given him sufficient reprimand.

PRINCE. Reprimand ? How friendly !—Warn him, my lord, that he be not found in my dominions. My reprimand, perhaps, might not be quite so friendly.

MAR. Ay, this is well !—I and Angelo ; intention and accident : all is the same.—To be sure, it was a condition from the first, from the first, to be sure, it had been promised that no unhappy chance that might arise, should be accounted to my injury—

PRINCE. That might arise, said you ?—or that should ?

MAR. Better and better !—Yet, may it please your grace,—before you tell me in the bare, dry word that which you hold me for—one single explanation ! The death of the Count is to me nothing less than immaterial. I had challenged him ; he owed me satisfaction ; he has left this world with that debt undischarged ; and so my honour remains stained. Granted, that under every other circumstance, I deserved that foul suspicion that you have against me : yet under this too ?—(*with assumed warmth.*) Who can think that of me !—

PRINCE. (*yielding.*) Well, well—

MAR. That he yet lived ! O that he only lived ! All, all in the world would I bestow—(*bitterly.*) Even the favour of my prince,—that invaluable favour, that favour never to be trifled with—that even would I give !

PRINCE. I understand.—Well, well. His death was accident, mere accident. You affirm it ; and I, I believe it.—But who else ? The mother too ? And Emilia ?—And will the world ?

MAR. (*with coldness.*) Hardly.

PRINCE. And if men will not believe that, what is it that men will believe ?—You shrug your shoulders ?—Your Angelo they will look on as the tool, me they will hold to be the actor—

MAR. (*with increased coldness.*) Likely enough.

PRINCE. Me ! even me myself !—Or all pretension to Emilia from this hour I must yield up.

MAR. (*with the greatest carelessness.*) Which you must have done, too, had the Count yet lived.

PRINCE. (*violently, but immediately again collecting himself.*) Marinelli !—Yet you shall not drive me wild.—Let it be so—It is

so ! And this is all that you would say : the death of the Count is fortunate for me,—the greatest fortune that could have befallen me,—the only fortune, that could have lent assistance to my love. And as this,—let it have happened as it will !—One Count more in the world, or less ! What say you, do I think rightly now ?—Nay, I too do not tremble at one little crime. Only, good friend, it must be a little, voiceless crime, a little crime that works to good. And look you, ours there, had been neither voiceless, nor had worked to good. It had prepared the path truly, but had barred it, too. Every man would have cast it on our head,—and, alas ! that it had never been committed ! All this has followed from your wise, your marvellous arrangements.

MAR. If you command it so—

PRINCE. And from what else ?—I will have answer !

MAR. That enters most into my calculation, which yet forms no part of it.

PRINCE. Answer, I ask.

MAR. Well then ! wherein have my arrangements been at fault ? that at this misfortune such palpable suspicion should infect the Prince ?—In the master-stroke the fault must lie, the master-stroke which he was graciously pleased to mingle with my plans.

PRINCE. I ?

MAR. He will suffer me to tell him that the step he took this morning in the church,—great as was the grace with which it was taken—inevitably as he was called upon to take it—that this step, nevertheless, belonged not to the dance.

PRINCE. What did it spoil, then ?

MAR. Not the whole dance, I grant you ; but yet, so far as you have gone, the tune.

PRINCE. Ha ! Do I understand you ?

MAR. Shortly then, and simply. When I undertook the affair, what say you, Emilia knew, I think, nothing of the Prince's love. Emilia's mother even less. What, now, if I built upon this circumstance ? and the Prince, meanwhile, was undermining my foundation ?

PRINCE. (*striking his forehead.*) Death !

MAR. And if then he himself betrayed that which he bears beneath his shield ?

PRINCE. Accursed thought !

MAR. And had he not himself betrayed it ?—I' faith ! I should be glad to know from which of my arrangements mother or daughter could have drawn distrust towards him ?

PRINCE. Woe is me ! you have right !

MAR. In which having, granted, I am wrong—Your highness will pardon me.—

SCENE II.—BATTISTA, *The* PRINCE, MARINELLI.

BATTISTA. (*in the greatest haste.*) The Countess has arrived this moment.

PRINCE. The Countess ? What Countess ?

BATTISTA. Orsina.

PRINCE. Orsina ?—Marinelli !—Orsina ?—Marinelli !

MAR. I am no less astonished than yourself.

PRINCE. Go, run, Battista : she must not alight. I am not here. I am not here for her. She must return this instant. Go, run !—(*Exit Battista.*) What does the fool want ? What is she taking on herself ? How knows she we are here ? Can she have come hither on espial ? Can she already have heard anything ?—Ah, Marinelli ! Speak only, only answer me !—Is he offended, the man who seeks to be my friend ? And offended by a wretched interchange of words ? Shall I ask pardon of him ?

MAR. Ah, my Prince, so soon as you become yourself again, I am again with my whole soul thine own.—The arrival of Orsina is as much a riddle to myself, as it can be to you. Yet she will hardly suffer herself to be denied. How will you act ?

PRINCE. By no means see her ; I will retire—

MAR. Well, then ! and quickly. I will receive her—

PRINCE. But only to bid that she depart.—Beyond that do not yield yourself to her. We have here other things to do—

MAR. Not so, my Prince ! These other things are done. Take courage ! What yet fails will follow surely of itself.—But do I not already hear her ?—Haste thee, Prince !—There, (*pointing to a cabinet, which the Prince enters,*) if you will, you may be able to overhear us.—I fear, I fear it was not to her happiest hour she sallied forth.

SCENE III.—*The* COUNTESS ORSINA, MARINELLI.

ORSINA. (*at first without perceiving Marinelli.*) What is this ?—No one comes to greet me save a shameless one, who had rather have refused me entrance ?—Surely I am at Dosalo. At that Dosalo in which once an army of prompt servants to my eye would hurry

forth to meet me? where once love and ravishment awaited me?—The place it is: but, but!—See, there is Marinelli!—It is well that the Prince brought you with him.—No, it is not well! The business I had with him, was business with him alone.—Where is he?

MAR. The Prince, my noble Countess?

ORSINA. Who else?

MAR. You think then he is here? you know him to be here?—The Countess Orsina here, he at least is not expecting.

ORSINA. Not? Then my letter of this morning has not been received?

MAR. Your letter? Ay, yes; I remember that he told me you had written.

ORSINA. Well? did I not entreat him in that letter that he would meet me to-day here at Dosalo?—It is true he was not pleased to return me written answer. But I learned, that an hour after he had actually left for this Dosalo. I thought, that was answer sufficient; and I come.

MAR. A wondrous chance!

ORSINA. Chance?—Do you not hear that it was arranged. As good as arranged. On my side, the letter: and on his, the act.—How stand you there, my lord Marquis! what wide eyes do you make! Are your little brains in a wonderment? and whereat then?

MAR. You seemed yesterday so very far from ever again looking on the Prince's face.

ORSINA. Better counsel comes with the night.—Where is he?—What does it mean? he is in the chamber where I heard the shrieking and the clamour.—I would have entered, and the villain of a servant stopped the way.

MAR. My best, my dearest Countess—

ORSINA. It was the clamour of women. What means it, Marinelli?—O, only tell me, tell me—if I am indeed your best, your dearest Countess—Curse on the court flattery! So many words, so many lies!—Well, what matters whether you tell me now or not? Shall I not see it? (*about to go.*)

MAR. (*detaining her.*) Whither?

ORSINA. To where I should have been long since.—Think you it is becoming to hold with you in the antechamber a miserable gossip, while the Prince awaits me in his own apartment?

MAR. You are mistaken, my dear Countess. The Prince does not expect you. The Prince cannot speak with you here,—will not speak with you.

ORSINA. And yet is here? and is here according to my letter?

MAR. Not, madam, according to your letter—

ORSINA. Which he has received, you say,—

MAR. Received, but not read.

ORSINA. (*violently.*) Not read!—(*with less violence.*) Not read?—(*sadly, wiping away a tear.*) Not even read?

MAR. He was distracted, I know,—It was not done out of contempt.

ORSINA. (*proudly.*) Contempt?—Who thinks of that?—whom need you to tell that?—You are a shameless consoler, Marinelli!—Contempt! contempt! And am I too despised! I! (*more softly, until in a mournful tone.*) True, that he no longer loves me. That is made out. And in the place of love, something else has entered in his soul. That is natural. But why contempt? it needed only have been indifference. Ay, Marinelli?

MAR. Certainly, certainly.

ORSINA. (*scornfully.*) Certainly?—O the wise man, that one can make say what one wills!—Indifference! indifference in place of love?—That means, nothing in the place of something. For learn thou, thou chattering court parrot, learn thou from a woman, that indifference is but an empty word, a mere sound, to which nothing, nothing, answers. Indifferent is the soul only towards that on which it thinks not; only towards a thing that, unto it, is nothing. And indifferent only to a thing which is nothing—that is as much as not to be indifferent. Is that too high for you, man?

MAR. (*to himself.*) Alas! how true is that which I predicted!

ORSINA. What are you muttering there?

MAR. Mere astonishment!—And to whom is it not well known that your grace is a philosopher?

ORSINA. Think you so?—Yes, yes; I am one.—But have I now made it apparent that I am one?—O fie, if I have let it be observed; and if I have often let it be known!—Is it then wonder that the Prince should hold me in contempt? How can a man love a thing that, in spite of his teeth, will think too? A woman that thinks breeds as much disgust as does a man that dresses. It should laugh, nothing but laugh, to keep the mighty lord of the creation always in good humour. Well, and what shall I laugh at, this moment, Marinelli?—Ah! surely! at the accident! that I should write to the Prince to come to Dosalo; that the Prince does

not read my letter, yet to Dosalo comes. Ha! ha! ha! Verily a wondrous accident! Very merry! very silly!—And you laugh not with me, Marinelli?—The mighty lord of the creation may join in laughter, surely, although we poor creatures may not join in thought.—(*Serious, and in a tone of command*) So laugh, then!

MAR. Directly, my dear Countess, directly!

ORSINA. Block! And so the moment passes by. No, no, then, do not laugh.—For look you, Marinelli, (*thoughtfully, until with pathos*) that which moved me to such hearty laughter, has also its painful—its very painful side. Like all things in the world!—Accident? an accident was it that the Prince thought not to speak here with me, and yet must speak? An accident?—Trust me, Marinelli, the word accident is blasphemy. Nothing beneath the sun is accident;—least of all that, of which the object shines so clear into our eyes.—Almighty, all-merciful Providence, forgive me, that together with this trifling sinner I have called that accident which so plainly is thy work, and it may be, immediately thine!—(*hastily to Marinelli*) Come thou, and mislead me into another such profanity!

MAR. (*to himself.*) This goes far!—But, noble Countess—

ORSINA. Silence with thy but! These buts cost one reflection:—and my head! my head! (*holding her forehead with her hand*)—Stir thee, Marinelli, stir thee, that I speak soon with the Prince; else am I no longer perhaps able.—You see, we are to speak to one another; we must speak to one another—

SCENE IV.—*The PRINCE, ORSINA, MARINELLI.*

PRINCE. (*to himself, as he enters from the cabinet.*) I must come to his assistance.—

ORSINA. (*who sees him, but is uncertain whether she shall run to meet him.*) Ha! there he is!

PRINCE. (*passes across the hall, close before Orsina, and without stopping while he speaks.*) See there! our fair Countess!—How greatly do I deplore, madam, that to-day I can take so little advantage of the honour of your visit! I am busy. I am not alone.—Another time, my dear Countess! Another time.—At present do not wait here any longer. Yes, no longer!—And you, Marinelli, I await you.—

SCENE V.—ORSINA, MARINELLI.

MAR. Have you now, noble Countess, heard from his own lips that which you would not believe from me?

ORSINA. (*as if stunned.*) Have I? Have I really?

MAR. Really.

ORSINA. (*with emotion.*) “I am busy. I am not alone.” Is that the excuse, all that I am worth? Whom do we not turn away with that? Every burdensome fellow; every beggar. For me not one lie more? Not one little lie more even for me?—Busy? and with what then? Not alone? who then can be with him?—Come, Marinelli; out of compassion, dear Marinelli! Lie me a little on your own account. For what can a lie cost you?—What has he to engage him? Who is with him?—Tell me; tell me, the first thing that rises to your tongue,—and I depart.

MAR. (*to himself.*) On this condition, I may well tell her a little of the truth.

ORSINA. Now—quick, Marinelli; and I go.—He said moreover, the Prince said: “Another time, my dear Countess!” Said he not so?—That he may keep promise, that he may have no apology for breaking promise with me, quick, Marinelli, your lie; and I depart.

MAR. The Prince, dear Countess, in good sooth is not alone. There are persons with him from whom he cannot be an instant absent; persons who have just escaped great danger. The Count Appiani—

ORSINA. Is with him?—Pity that in this lie you must be detected. Quick, another.—For Count Appiani, if you do not already know it, has but even now been shot by robbers, the carriage with his body met me just without the town.—Or is he not dead? Have I only dreamed it?

MAR. Unhappily, you have not dreamed it!—But the others, who were with the Count, have taken refuge fortunately here within the mansion: his bride, that is, and the mother of the bride with whom he was on the way to Sabionetta, to a solemn union.

ORSINI. Those then? Those are with the Prince? The bride? and the mother of the bride?—Is the bride fair?

MAR. The Prince is deeply touched at her misfortune.

ORSINA. I will hope it; even though she had been ugly. For her fate is terrible.—Poor, sweet maiden, even as he was about to become thine for ever, is he torn for ever from thee!—Who is she then, this bride? Have I no knowledge of her?—I have been so long away from town that I know nothing.

MAR. It is Emilia Galotti.

ORSINA. Who?—Emilia Galotti? Emilia Galotti?—Marinelli! see that I do not take this lie for truth!

MAR. Why so?

ORSINA. Emilia Galotti?

MAR. Whom you hardly can know—

ORSINA. Sooth! sooth! If it were only from to-day.—In earnest, Marinelli? Emilia Galotti?—Emilia Galotti the unhappy bride whom the Prince comforts?

MAR. (*to himself.*) Can I have let her know too much?

ORSINA. And Count Appiani was the bridegroom of this bride. Appiani, who was just now shot.

MAR. No other.

ORSINA. Bravo! O bravo! bravo! (*clapping her hands.*)

MAR. How so?

ORSINA. That devil I could kiss, who has seduced him to it!

MAR. Whom? seduced? to what?

ORSINA. Ay, kiss him, kiss him could I—even though you were yourself this devil, Marinelli.

MAR. Countess!

ORSINA. Come you here! look at me, now! look at me fixedly! Eye to eye!

MAR. Well?

ORSINA. Know you not what I think?

MAR. How can I that?

ORSINA. Have you no part in it?

MAR. In what?

ORSINA. Swear to me!—No, swear to me not. You might commit a sin more—Or yes; swear to me only. One sin more or less for one who, after all, is damned!—Have you no hand in it?

MAR. You alarm me, Countess!

ORSINA. Indeed!—Now, Marinelli, suspects your good heart nothing?

MAR. What? on what subject?

ORSINA. Well,—so will I entrust something to you;—something that shall lift up all the hair upon your head to mountains.—

But here, so near the door, some one might hear us. Come you but here.—And—(*laying a finger on her lips,*) listen! here quite in secret! quite in secret! (*and approaching her mouth to his ear, as though she would whisper to him that which she then shrieks loudly out.*) The Prince is a murderer!

MAR. Countess,—Countess—are you quite beside yourself?

ORSINA. Beside myself? Ha! ha! ha! (*laughing heartily.*) Seldom or never have I been so well content with my understanding as just now.—In confidence, Marinelli;—but it remains between ourselves—(*in a low voice.*) The Prince is a murderer, the Count Appiana's murderer—him, no robbers—him, assistant-assistants of the Prince—him the Prince himself assassinated!

MAR. How can so detestable a thing come into your mouth—into your thoughts?

ORSINA. How?—Quitenaturally.—With this Emilia Galotti,—who is here now with him,—whose bridegroom must trot out of the world with such indecent haste,—with this Emilia Galotti the Prince spoke this morning, and at some length too,—in the hall by the Dominicans, that I know; that have my informers seen. They have heard, too, what he said to her.—Now, good sir? Am I beside myself? Methinks I rhyme yet pretty perfectly together, things which will follow on each other.—Or has that merely so happened by some chance? Think you that also accident? O Marinelli, then must you understand man's wickedness as little as you do the Providence of God.

MAR. Countess, you would talk your life away—

ORSINA. If I told others this?—So much the better, so much the better!—To-morrow I will cry it in the market.—And he that contradicts me—he that contradicts me, that man was the murderer's comrade.—Fare thou well! (*as she is about to leave she meets at the door Odoardo Galotti, who enters in the greatest haste.*)

SCENE VI. — ODOARDO GALOTTI, *the* COUNTESS, MARINELLI.

ODOARDO. Pardon me, madam—

ORSINA. I have nothing here to pardon. For I have nothing here to take ill—Turn to this noble lord (*directing him to Marinelli.*)

MAR. Now is it complete! The old man!

ODOARDO. Pardon, my lord, a father who is in the greatest distraction—that he enters thus unannounced.

ORSINA. Father? (*turning back again*) of Emilia, without a doubt.—Ha, welcome!

ODOARDO. A servant galloped forward to meet me, with the news, that hereabouts my family was endangered. I fly hither, and hear that the Count Appiani is wounded; that he is returning to the town; that my wife and daughter have taken refuge in this villa.—Where are they, my lord? where are they?

MAR. Be only calm, Lord Commandant. No ill has happened to your wife and daughter; excepting the alarm. They are both well. The Prince is with them. I go directly, to announce you.

ODOARDO. Why announce? Why first announce me?

MAR. From reasons—on account of—on account of the Prince. You know, Lord Commandant, how you stand with his highness. Not on the most friendly footing. And gracious as he may be towards your wife and daughter:—they are ladies—your unexpected appearance, therefore, might occasion him concern.

ODOARDO. You are right, my lord, you are right.

MAR. But, noble Countess,—may I first have the honour to conduct you to your carriage.

ORSINA. No, indeed, no.

MAR. (*taking her not unkindly by the hand.*) Permit me to observe the respect which is my duty.

ORSINA. Gently now!—I release you from the obligation, sir! O that men like you should always make politeness their great duty; that their real duty they may then dare to set aside as but the secondary thing!—To announce this worthy man, the sooner the better, that is your duty.

MAR. Forget you what the Prince himself commanded?

ORSINA. Let him come, and command it me again. I await him.

MAR. (*in a low voice to the Commandant, whom he leads aside.*) My lord, I must leave you here with a lady, who—whose—with whose reason——You understand me. I tell you this that you may know how to humour her in her speeches,—some of which are often strange. But it were best you did not speak with her.

ODOARDO. As you will.—But only haste, my lord.

SCENE VII.—THE COUNTESS ORSINA, ODOARDO GALOTTI.

ORSINA. (*after a short silence, during which she regards the Commandant with compassion; he also looking upon her with a*

similar expression, and with momentary curiosity.) What can he have been telling you now, unhappy man!

ODOARDO. (*half to himself, half towards Orsina.*) Unhappy?

ORSINA. Verily, a truth was it not?—least of all, one of those truths that now await you.

ODOARDO. Now await me?—Do I not already know enough? Madame!—But you may speak on; you may speak on.

ORSINA. You know nothing.

ODOARDO. Nothing?

ORSINA. Good, kind father!—What would I not give were you but my father too!—Pardon me! the unhappy ones link themselves so gladly together.—Anguish and fury faithfully would I share with thee.

ODOARDO. Anguish and fury? Madame!—But I forget—You may speak on.

ORSINA. And happened it to be your only daughter—your only child?—But only or not—the ill-fated child at all times is the only one.

ODOARDO. The ill-fated?—Madame!—What do I expect of you?—And yet, by Heaven, so speaks no lunatic!

ORSINA. Lunatic? It was that then he confided to you concerning me?—Well, well; perchance that may not be one of his worst lies.—I feel something of this kind!—And believe, O believe me, the man that over certain things loses not reason, can have none to lose.—

ODOARDO. What shall I think?

ORSINA. Ah, that you also do not hold me in contempt!—For you too possess reason, good old man; you too.—I see it in this determined, honourable bearing. You too possess reason; and it costs me but a word—and you have none.

ODOARDO. Madame!—Madame!—It is lost already, ere you say this word, unless you say it quickly.—Say it! say it!—or it is not true,—it is not true that you are one of those good lunatics so worthy of our pity, our respect—you are a common fool. You have not, what you never had.

ORSINA. Attend you then!—What do you know, that you will have it you must know enough? That Appiani has been wounded? only wounded?—Appiani is dead!

ODOARDO. Dead? dead?—Ha, woman, that is beside the bargain. You would rob me of my reason: and you break my heart!

ORSINA. That by the way!—But father—The bridegroom is dead: and the bride—your daughter—worse than dead.

ODOARDO. Worse? worse than dead?—But surely dead as well?—For I know but one worse——

ORSINA. Not dead as well. No, good father, no!—she lives, she lives. Now first will she begin rightly, merrily to live.—A life full of ecstasy! The fairest, gayest holiday-life,—so long as it shall last.

ODOARDO. The word, madam; the single word that is to cost me reason! Out with it!—Shake you not thus your drops of poison into the bushel!—The single word! quick!

ORSINA. There, then; letter it together! This morning the Prince spoke with your daughter at the mass: this afternoon he has her at his pleasure—pleasure-house.]

ODOARDO. Spoke with her at the mass? The Prince—my daughter?

ORSINA. With such confidence! with such ardour!—They had not trifles to engage them. And right well, if it was all so arranged; right well, if your daughter hath fled hither of her own free will! Look you: it is then no forcible abduction; but only a little—little homicide.

ODOARDO. Slander! accursed slander! I know my daughter. Is it homicide? then it is abduction too.—(*Looks wildly around him, stamps upon the ground, and foams at the mouth.*) Now, Claudia? Now, pretty mother?—Have we not lived to joy! O the graciousness of the Prince! O the most especial honour!

ORSINA. Doth it work, old man? doth it work?

ODOARDO. Here stand I now before the robber's den—(*tearing his cloak away, and finding himself without arms.*) Marvel, that in my haste I left not my hands too behind me! (*still feeling as in search of something*)—Nothing! nothing at all! nowhere!

ORSINA. Ha, I understand!—Therewith can I come to your assistance!—I have brought one with me. (*drawing forth a dagger.*) There, take it! Take it quickly, before any see us!—And I had something else too,—Poison. But poison is only for us women, not for men.—Take it! (*pressing the dagger upon him.*) Take it!

ODOARDO. I thank you, I thank you.—Sweet child, who says again you are a fool, answers to me.

ORSINA. Put it away! quickly away!—To me opportunity of using it has been denied. Thee the chance will not fail: and thou

wilt seize them, the first the best,—if thou be man.—I, I am but a woman, but so came I here! Firmly resolved!—We, old man, we can put faith in one another. For we both are wronged; wronged by the same seducer.—Ah, if you knew, if you knew how infinitely, how inexpressibly, how beyond thought I have been wronged, yet shall be wronged, by him!—You could, you would forget your own wrongs over it.—Do you know me? I am Orsina: the deceived, the deserted Orsina.—Perhaps, maybe, deserted only for your daughter.—Yet what can your daughter aid me?—Soon will she also be forsaken. And then again another!—And again another!—Ha! (*as if in ecstasy.*) what heavenly phantasy! When all of us one day,—we, the whole army of deserted ones, we all, changed into Bacchantes, into furies; when we all shall have him among us, among us tear him, pull him to pieces, grope among his entrails,—to find the heart that the traitor made promise of to each, and gave to none! Ha! 'twould be a brave dance that! it would!

SCENE VIII.—ORSINA, ODOARDO, and CLAUDIA GALOTTI.

CLAUDIA. (*who looks around in entering, and so soon as she perceives her husband, rushes towards him.*) As I guessed!—Ah, our protector, our preserver! Art thou there, Odoardo? art thou there?—From their whispering, from their looks I perceived it.—What shall I tell you, if you know yet nothing?—What shall I tell you, if you know already all?—But we are innocent. I am innocent. Your daughter is innocent. Innocent, innocent in all!

ODOARDO. (*seeking to collect himself in the presence of his wife.*) Well, well. Be but calm, but calm,—and answer me. (*Towards Orsina*) Not, madam, that I still doubt you—Is the Count dead?

CLAUDIA. Dead.

ODOARDO. Is it true that the Prince spoke this morning with Emilia, at the mass?

CLAUDIA. True. But if you knew the terror it occasioned; in what distraction she came home—

ORSINA. Now? have I lied?

ODOARDO. (*with a bitter laugh.*) And I would not that you had! O by how much rather would I not!

ORSINA. Am I mad?

ODOARDO. (*pacing wildly to and fro.*) Oh—neither am I so yet.—

CLAUDIA. You bade me to be calm; and I am calm.—Best of husbands, may I also—I entreat thee—

ODOARDO. What would you? Am I not calm? Can a man be calmer than am I? (*constraining himself.*) Does Emilia know that Appiani is dead?

CLAUDIA. Know it she cannot. But I fear that she suspects it, for he is not here.—

ODOARDO. And she is weeping and bewailing.—

CLAUDIA. No longer.—That is past: after her manner, that you know. She is the most timid and most determined of our sex. Never having power over her first impressions: but after the slightest reflection in all points armed, and upon all resolved. She holds the Prince at a distance; she speaks to him in a tone—But see thou, Odoardo, that we leave this place.

ODOARDO. I came by horse.—What can be done?—Yet—madam, you return I think into the town?

ORSINA. Even thither.

ODOARDO. Would you in kindness condescend to take my wife home with you?

ORSINA. Why not? Very gladly.

ODOARDO. Claudia,—(*making the Countess known to her*) the Countess Orsina; a lady of the highest understanding; my friend, my benefactress.—You must return home with her, to send the carriage out to us directly. Emilia returns no more to Guastalla. She must with me.

CLAUDIA. But—if only—I part not gladly from my child.

ODOARDO. Remains not the father close at hand? In good time surely he will be admitted. No protests!—Come, noble madam. (*aside to her*) You will hear from me.—Come, Claudia. (*He leads them off.*)

(*End of Act IV.*)

NOTES BY THE WAY.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"MUSIC" alone might have been made our title; for, in speaking of the drama, we, of course, allude only to its higher part—dramatic poetry; and poetry is in the end but a sublimer form of music. We believe, little as there is to show it in the present day, that the genius of our country is essentially dramatic. There is a terseness, a reality, in this kind of poetry—an amount of vigour and keen observation—a warmth and a blunt kindliness of sentiment required, that none but an English mind seems perfectly calculated to supply. Experience of the past confirms us perfectly in this belief, for it is on our dramatic poetry that the literary fame of our nation chiefly rests—Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Ford,—where shall we end naming them? The stage was open and the genius was called forth; the stage is shut and—Stay, the stage shut, say you!—is not Old Drury now alive, vigorous and healthy, crying up her own qualities as foster nurse to English poetry and music; the rival patent, too—say you the stage is shut? Well, it is open then, and how stands poetry withal? Shakspeare is often acted. Very good. And with profit? Of course; how could it be otherwise. The national taste is raised? Out on such impudence! A manly English audience is palled with lions and tigers, absurd farce, and trashy melodramas: these are dropped; Shakspeare is acted, is greeted with enthusiasm, and you lay claim to the merit of raising the standard of popular taste, whereas you only touch by accident on part of your true duty, and find how easy it would be did you perform the whole. The English mind is fully capable of appreciating the truly great, and those who have the care of the stage would serve their interests better, if they endeavoured modestly to raise themselves up to it, instead of vain-gloriously professing to raise the people up to them. Well: Shakspeare is acted, and what then? this gives pleasure, it is true, but it does nothing towards fostering poetry, or, rather, nothing towards encouraging the present age to write, and this is part of the profession made. Yes, there are more revivals—Melo-dramatic tragedies of moderate worth, and comedies of a century or two back, exceedingly useful to teach the manners of past times; good comedies undoubtedly they are—but where is dramatic poetry all this time? Have we nothing but revivals? Can no manager speculate in taste? Is every one afraid to judge excellence before it has been tried? Great store seems set by a revival of Congreve's "Love for Love." Is this to benefit the good cause? We fancy not. "Love for Love" is only a second-rate comedy, and full of thoughts and deeds no audience now can hear or look upon. But it is "altered for stage representation"—if all be omitted that should, the play must be shortened by at least one-half; the whole nature of several of the characters must be entirely altered, and what then will the value be of the remainder? Congreve and Co. will, we doubt not, be pushed into success, by which Congreve suffers, Co. profits, and the cause of dramatic poetry is kicked aside. This "Love for Love" cannot be brought forward for inherent worth. Oh, no! but think with what an excellent cast they were able to produce it. But original plays,—but new poems,—how do they stand, we ask again? One or two farce writers have been found in bread. And, in the season, about one play may be produced,—that of the last year being (confessedly most excellent)

—the production of one who was dead, a work rejected in his lifetime, and brought forward then ; was it as a great encouragement or sad example to all living writers? We confidently think the directors of our stage act on a wrong principle, in confining such few new plays as they do produce to men whose names bear weight with them. Presupposing that the acceptor of the maiden play be capable of knowing what is good, we are very sure that an English public would hail with as much, if not with more, enthusiasm, the first earnest they receive of a new genius risen up amongst them.

Leaving this unprofitable subject, what can we say for music? The English are becoming a musical people. We fear not. The English are losing their musical character ; they hear more music because more is brought to them, but they are drenched with uncongenial stuff, until their sense for what is good is spoiled. Fashion alone maintains an Italian opera. We are not so narrow-minded as to look with anger on all success of foreigners who bring their talents to our market. We would greet talent wherever it be met. But we do feel sadness, if not anger, when we see thousands listening with a delight they are compelled by fashion to pretend, to ridiculous musical corkscrews and languishing strains, without a shade of honest feeling, while not ten out of these thousands are perhaps aware that their own nation has a music too, a music of its own that in its simple grandeur would overflow this trumpery, until it shook and quavered beneath an ocean that might bury it for ever. Italian music appeals to the ear, the external ears imply, which it titillates pleasantly enough ; French music dances and splashes merrily in watery brains ; Spanish appeals strongly to the legs ; German to the soul ; and English strikes directly to the heart. But Englishmen have heard of a man by name Purcell, and a person of the name of Arne, with others. They may have been told that they are vulgar, and if vulgar mean that they appeal to the lowest as the highest, they have been told right. Theirs is English music ; an Italian no doubt would sneer at it, a Frenchman would laugh at it, a Spaniard might kick at it, but a German can admire it, and an Englishman must love it. Why should it be distasteful abroad ? it dares to enter in beyond the Italian's outer ears, therefore it must be very coarse ; it appeals to the Frenchman's brains, and he has not sufficient to respond—it is national. It allows of no trickery of flourish, it demands to be sung in its single, simple majesty ; tricksters therefore do not sing it, and for that reason it is never sung. For every singer that would flourish in life, must flourish also in his music : this because we are spoiled ; we have been robbed by fashion of our character. We have English singers, of no ordinary power, that stand in English theatres before an English audience, and sing translations of Italian operas. Rather than encourage English musicians, the depths of foreign wretchedness are fathomed, and Grétry is fished up, and flung contemptuously into the English teeth, an insult that we are happy to say the English greeted with a hearty damn. One manager proposes to revive the taste for musicians of the English school, and has fed us for a whole season upon Handel ! Handel's was a German mind, and English patronage should not rob us of our native generosity, in permitting a son, although we did nurture him, to return to the mother that gave him birth. But Purcell's "King Arthur" is coming—so is Christmas—and we hope they will arrive together. We look for much good to be effected by the revival of "King Arthur."

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CHAPTERS ON GENIUS.

II.

UNTIL it can be demonstrated that genius has some faculty peculiar to itself, by which it performs the wonders it gives rise to, we must both believe and assert that it *can* only differ from talent in having the mental attributes in greater force. The man of genius and the man of talent may only vary from each other in the degree of mind which they possess, whilst their works may be totally opposite in their characters. The understandings which effect them are of similar construction, however dissimilar they may be in action, in so far as the number and nature of the faculties which compose them are concerned; but they may disagree altogether in relation to the extent to which one, several, or all of those faculties may be developed. A conspicuous feature in the mind of Shakspeare was imagination,—in that of Demosthenes, language,—but the vilest of the poet tribe has the one, and the most discordant and irrational street-brawler is gifted with the other; they possess to a certain extent those same faculties for which these illustrious persons were so pre-eminently famed.

To determine accurately where talent terminates and genius commences, is a question of no small difficulty; it is a knot, sometimes as puzzling to untie, as that which the distinction between instinct and reason has presented to certain ingenious gentlemen, who, instead of loosening it, have fastened it the tighter. Where the talent is bordering close upon mediocrity, or the genius is exceedingly vast and comprehensive, there can be no room for hesitation; but between the extremes, how many points are there which furnish problems hard to be explained! Were several men of decided ability to select from the teeming history of the past, such individuals as they might deem worthy the appellation of

men of genius, they would come doubtless to extremely various conclusions. How many opinions have been formed of Pope—a poet whose brightness is so clear and palpable! Genius has been denied, even to Hunter,—who worked an actual revolution in his science, and was decidedly one of the most original thinkers the world has ever seen. Not a man of genius! Enter his museum, that great record of his labours, in which the words “*si monumentum quæris, circumspice*,” might be as appropriately written as in the splendid cathedral of Sir Christopher Wren. Now, if men so celebrated as Pope and Hunter have had their claims disputed to the title of genius, what must be the fate of those who have followed them with unequal steps, but who yet imagine they have done sufficient to have fully earned the much-envied distinction!

The word genius is so arbitrarily used, that it is quite impossible to lay down any precise rule for its application, since every man will, as he has hitherto done, consider every person as having genius of whose mental acquirements he may chance to have an inordinately high opinion, no matter whether that opinion be right or wrong, or whether he is enabled to adduce a shadow of a reason for its formation. And the opinion which one man forms of another is often eminently contagious, and spreads itself with the rapidity of a fire's progress; and it sometimes happens that we see an individual covered with celebrity by rapidly extending circles of admirers, who seems endowed merely with such common parts, that we are perplexed to discover a ray of that effulgency which, in the eyes of some persons, beams so brilliantly. But, it is a more grievous spectacle to perceive the public occasionally blind to the discovery of merit, refusing to throw a mite into its treasury, whilst it loads with its favours a pretender to desert. Do not envy and folly combine together, with a shameless, despicable, and wicked alliance, to rob the great man of his meed of approbation, and prevent the race from being to the swift, and the battle to the strong? What sustains genius but its own might, and to what shall it look for praise but the hereafter? Shall it appeal to the contemporaries who depreciate it, because it wears a more resplendent plumage, and soars with pinions stronger than their own? Shall it appeal to the adorers of error, clothed though it be with a darkness which may be felt—to those who would hide themselves from the sun of truth? Shall it appeal to interest or to party, rely on the fickle voice of popularity, or trust with confidence to a patron's generosity?

Posterity, and posterity alone, is the great judge of genius : in its hands are the scales of justice and the sword of the avenger, and its judgment is the final sentence ; no clouds obscure its vision, partiality whispers no sentence in its ear ; whatsoever it approves of, it approves of for its own sake ; and whatsoever it censures deserves its scorn. When the contests of individuals have subsided for ever, and all petty strifes are hushed to wake no more ; when the object of the spleen of the critic and the neglect of the public has been long laid in the grave of his fathers, and his ears are no longer wounded by blame or charmed by commendation—then, yes ! then, to the infamy of the past, and to the shame of the discrimination of which it so loudly boasted, the works of genius are sometimes first analysed in the spirit of impartiality, and the public pronounces them to be great and glorious ! Then, too, the favourites of bad taste and ignorance, the idols of a false and fallacious judgment, are proved to be as fleeting as their stupid worshippers ; the deifiers and the deified are vanished for ever, and the wave of time flows over them as though nothing were beneath. Then is genius pitied, because unrequited ; the eulogy is passed upon it which it cannot hear, and the statue is erected which it is unable to behold. Yet, let no one despise this late approval, this tardy justice, since they are indicative of the power of truth, and are the highest and most solemn offerings that can be paid by man to those who have ennobled the race which boasts them. Let no one despise the sanction of fame ; for her voice has an echo which shall never die. It shall be heard by every nation, and multitudes shall listen enchanted to its melody. Nothing can speak more emphatically for the exalted desires of those noble spirits who thirst after immortality, who endure unflinchingly the most trying labours without any immediate hope or prospect of reward, that they may be ranked amongst the imperishable few ; nothing can plead more convincingly in their behalf, than the indisputable fact, that that which they covet has been sought for by the great, in a peculiar manner, whilst the little have regarded it as beyond their attainment, as something too elevated, too distant for their grasp. The celebrity which they seek after, can only be obtained by greatness of mind. How noble the prize ! how worthy of pursuit ! That distinction seems to be coveted instinctively by men of genius. It is one of the great badges of their order ; and a conscious feeling that they should obtain it, has often rallied their fainting spirits, and cheered them onwards in the path of difficulty. It has said to

them encouragingly, "Let not the ignorant present dismay you; your enemies are fading fast away; the clouds which obscure you are flying rapidly, and long after your bodies shall be mingled with the dust, shall your minds read their lessons to an admiring future." It must be a grand, a thinking feeling to be secure of fame! There may be some who will indulge in a smile at this assertion; but are they amongst those who have been stricken by its power? Not rarely have the famous appealed to Time—many of them in the agony of a wounded spirit, all of them in the full assurance that it would place their pretensions in a proper light; but there is a stanza of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," the eloquence of which impels us to direct to it the reader's notice—

"Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift."

The gift which Lord Byron implored with such earnestness in this noble invocation has been fully granted him; to the hereditary coronet which descended to him from his ancestors he has added the more precious, the more brilliant one of Fame. He may have been censured too severely on the one hand, and lauded too extravagantly on the other; but he who would deny the power of his genius, might as well dispute the radiance of the stars. Pollok, in his "Course of Time," notwithstanding the grave aspect with which he views his history, and although he draws from it the conclusion that

"Not in natural or mental wealth
Was human happiness or grandeur found,"

impartially bestows this lofty and impressive tribute on his superiority as a poet:—

"He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,

Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles ;
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse."

If it was the lot of Lord Byron to experience many of "the calamities of authors," he had at least the satisfaction of acquiring the celebrity he sought for, and the delight of knowing that he had erected a structure of enduring materials, which would live to proclaim the genius of its architect. If he was much wounded by criticism, much balm was given him to heal the injuries ; he entreated glory, and it was not denied him ; and oblivion will never cover him with her veil. If it was a weakness in him to desire fame, it was a weakness which he shared in common with Verulam, Milton, Cicero,—the latter of whom exclaimed to the Romans, "orna me," and of Demosthenes, who confessed that one reason of his diligence was his love of being talked of. Let not men of common parts pretend to despise this avidity of commendation ; for it serves a great purpose, by stimulating the energies into active motion, which might have slumbered for ever, had it not been for the excitement it produced. Let them rather answer the questions, are they deaf to praise ? are they not proud of their ephemeral flatterings ? and do they not take every means of displaying to the utmost such minute merits as they have ? It is quite unquestionable that men of genius have set the highest value upon their labours ; none could have had an ampler perception of the beauties of their offspring than they themselves ; nor have they hesitated, on some occasions, to express their conviction of their claims and excellences. And if they had possessed not this self-esteem, how could they have fought their battles as they have done ? Made great by nature, the conviction that they were so, made them greater still ; it has taught them to look down upon their depreciators with an air of dignity which nothing could disturb ; and, amidst the stormy contentions which the diffusion of their opinions not uncommonly excited, to preserve a consistent advocacy of their pretensions, resulting from the assurance that they had spoken rightly. With pity, with profound pity, must these far-seeing and gifted men have regarded the dense phalanx of inferior minds which has been, on some occasions, marshalled to oppose them, denying discoveries, and the application of discoveries, which childhood could appreciate better than age, because free from the darkness of impenetrable prejudice. What but the unshaken consciousness

of merit, could have induced them to struggle with the opposition they excited? They could have avoided the unmerited acrimony of their enemies, and have closed their ears against their senseless murmurs, by retiring from the scene of discord in disgust; but they were too noble to compromise the interests of truth, and had, moreover, too high a sense of justice to deny it to themselves. Galileo made two statements respecting our planet—the one compulsory, that it had no motion; the other voluntary, that it moved. When he made the first he was succumbing to his persecutors; when he uttered the second he was enlightening the world, and adding to a reputation of which he knew the value; nor are we to imagine, that when, disengaged by the Inquisition, he retracted this assertion, he was careless of the light in which posterity would regard him. Doubtless, he hoped that allowances would be made for the difficulties of his position, and that the odium would fall upon his enemies, not himself.

Each person forms his own judgment of a man of genius. The critiques upon his books are like epicures at a feast of various and whimsical tastes and appetites. People judge of genius by their own standard; but to criticize is as difficult as to be an author. Few can appreciate Milton like Channing, whose famous comments upon this immortal author should be read by every one, but especially by those who have studied Dr. Johnson's remarks upon this poet. Every fair and liberal allowance must be made for the variety of men's opinions; but that is too often treated as a matter of taste which should be discussed purely as a matter of truth. It would be far more commendable in a person to confess at once that he has no comprehension of the sublime, than to sneer at sublimity because it is distasteful to him. Shakspeare wrote for the multitude, for the multitude are impelled by the passions he described: he is therefore a popular author; yet a man's merits cannot altogether be tested by his popularity, since the discovery of the philosopher may only be understood by a few individuals who follow studies similar to his own. Perhaps one of the most common errors of which men are guilty, is that of undervaluing what they do not attain to any excellence in themselves. Each branch of knowledge has a distinguishing importance, as each gem has a lustre peculiar to itself. Newton is reported to have denominated poetry "ingenious nonsense," a remark (if he really made it) quite unworthy of so illustrious a character. Far, very far more just and truthful are those eloquent observations of Cicero, which he delivered in his eloquent oration for the poet Archias;—

“*Sit igitur, judices, sanctum apud vos, humanissimos homines, hoc poëtæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit. Saxa et solitudines voci respondent; bestię sæpè immanes cantu flecuntur atque consistunt: nos instituti rebus optimus, non poëtarum voce moveamur?*” To contrast these jarring opinions of the philosopher and the orator is of exceeding interest: they afford much room for metaphysical study, but are easily accounted for by him who has considered the constitution of the mind. Philosophy and poetry require understandings of a dissimilar order, though they sometimes exist in combination, and form a conjunction as rich as it is rare. Sir Humphrey Davy was an example of this union, and could discover the beauties with no less facility than the causes of things. He would doubtless have participated in the sentiments which gave birth to the splendid tribute of the illustrious Cicero, to which we respond from a conviction of its correctness, and admire for the extreme felicity of its diction; whilst we are at complete variance with the opinion said to be the discoverer’s of the law of gravity; nor will his authority, however indisputable on many matters, take one step in serving to convince us that Shakspeare, Milton, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante and their fellows have written nothing but “ingenious nonsense.” The mind laughs involuntarily at the idea. It remembers instantly that it has nowhere seen the image of truth more palpably depicted, the fair face of Nature more extensively unveiled, the strength of passion more intensely pictured, the force of intellect more clearly developed, the harmony of all things more fully demonstrated, and the love of whatsoever is pure and excellent more impressively, independently, and fervently asserted, than in the ornate and rapture-yielding language of the poets.

To judge of one man of genius by the estimation in which another holds him, is fallacious to the utmost; for every one thinks most highly of, and is most devoted to, his own department; and many are too prone to despise those pursuits and studies of which they are in ignorance, because they have not taken the trouble to consider them. The poet can best know the merits of the poet; Dryden’s is the finest character of Shakspeare; and, being himself a master of poetry, he could appreciate the excellencies to which others were blind; but if we would be informed of the value of the *Principia*, we must not be persuaded to refer to those who are too intently occupied in wooing the Muses to think of the solution of a mathematical problem.

W. F. B.

MEDON.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

By C. H. H.

"A sad tale's best for winter."

WINTER'S TALE.—ACT II. Scene 1.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

[MEDON, the old king, is, by the death of his wife and infant, and the flight of CREONTES, his son by a former wife, brought to madness.]

Enter a DOCTOR of Medicine, and SERVANT.

DOCTOR. Is it so, think you?

SERVANT. Aye, sir, much I fear it ;
For since my mistress died, and Medon's son
Fled from his aged sire, the good old king,
With eyes that scarce distinguish friends from foes,
Goes weeping through the house, grown childish quite ;
And, but his venerable locks proclaim
Old age and grief-worn days, you might believe
It were some whining child.

DOCTOR. Hath this been noted?

SERVANT. Nay, only in the house, sir. Oftentimes
With voice half choked, and trembling from old age,
He cries for Calipa—my former mistress.
Sometimes he takes us all for strangers, asks
Our business, and then drawing one aside
Tells in his ear his own most piteous tale,
In such a manner as would break the heart
Of any listener. But, sir, sometimes
Reason comes back for a few sentences,
Then leaves him of a sudden ; thus his speech
Is all confusion, and—

DOCTOR. See where he comes—
Is not this he? Ah! yes,—methinks I read
The pitiful tale characterized on his brow;—
Shall I address him?

SERVANT. No, by no means, sir,
Listen awhile; you may by that glean something
That may inform you of the malady
You come to cure. Be silent. Hush! he comes—
[*They retire a little.*]

Enter MEDON, not seeing them.

MEDON. What's life, that men so greedily do hold it—
Giving up all things precious, and that last,
E'en last of all. Methinks it were most sweet
To lay upon the earth this heavy lump
That gathers at my heart, and bigger grows
Each hour I draw my breath! 'Tis somewhat strange
That it should grow in bulk the more I lose
Things dear to me. Alas! poor Calipa!
When thou didst die I felt it first within me;
And when I lost my son, then it grew bigger.
Methinks it is some fiend doth sit within me,
That gambles with me—with the dice of life,
And laughs as I do lose, swelling with joy.
Ha! ha! laugh on! laugh on! 'twill soon be o'er,
And all your winnings dwindle to an end.
Come! come! come! come!

(The DOCTOR advances.)

DOCTOR. What spirit do you invoke?

MEDON. Life's brave physician, that doth all things cure;
He's of surpassing skill—why, man, since first
The world began he hath practised on mankind;
You'll sure to know him once—physician Death!

DOCTOR (*aside.*) Not altogether mad; some trace of sense
Sorrow hath left behind to work upon.

MEDON. Do you know me, sir, my state, my occupation?—
I am the royal puppet, kept to be
The gaze of fools and children i' the street.
Come hither—prithee send that man away;
Let us be private.

DOCTOR. Nay, he's trusty, sir.

MEDON. Bid him come hither, then, and place his ear
Where he may catch the minutes of my story.
Pray you sit down; befits me stand, that so,
For that I am a king, I may be greater.

SERVANT. Good sir, be seated ; I beseech you sit ;
'Twill bring more ease to you.

MEDON (*not heeding him—to Doctor*) Do you not see
Some subtle marks of sorrow in my face ?
A lank and hungry look about my cheeks,—
A slumberous heaviness about mine eyes,
That tells of weeping ?

DOCTOR (*aside*) Oh ! alas ! alas !

MEDON. Will you not hear my story then ? You will—
Or if you will not, 'gainst your will you shall ;
Listen what I will do, if you resist :—
I am a king, and I will call my subjects
Together in a place, then bid the thunder,
Great nature's universal groan, to mouth,
And clamour it in their ears. But you will hear.

DOCTOR. Oh sir, go on.

MEDON. Nay, hear me to the end !—

You must know, sir, that I am a king ; somewhat declining in years, as you may see by the white locks under my crown ; but, sir, no less a king for that matter. Well, sir, but I pray you be attentive, and give me some portion of your favour, if I stumble in my progress. I had—oh ! that pitiful “had” is like a death-bell in my ear—I had a wife, and—I pray you your ear a little closer—a son by my first wife—look now, that you lose not this particular ; my wife Calipa was young, look you, and had eyes bright, like the jewels upon my crown ;—you see, sir—

DOCTOR (*aside*) Alas, how *movingly* he tells his tale !

MEDON. It was about the spring-time of the year, sir, when that prolific mother—the earth—was in labour, that Calipa was in labour too : be but attentive, and you shall hear how she triumphed. Nature and she seemed rivals in their bearing ; but, mark you, my queen, my Calipa, brought forth the speediest and the fairest ; and they told me once more I was a father—old Medon—a father.—

Draw nearer to me, somewhat nearer, sir.
 What follows should be whispered in the ear,—
 Not spoken e'en so loudly that the rats
 Behind the arras catch the meaning on't.

DOCTOR. Speak on, sir.

MEDON. Well, Hah ! would that it were well ;
 As she grew stronger, and the babe did thrive,
 Methought my son, Creontes, 'gan to frown—
 Much did he sit alone, and muse, and hold
 Strange converse with himself. One day they told me
 That he had fled ! and on the self-same day
 Tollo'd in upon my heart the passing bell
 Of Calipa and my child ;—the self-same day—
 Oh God ! the self-same day !

DOCTOR. No more of that ;
 On with your tale.

MEDON. Open the window, sir—
 If't please you, give me air ; the self-same day—
 That day that came e'en as our marriage-day,
 With its bright sun, its music of the birds,
 Its opening flowers, with chalices of dew ;
 And yet, but be you secret on the matter,
 That day I grew a madman ; raved, and swore,
 And tore my hair ; and what do all men say ?
 That I am mad ?

DOCTOR. E'en so.

MEDON. Can it be other ?
 My soul and body are no more akin
 Than fire and water. *This* thou seest before thee
 Robed in this holiday and gaudy dress !
That is with Calipa. (*Noise within.*) What noise is this ?

Enter a SERVANT, hastily.

Why dost thou stand and look so passing pale ?
 Speak, though thy mouth be like the gates of hell,
 And belch forth fierce damnation.

SERVANT. Oh ! my lord,
 Here is a fellow taken, whom thy guards
 Have hither brought ; for that he hath confessed
 The murder of—alas ! my lord—the queen.

MEDON. The murderer—

DOCTOR. Hush ! trouble him not.

MEDON. My wife—

Drag him before me.—I'll not look on him,
Lest he should haunt me in my dreams.—He comes !

Enter GUARDS, dragging in the Murderer.

Thus will I muffle up within my robe
The eyes that dare not look him in the face ;
Man, fiend, whate'er thou art—speak thy damnation,
That I may have some grounds for killing thee !

MURDERER. Old king, confession hast thou from my lips
Of crimes scarce mentioned in the pit of hell ;
I—I did kill thy queen ! I—I thy child—
By subtle poison both.

MEDON. Horrible fiend,
Hast thou a father ?

MURDERER. Ay, sir, but his age,
To my eternal agony be't said,
Hath grown to lunacy.

MEDON. Go, take him hence,
And lead him forth to instant execution.

[He is led out by the GUARDS.]

Come hither, quick ; how looked he that was here—
I mean the murderer ?

Re-enter a GUARD.

GUARD. The warrant, sir,
For his execution, may it please you sign it ?

MEDON. Give me the pen—some ink—call you this ink
To write down crimes as black as Erebus ?
It should be dark as night—there—there—'tis done—
Let me be told when he is dead. *[Exit GUARD.]*

(*To DOCTOR.*) How looked he ?
His eyebrows black methinks, his cheeks like death ;
A kind of villany written in his face ;
His beard, unkempt for months. Was it not so ?

DOCTOR. My lord, though somewhat faded with remorse,
I never saw a fairer youth.

MEDON. 'Tis strange
That villany should choose so fair a shell

To hide her hideous face in. Dead by poison !
 By poison ! 'sooth I almost doubt the tale :
 I would have further converse—nay—no more,
 Ask but his name. I prithee run.

SERVANT. Ay, sir. [*Exit.*

MEDON. Methinks his voice did seem familiar to me,
 Like whispers of old days, that echo back ;
 I would I knew his name. My God ! my God !—
 It cannot be ! No ! no ! it cannot be.

Re-enter SERVANT.

His name—

SERVANT. My lord—

MEDON His name ?

SERVANT. I cannot tell ;

Ere I could reach his cell he was led out
 To execution. By the block I saw him
 With folded arms, and eyes that looked on death
 As on some trivial and familiar thing ;
 He did address some words, and gave a scroll ;
 This saw I from the window ; then he stooped,
 And as the headsman raised the fatal sword,
 I turned away.

A GUARD rushes in with a scroll.

GUARD. My lord, in haste this scroll.

'Twas given me by the dying man for thee !

MEDON. Speak ! is he dead ?

GUARD. Headless, my lord, he lies.

MEDON. (*Reading the scroll.*) Oh ! hell and death !
 Darkness and Acheron—
 Oh hide me, hide me !

DOCTOR (*snatching the scroll.*) God ! sir ; what's the
 matter ?

MEDON. My son ! my son !

DOCTOR. Alas ! too true—too true !

“ Father, my crime now is expiated, my mother's and my
 brother's death avenged by mine ; their manes shall be seen
 no more upon the earth. It was jealousy that made me what I

am—a villain—yet, ere we meet again in death, learn to think forgivingly of thy son—Creontes.”

Look to the king—he raves—I pray a chair.

MEDON. How big this lump is now—it swells my heart
Almost to bursting; no, it is not so!
It is my madness, hath persuaded me
Of things unreal—’tis unnatural—
Oh ye that hold your senses, speak to me!
Speak to me! tell me that I lie!

DOCTOR. Sweet sir,
Have patience.

MEDON. Patience! then it is too real.
Creontes, we are equal in our crimes;
Thy death to me is set, and Calipa’s
Upon thy soul lies heavy (*wandering*)—
Take my hand:

God pardon thee, my boy—look not so pale;
I do forgive thee; come, my boy! my boy!
No, no, not that way. Hush, what sound is that?—
Hush! hush! [Dies.

DOCTOR. Alas! he’s gone. The cord is broke,
That linked him and his misery to earth;
Take up his corse, and lay him with his son,
Both in one grave, and that near Calipa.
So ends the race of Medon.

THOUGHTS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE past and the future both conceal themselves from us; but that wears the widow’s veil, and this the maiden’s.—JEAN PAUL.

A character is a perfectly formed will.—NOVALIS.

The spirit of Poesy is the morning light that gives a voice to the statue of Memnon.—NOVALIS.

He who clothes an imperfect thought in dark language, is like the host who puts not his muddy beer into a transparent vessel.—JEAN PAUL.

POETS AND POETRY.

O sacred Poesy, thou spirit of arts,
The soul of science and the queen of souls;
What profane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here been offered thy divinities!

BEN JONSON.

Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

WALLER.

THE title of this paper, be it premised, is not inconsistent with a sincere respect and reverence for the lunatic asylums of our country; since, proper as it otherwise might seem, that one who dared to avow sympathy with Poets and Poetry should be restrained from intercourse with men of sense and understanding, still the incarceration in Bethlehem of the three letters that appropriate the following remarks, would cause but little personal inconvenience to their author, and still less concern. Nevertheless he is very willing to allow that, were he not sufficiently shielded by 'chaotic anonymosity,' he would be very careful before he threw away his character by a confession of friendship for anything poetical. The world, commonplace as it generally is, now and then indulges in a simile: thus, in the present case, its loosened fancy hath voted Poesy to be a wicked mermaid, and all who listen to her siren strains it resolves doomed to the dark whirlpool of neglect and poverty. The gluttonous world abhors mermaids, for it cannot boil their tails.

Goethe gives it as his opinion that 'modern poets water their ink.' The slighted world exclaimeth justly against this, Why do you water your ink? it rightly cries, Have we not provided you with gall, and gall, and ever gall, at every turning of your lives? Did we ever look on you or speak to you without bringing you some tribute of our gall?—and for the steel, though we have not exactly put it into your hands, when did we omit an opportunity of urging you to its employment? With a carving-knife or razor, what does it matter which, the black deed might have been quickly done. Truly, 'tis a marvel that suicide should be so rare among the poets;

this spirited pastime seems unknown amongst them. Probably it is because death, especially a death at all poetical, must come expensive. Pistols are extravagantly dear; even pills, say Morison's, are many pence a box; and fluid fatal potions cruelly are taxed. Jocasta, truly, is a precedent in favour of garters and a bed-post, but poets' beds seldom have any posts; Jocasta was a queen, and garters even are an article of superfluous luxury. No, no; starvation is the only death a needy poet can afford, and one that seldom fails to suggest itself. Shame on the heartless world that makes a jest of this! See the luxurious idler! If, in the birth of men, souls equally formed descend at random to dwell in bodies as they rise, his might as well have alighted in the hovel of the poor labourer hard by, and warmed some little lump of 'delf,' as have entered in the nobler house, and breathed into the little mug of 'porcelain.' However the manner of it was, accident of birth placed him above toil; his soul has lived for the body that it wears, and his body has existed only for its clothes and sensual pleasure. Never, perhaps, has he been conscious of the godlike nature of the soul within his clothes or his body, (there is little difference between the two; let him brush and polish as he will, both are dusty, both must soon wear out, though the one, perhaps,—and that only perhaps,—sooner;) never may this man have felt he had a soul, save when he has felt it awakened by the poet's spells; never has he been guilty of an idea, save perhaps one stray little lost one of another man's, that he has fathered as his own, and vigorously fondles. Yet he dares, in his vile, pampered ignorance, to profess scorn for the man before whose higher spirit he may have bowed daily in unconscious reverence; dares to think it merit that he can make jest of that superior being whose most idle thought is worth the trifler's life-time,—time! ay, and his eternity to boot!—his jest, because, forsooth! he cares not for the morrow, and had rather draw his spirit nearer to the glorious loveliness of Heaven, than labour that he may be proficient in the processes of gustation and deglutition, or have wherewith to decorate his clay; the lump of clay his soul, like those of other men, must carry to and fro on earth to mark where it may chance to stand. See, too, the thoughtless beauty! She hath yielded to the poet's sway the better half of all that stock of sighs and tears given her for the comfort of herself and of her fellow-beings; she believes his image to be more beautiful even than that one she thinks her mirror holds so fair; and, yet despite this precious sacrifice to his shrine, notwithstanding this more than flattering

opinion of her powers, mark with what pretty horror she will shrink from the source of her delight, because the pure stream runneth in a rough and stony channel! Ay, though in stately hall, or silly ball-room, she had styled him day by day her favourite, her love, she will but join the rest when they laugh at the poor poet. Nay, let her laugh, let them all laugh, let them laugh on; despite his tattered foolscap, the poor poet is the winner still.

Here let us pause. Having started from Bedlam, it is not to be wondered at that the course we have been running hitherto hath savoured a little of the insane. No matter; for we cherish hope that common sense may follow. A man who wanders forth from Bedlam into existence may meet with wisdom in his travels; whoso sets out as a fellow-traveller with the world, and the world's much-bruised donkey—common sense, is very liable to end his days in Bedlam. So, then, we cherish hope; and lest we be led astray into another sinuous path of cogitation, rush into the very centre of the broad road, *in medias res*: (a common-sense, world-admitted bit of Latin, promising well, and shadowing forth to the kind reader, whom we have so long kept in the dark, a little ray before the dawn of reason.)

Seriously, then, the ideas cherished concerning poetry by the present generation are so mutable and eccentric, so like the many-coloured garments of the fool, that we think it a benefit to our fellow-creatures, to provide some sober, uniform garb to the wearer of these thoughts of motley, or at least to recommend to his use the wearing of one colour, and to say all we can in favour of the hue which seems to us most pleasant.

“Do you like poetry?” and “I do not like poetry,” are questions and affirmations that we meet with hourly in the present day; savage and barbaric as such sentences might seem, referred to Poesy in its true form, it is too late to marvel at them now. A period of true poetry hath lately over-past; Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, have rendered up their harvest fifty-fold, and the rich crop hath weakened our poor soil. So much riches in one mass have produced the usual reaction, and for the prodigal wealth of their predecessors, poets of the present day must suffer. With poetry, the taste has fallen. Rhymes, rhymes, and rhymes, are forced now upon readers; loves and doves, truth and ruth, roses and posies, hold the mantle now, and are cried up as living poesy; what wonder, then, that men can ask, “Do you like poetry?” or say, “I do not like it.”

Of the recent age of splendour, Byron was the star most likely to be worshipped; the rest (excepting Scott) were suns but to the few. The imitation of this poet has given rise to the whole modern style, miscalled the *sentimental* or the *milk and water*. To the term *sentimental* we object, as erroneously applied, for we shall presently show that the sentimental is the highest and most noble form of poetry. To the term *milk and water* we will subscribe, on the saving clause being allowed that its supporters borrow their milk, and only find the water.

What is poetry? That it is not rhyme, theoretically all allow; but practically, scarce one seems willing to admit. To define it would be useless, for no one cares to remember definitions. We may perhaps entitle it *a form of thought*; not, be it borne in mind, a form of phraseology. There may be, and there often is, more poetry in the rude and dissonant phrases of the red Indian, than in the polished lines of the most cultivated pseudo-poet. In prose or verse, poetry is still the same. It is essentially ideal, but its ideal is of beauty only; and as all that we have of real beauty breathes essentially of the mystery of heaven, we may call poetry *a form of thought based on the heavenly ideal*; this will distinguish it from wit, to which it is, in many minds, inseparably allied—a form of thought based on the earthly ideal. The mind, at work on both, ennobles a circumstance in one by comparison with thoughts from heaven, enlivens it in the other by comparison with analogous ideas of earth. Thus love, which, as a passion common to all men, is generally preferred as a foundation of that which shall appeal to all, may give origin to poetry or wit. Viewed as a mysterious feeling, beyond doubt the nearest to a heavenly one that man can feel, it becomes poetry; viewed as an earthly appetite, it becomes immediately the food for wit.

Schiller justly divides poetry—poetry, that is, in itself—poetry as a form of thought—into the *naïve* and the *sentimental*. These may be well illustrated by the preceding definition. The naïve is the poetry of an untutored innocence, the sentimental is the poetry of thought. The naïve expresses immediately, and as if in ignorance of every earthly debasement, the direct impressions excited by the view of nature or of heavenly objects. The sentimental poet may range either over things of heaven or of earth, raising, however, the latter by viewing them in heavenly light. The sentimental poet, as the very derivation of the name implies, *thinks* over the subject of his muse, ennobles every subject by the hidden

thoughts of beauty that may be capable of union with it, raises it to the ideal. The naive poet merely expresses the simple inspiration of harmony and delight, excited by the view of that which, while it is real, equals the ideal—the starry host, the beauteous garb of nature, or the simplest promptings of the heavenly passion. The only difficulty in the way of every man's becoming a naive poet, is, that cultivation, civilization, and mutual intercourse, render it difficult for any man to separate his thoughts from thoughts of earth. Thus the untutored savages, almost universally, are naive poets, and hence the beauty of their thoughts and style of language so often commented upon by modern travellers. The superiority of the sentimental poet, who elevates by the power of his thought the things of earth, over one who merely relates impressions as they rise, is thus most evidently manifest. Shakspeare, and all the greatest poets of the world, were eminently sentimental; a perfectly naive poet in a civilized country is impossible, although the sentimental poet, if his mind be pure, as the mind of a poet of necessity should be, is frequently naive at times. Shakspeare is (if we may say it without profanity) the poet's bible: for every illustration of poetry we had best look to him. Let us select, almost at random, an illustration from his works of the power of sentiment. The volume opens upon this:—in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Oberon is telling Puck of the charmed infatuation of Titania for the metamorphosed Bottom; he thus ennobles the idea of a coronet of flowers round an ass's head:—

“For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'ret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.”

We do not write for those who are insensible to the exquisite beauty of this sentiment,—this interlacing of things heavenly with things of earth, ennobling the one by its companionship, and yet leaving the other undegraded.

From these remarks the proper test of poetry will readily appear. The first question will be, Is it sentimental or naive? Is the poem sentimental, we must ask, Are the thoughts with which the subject is associated, new? If not, the poem is but a faint echo of a voice. If new, are they ennobling? are they thoughts derived from beauty,

beauty that is of heaven? do they leave an impression of a lovely and exalted feeling? If they do not, the new thoughts are associations with earth,—are wit, if they be imaginative,—or else but common-place. Thus, the stars are heavenly objects, but a treatise on astronomy in verse, associating them with the necessities and infirmities of earth would not be poetry, nor wit, but common-place; although wit or poetry, in single passages, might be employed in illustrations. By this rule, Pope, and many others, in the majority of their writings, cease to be poets, but none can doubt they had imagination to a high extent; yet their subjects and their similes are of earth, and they are wits: furbelows and china tea-pots have no place in heaven. We trust we shall be excused, if, in our anxiety to illustrate what we have stated, we quote more at length than may otherwise seem needful. If what we have stated be correct, it will be evident that poets can without difficulty be wits, but wits are never poets. In the old sense of poet, indeed, (according to its derivation from π —— No! we will not be so pedantic as to figure Greek, where ladies may perhaps be readers) an inventor, a maker of something new, we have no distinction between poet, wit, and punster. Thus Farquhar and many dramatists and others, merely wits, went by the name of poets. But in the present day, there is a tendency to distinguish between these, and the name of poet conveys a peculiar idea; let it then be given only where it is fairly due. As all nature is heavenly, nature itself, or the abstract attributes of heaven, are proper and ennobling fields of poetry. But the fables of an earth-born mythology, except in so far as they coincide with these, are fit only for the purposes of wit. The motto to this paper, from Waller, one of the sweetest of our elder poets, is perfectly and characteristically poetical: in the following lines, saving an incidental thought or two, he appears only as a wit:—

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

“Fair hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
 Yet, from the stain of ink, preserve it white:
 Whose travel o’er that silver field doth show
 Like track of leverets in morning snow.
 Love’s image thus in purest minds is wrought,
 Without a spot, or blemish to the thought.
 Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
 Without the help of colours, or of oil!
 For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
 ’Tis you alone can make them bend and shake:

Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
 Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
 Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
 Can make the motion and the forest too."

That this is an elegant idea there is no doubt, neither is it of a style of wit such as usually is met with. For wit, being in the central position between poetry and common-place, partakes of the elements of either; we have thus *poetical wit* and *common wit*. The former, to which the poem quoted is to be referred, has been long since recognised as a peculiar form of thought, distinct from others, under the name of *a conceit*. The old poets, all abound in these. Not that they were not imbued with the true spirit of their calling, but in their times wit and poet were convertible terms; the poets being invariably called wits, and looked up to as the sources both of wit and poetry. Dryden and Cowley especially abound in these conceits, which, while they delight and astonish, never elevate the mind.

Sir W. Scott, the best novelist we boast of, although he had done much better, had he resisted the temptation of telling some of his good tales in rhyme, offers an excellent illustration of the union in one person of all three qualities of verse; the mass being generally common-place, enriched with much naive poetry, and now and then a sentiment. In one short piece we often have all three united; let us take this for example; of which be it noted, first, that the general idea is not original. The first verse is poetical, naive:—

" The sun upon the Wierdlaw hill,
 In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
 The westland wind is hush and still;
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye
 Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
 Though evening, with her richest dye,
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick shore."

The next verse, after subtraction of the stale idea, is common-place:—

" With listless-look, along the plain,
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,
 And coldly mark the holy fane
 Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.

The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
 Are they still such as once they were,
 Or is the dreary change in me?"

Of this, the original idea was naive before it was worn out, and, for new illustration, listless look, silver current, holy fane, ruined pride, quiet lake, balmy air, and dreary change, are common-place enough. The original illustration is reserved for the next verse, which contains, omitting the common-place allusion to Araby and Eden, in the two first thoughts wit, and in the third something more allied to poetry.

" Alas, the warped and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye!
 The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply!
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
 To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers
 Were barren as this moorland hill."

There are many who would have been first-rate essayists that have totally gone astray as to the aim and nature of divine poesy. They might have been right welcome, if they preferred the pains, to indite their tales and thoughts in verse; but pray let them forbear to call them poems. One of these is Crabbe, a writer of great eloquence and force, but than whom no man ever more completely misunderstood what is intended by the name of poetry. If the reader has acceded to our views, what will he call this?—

" Something one day occurred about a bill
 That was not drawn with true mercantile skill,
 And I was asked and authorized to go
 To seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co.;
 Their hour was past—but when I urged the case,
 There was a youth who named a second place;
 Where, on occasions of important kind,
 I might the man of occupation find
 In his retirement, where he found repose
 From the vexations that in business rose.
 I found, though not with ease, this private seat
 Of soothing quiet, wisdom's still retreat."

Still more offensive to the muses is the offering that follows; a

description of the slovenly maid that answered to the call of the door knocker.

We find that we have been betrayed by the foregoing observations, into a greater length than was originally intended. It was our desire to have communicated to the reader certain views with regard to *forms of poetry*, and more especially the dramatic, which have won very much upon our own respect; but as their illustration would occupy more space than the limits of an already long article will allow, we pause at once, to spare the frowns of an incensed editor, or the yawns of an already weary reader.

HAL.

THE HONEST WOOER.

I wooed my mistress with a love as true
 As e'en the bosom of the truest bore,
 And yet methinks I lacked the skill to woo,
 Since ne'er to Beauty had I bowed before :
 Perchance my tongue did sound uncouth and rude,
 Since not one word of flattery did it bring ;
 And yet my heart in its own language sued
 As never yet it sued to living thing.

I did not tell her that her eyes were stars ;
 Why should I wrong those peerless orbs of night ?
 I did not rave of mine internal scars ;
 Why should my private wounds be brought to light ?
 I did not prate of mine own lack of birth,
 Why should I scandalize mine own fair fame ?
 I did not speak of her exalted worth,
 Hearts linked together needs must be the same.

I did not boast what great things I would do,
 When that, my wooing o'er, she should be mine ;
 Methinks I somewhat lacked the skill to woo,
 Since that I breathed of poesy no line.
 Into her ear I poured no polished tale ;
 I simply whispered her, " Sweet maid, I love ;"
 But that which to express my words did fail
 Time past and time to come alike must prove.

C. H. H.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ICE.

WHITHER is wending the maiden alone,
 By the shores of the gloomy bay ?
 Doth she not list to the wild wind's moan,
 As it driveth the waves in silver foam,
 Till they sprinkle the cliffs with their salt sea spray ?
 Why doth her voice with the mountain gale
 Mingle in high and solemn wail ;
 And then burst forth with a stranger sound,
 Wakening the mountain echoes round ;
 A sound that hath music in its tone,
 Wild, yet sweet as the voice of the dove,
 As though her spirit had found its home,
 Its home of heart, its home of love ?

But hush ! she is still. No sound is heard,
 But the shriek of the flying ocean bird,
 As it wheeleth in its midnight flight
 Around the mountain, whose snowy height
 Gleameth pale in the sad moonlight ;
 And the dashing waves of the restless sea ;
 And the wind's mysterious melody.
 The night is cold, for Winter old,
 In his chilly mantle, doth earth enfold.
 He hath spread his white vesture over the plain,
 He hath bound the streams with an icy chain.
 He hath robed the earth in a veil of white,
 As though to hide her from mortal sight ;
 That none may look on her sacred form,
 Till she cometh the bride of the spring-sun warm ;
 Till decked in her garland of early flowers,
 Borne on the wings of the fairy hours,
 She cometh in beauty, she cometh in pride,
 The sun and the summer's blossoming bride.

On the cold, cold ground doth the maiden rest,
 Her snowy hand to her brow is prest ;

Her dark hair falls with a careless grace,
And veils her fair but saddened face.
Musing in sorrow she sitteth long,
But hark ! she raiseth her voice in song :—

“ I have wandered far on this beautiful earth,
O'er mountain, and valley, and plain ;
And my spirit hath known that thing of worth
It never may know again.
I have seen bright flowers,
In sunniest hours,
Blossom, then wither and die ;
But I did not deem
That my heart's bright dream
Would so soon have all passed by.

“ Oh Spirit, that rideth in vesture of white,
On thy cloud so gloomy and grey ;
Whose wheels far scatter the snow-flake's light,
As thou passest on thy way :
Who throwest o'er all
A deadly pall,
And robest earth for the tomb ;
Who flingest thy blight
On all that was bright,
And changest it all to gloom :

“ To thee, with a heart almost driven to madness,
A maiden in sorrow doth plead ;
Oh stay and give heed to her story of sadness,
And, if thou canst, pity her need.
Yet why should I tell,
What thou knowest well,
The anguish that burneth my breast ?
Give heed to my prayer,
Thou Spirit of air,
Oh give my worn spirit rest !”

Then in louder voice she sung,
While her arms on high she flung :
“ By the spell that doth appall thee,
SPIRIT OF THE ICE, I call thee ;

By the charm of mightier power,
 Magic of a brighter hour,
 Spirit, at whose gentle voice
 All creation doth rejoice,
 That can break thine icy chain,
 And bid nature bloom again;
 By this Power, that thou, Fiend, dost fear,
 I bid thee, SPIRIT OF THE ICE, appear, appear! "

Why doth the maiden in terror start?
 Why is there beating at her heart?
 The air grows dim, the air grows grey,
 There gleams a light, not the light of day.
 The moonbeams still on the ocean play,
 But the white waves seem in their path to stay.
 The wave was swelling, but now it is still,
 It standeth like a crystal hill.
 Just now were dancing all about,
 The bright-eyed spirits of the sea,
 Gliding gracefully in and out,
 To the sound of the mermaid's melody.
 But now in terror they fly from the might
 Of the Spirit that cometh in this sad light.

The Spirit is coming, the Spirit of dread,—
 His pathway is on the ocean;
 The waters have frozen beneath his tread,
 All stilled is their restless motion.
 He comes on the path where the pale moonbeam
 Afar on the ocean doth faintly gleam.
 A diadem resteth on his head,
 Set around with jewels red
 Each of a frozen blood-drop made.
 The sceptre cold,
 That his hand doth hold,
 Is a human bone, that for years hath laid,
 To rest in a chilly and desolate sleep,
 Grown white beneath the salt waves deep.

The Spirit is near, the Spirit doth speak,
 And his voice is like to the wild wind's shriek,

As it waileth among the mountains.
Oh ! why should that Spirit wander here ?
Why should be frozen that gentle tear,
That drop from the heart's pure fountains—
That are pouring forth in her bosom of youth,
The waters of love, the waters of truth ?

SPIRIT. Maiden of the tearful eye,
Thou hast called me, here am I.
By the spell I must obey,
Thou hast stopped me on my way.
Much I may not say to thee ;
Tell me whether thou wouldst be
Bound by my cold destiny ?

MAIDEN. Tell me, Spirit, tell me now,
If the crown upon thy brow
Gives thee power to still each thought
That with agony is fraught ?
If the sceptre in thy hand,
Gives thee power to break each band
That doth bind the heart to woe,
That doth bid the hot tears flow ?
Oh ! if thou canst still my breast,
To a cold and pulseless rest ;
If my heart no more may feel
Human woe or human weal ;
If thou canst from anguish shield me,
Spirit, to thy might I yield me.

SPIRIT. Maiden, when thou art my slave,
Never more shall Passion's wave
Wake thy heart to human woe ;
Human hope or human fear,
Never more thy soul must know ;
Never more the crystal tear
From thy gentle eyelids flow ;
Soulless, changeless, shall be thy lot :
Hasten, maiden, I linger not.

The maiden paused—she paused not long,
The hopes of her early life were gone ;

Her form was fair, her years were young,
But the chords of her spirit were all unstrung.
Once they had given forth their tone,
In richest melody had spoken ;
Alas ! they had sounded but once alone,
And then the strings had all been broken.
The breath of the whirlwind had wakened the strain,
Too wildly, too madly—they spoke not again.
Meekly the maiden her head did bow,
The fiend laid his cold hand on her brow :
Her gentle spirit had winged away,
Had left for ever its home of clay.

'Tis said, in the spring time's earliest hour,
When winter first yields to a mightier power,
When the grass is white over one lone tomb,
And the hoar frost is blighting the spring's first bloom,
A voice has been heard like the wild wind's sigh,
Mourning for her that beneath doth lie.
At times the chill breeze hath borne it along,
Like the sound of a wild and sorrowful song,
Mourning for her, who with aching breast
Had sought of the cold Ice Fiend for rest ;
Who, weary of earth, in her madness had given
For a joyless rest all her hopes of heaven.

PUCK.

TEARS OF JOY AND GRIEF.

As the precious dewdrops that distil only from a cloudless heaven, giving loveliness to every flower in its blossom, are our tears of joy. Beneath their gentle influence blooms no leaflet so frail that it shall perish—no lily that needs bow its slender stem.

But when the tears of stormy grief shall come, it is as the wild rain that beateth down from out a darkened and a shrouded sky. It will cast the smile of a fresh life over a world returning to the barrenness of earth ; but in its fall hath many a flower been bruised, and many a tender stem hath its fierce torrent broken.

HAL.

DIFFICULT POINTS AND PASSAGES OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

No. VI.—KING LEAR.

It would be conjectured by any person, who, with a little reflection, should glance at the *Dramatis Personæ*, that Lear must contain many difficult passages. The simple fact of there being in it a madman, a pseudo-madman, and a fool, is quite sufficient to warn us at the onset that there are difficulties to be encountered of no ordinary class, and expressions to be explained, which would puzzle, for a time, even the most attentive reader. These, however, are so numerous, that even if the whole Magazine were to be given me to fill, I should scarcely be satisfied with the space allotted to me ; if I were bound—either by a promise, or a sense of the necessity of such a proceeding—to examine and explain every sentence and expression which at first sight might startle and perplex the reader. Fortunately, however, a very great number of these will be made plain by a little consideration, and therefore I shall only mention those which are not so plain.

The first of these upon which I shall make any observations is in Act I. Sc. 4 :—

“FOOL. For you trow, nuncle,
‘The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,’
That it had its head bit off by its young ;
So out went the candle and we were left darkling.”

Once or twice in the course of this play, we find the fool making observations which could not fail of touching the king rather sharply. When, however, he does so, he finds an excellent method of getting out of the dilemma, by making some silly remark at the end of the speech, by which means the hearer may be induced to believe the whole speech without meaning. Another example of this may be found in Act I. Sc. 4, “For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass,” &c.

A passage, the meaning of which is not very evident, is in Act I. Sc. 5.

“FOOL. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

LEAR. Because they are not eight?

FOOL. Yes, indeed, thou wouldst have made a good fool.

LEAR. *To take it again perforce ! Monster ingratitude.”*

It is evident to the careful reader that the fool is endeavouring here to withdraw the thoughts of the unhappy Lear from the melancholy subject with which they are occupied; and it is a beautiful little exhibition of the tenderness of the good old king to his fool, which our sublime author has given us, when the wronged father turns from the contemplation of the griefs under which he labours, for a brief moment, to answer the ridiculous question of the fool, rather than chide him with impatience for his untimely wit. Instantly, however, do his thoughts recur to the wrongs he has suffered, and he meditates forcibly reclaiming the crown, which he now repents having given away: this is the meaning of the expression, “to take it again perforce.”

There is an allusion in the following passage to an old saw, of which I do not know the exact words.

“KENT. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun !”

It is evident, however, that the “coming to the sun,” alluded to, means having no house and home. This is also what Hamlet means by the expression, “I am too much i' the sun.” As applied to Lear, it alludes to his having given up his home, and finding none to go to; in that of Hamlet, to his being cheated of royalty by Claudius, and, therefore, having no real home of his own, which he had a right to by hereditary succession.

Act II. Sc. 4:—

“FOOL. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.”

This is addressed to Kent, for the purpose of answering his question,

“How chance the king comes with so small a train ?” ,

and contains the very epitome of worldly wisdom. The fool seems

to say, "Do you wonder that so few follow the king in his adversity? a very little knowledge of the world would teach you to hold by none that is declining in the heaven of fortune, lest you also decline; follow rather that star which is in the ascendant, that you may catch some glory from it, and rise with it."

Much has been said respecting the expression used by Lear, Act II. Sc. 4,

"Do you but mark how this becomes the house."

Theobald declares it to be unintelligible, and proposes to read "the use," which Warburton justly says "signifies less." This gentleman, however, does not quite understand it, but declares it to be a "most expressive phrase." At this idea Dr. Johnson sneers, and declares that according to his belief no reader can be satisfied with it. He therefore gives us a reading which is intended to improve the text, and which he believes to have been originally written:

—— "Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becometh—thus.

Dear daughter," &c.

I could not think that Shakspeare would write so poor a passage, even if I could not see the peculiar force of the expression "house." "The house" is here used for the *head of the house*, and the force of the passage is,—“Do mark and see how well it becomes the master of the house to be kneeling for forgiveness to his inferior.” Thus "the house" has a most powerful meaning. As a familiar example of the master of the house being called "the house," I may refer you to the constant habit in times not very far back of addressing the landlord of an inn, as "House!"

In Act III. Sc. 4, we have the following passage, which I think may require a little explanation, to make it intelligible to the generality of readers:—

"LEAR. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well: thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself, unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off—off—you lendings—Come, unbutton here."

To make this clear, it must first be remarked, that it is all addressed to Edgar, who is naked, by the king, who still retains his robes, as well as the other two to whom he alludes, namely, Kent and the fool. Seeing one less accommodated than himself, he instantly moralizes thus :—"Is then man supplied by nature with nought but this uncovered frame? This should be considered. Thou (to Edgar) art not indebted to the silk-worm, or the beast, or the sheep, for clothing; neither to the civet-cat for unnecessary perfume. We three are better provided, but thou art indebted to no art. If, then, this be so, these garments are but lendings, not our own. Off with them, unbutton here." If understood in this way, we extract a very fine meaning from the passage.

Act II. Sc. 4 :—

"EDGAR. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet! he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock."

It may be well to remind the reader that all spirits walking the earth by night, are recalled to their several dwelling-places at the first cock-crowing. See Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 1 :—

—————"I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire,—in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine."

Lear's description of the flattery with which he was assailed in his prosperity, "They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there; to say *aye* and *no* to everything that I said *aye* and *no* to, was no good divinity," (Act IV. Sc. 6,) reminds me strongly of the description of the flatterer in Juvenal, (III. 100,) which it may be interesting to the reader to compare with it. It runs thus:—

—————"Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur; flet, si lacrymas inspexit amici,
Nec dolet; igniculum brumæ si tempore poscas,
Accipit endromidem; si dixeris, 'Æstuo,' sudat."

In the same scene, a very few lines farther on, we have a passage which has been brought forward by those who support the doctrine that the loss of his power was the cause of Lear's madness.

"GLOSTER. The trick of that voice I do well remember ;
Is't not the king ?

LEAR. Ay, every inch a king?" &c.

Lear, it must be confessed, dwells strongly on the point of his being a king. When he first enters in this scene he says, "I am the king himself;" but it appears to me to be the part of a childish old man, and more especially a madman, to lay hold of things like this to boast of. Perhaps the meaning of the word "trick" here may be difficult to define. I think it is used in this way by Shakspeare, to express that peculiarity by which one of the kind may be distinguished from another;—"trick of the voice," is that striking characteristic by which one man's voice may be told from another's. So, in *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 3, Paulina, speaking of the child of Hermione, which Leontes disowns, lays great stress upon the "trick of his frown," as a proof that the child is his. This of itself gives us the correct meaning of the word.

I know no passage which gave me such trouble to understand, as the following in the same scene :—

"LEAR. * * * *
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry—I will preach to thee—mark me!
GLOSTER. Alack ! alack the day !
LEAR. When we are born, we cry, that we are come ;
To this great stage of fools—This a good block !
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt," &c.

The sudden exclamation, "This a good block !" struck me as very difficult to explain; but the meaning has been discovered. When Lear begins to preach, he takes off his hat, and, seeing it, his attention is diverted from his sermon to its shape. "A block" was used to express "a shape," because, of course, the shape depended upon the block on which it was made. He then goes on to speak of the "delicate stratagem" of shoeing a troop with felt, so that they might steal noiselessly upon their enemies.

The last passage on which I shall observe is one which I have more than once heard ridiculed, but which contains the finest idea in the whole play. Lear, when he is dying, says,

"Pray you undo this button—thank you, sir."

Now to a person who does not see the drift of the author, the

request must appear trivial; but what button was this which he asked to have undone? Reader, it was the button which drew his robe so tightly on his heart. Almost bursting in agony, he cries to have this pressure relaxed; and who cannot imagine the half-said, half-sighed "Thank you, sir," of the old monarch? It was the last sigh of the broken-heart, upon which his robe pressed so heavily; and masterly done was it on the part of our poet to introduce this wonderful piece of nature. Let none dare to tell me it is ridiculous: it is the very height of the sublime.

Lastly, I must speak of Mr. Nahum Tate's alteration of this play. Nothing can be more utterly tasteless. I will only speak of the catastrophe; one would have thought that when Shakspeare had written,

"Vex not his ghost—O let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer,"

none would have ventured on prolonging his life. Alas! it has proved otherwise. Mr. Tate felt that the termination of this play appealed to the heart. As he himself had never ventured on so bold a scheme as this, he determined to defend the audience from the infliction, which was powerful enough to agitate the feelings even of the great Dr. Johnson. He, therefore, cut the last scene to pieces, and substituted one from his own more innocent and unoffending pen, by which the catastrophe is entirely altered, and the whole ends like a fashionable novel. Cordelia recovers; Lear appears before the astonished audience in robust health; and gives away his daughter, who (to borrow the phraseology of the above-mentioned fashionable novel) having recovered from her late serious accident (remember, reader, that of being nearly hanged), is led to the hymeneal altar by Edgar, who, we are happy to state, has rallied considerably. I wonder Mr. Tate did not conclude with that most appropriate passage, which we have no doubt the author would have lent him for so excellent a purpose:—

"LEAR. Dance, Regan, dance with Cordelia and Goneril,
Down the middle, up again, poussett and cross;
Stop, Cordelia, do not tread upon her heel," &c.*

So ends, or should have ended, the tragedy ("risum teneatis amici,")

* See the Rejected Addresses. Punch's Apotheosi.

as altered by Mr. Tate, who has gained the reputation of having put a hook, as Charles Lamb excellently remarks, into the nose of this leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily.

But I must take my leave of Mr. Tate, and it shall be in the words of Jaques :—" God be with you, let's meet as little as we can." *

I have now concluded the first series of these papers : when or where they will be continued, or, indeed, whether they will be continued at all, I cannot with certainty state. It will, however, be an ample compensation to me for my trouble, if I have drawn the careless reader into the habit of perusing the great poet's works with attention, or removed any obstacle from the way of the student.

C. H. H.

EARLY SORROWS.

THE golden sunset had faded into darkness before the coming night, when on a rosebud, which had that morning first opened its petals to the bright sunlight, the first dewdrop of evening fell ; and it seemed as though that young flower was weeping because the brightness of its early life had so soon passed away. But when the morning light dawned again in the heaven, not only did the rose look fairer for the tears that glistened upon its beauty, but those drops from heaven sank into its root, and refreshed and strengthened it to bear the heat of another day.

It is well when the sweet flowers of thought that spring up in the young heart are watered early by the tears of gentle sorrow. For those tears, springing from a fountain yet unpoisoned by the blight of sin, are like the drops of dew that fall from heaven upon the flowers of earth, brightening their colours, refreshing their odours, and so softening the soil around them, that their roots strike deeper, and their stems grow stronger, and they wither not before the scorching heats, nor are beaten down by the rude storms of later life.

Puck.

* As You like it. Act III. Scene 2.

THE
CREATION OF THE TURTLE-DOVES.

(From the German of Herder.)

Two lovers sat together in the first fair dream of their wishes ; but, alas ! their wishes must remain a dream. The implacable Fates envied them, and their souls departed in one sigh, undivided from each other.

The first that they saw when separated from their bodies, was the Goddess of Love hovering round them. Mournful and lamenting they flew into her bosom—"Thou didst not stand by us, good Goddess ; thou sawest our wishes, and didst not suffer us to enjoy them in human life. But we will yet love as shadows undivided."

"The love of shadows," said the moved Goddess, "is a mournful love. It is not indeed in my power to give ye again the life of men ; but fate permits me to change ye into some form of my kingdom. Will ye be the doves who, triumphing, draw my chariot, and, in the choir of gallantry and wit, live on ambrosial food ? Your faith, your love, deserveth this reward."

"Pardon, O good mother," said the lovers with one voice, "pardon us the too dangerous, too glittering reward. In the choir of wit and gallantry, in the eternal noise and brilliancy of thy conquering court, who would be surety for our faith, for our love ? Should we be doves, let us go into loneliness, that in our poor nest we may be all, and remain all to one another."

The Goddess spake the word of transformation ; see, there flew the first pair of cooing turtle-doves. They cooed their thanks to the Goddess, and flew to their grave, where they, with their truth, with their touching lament, would move the old Fates that they should give them back their unenjoyed human life.

But their mutual lament is even their comfort ; the gentle, true love that they enjoy in their desolation, is more to them than all the joys at the throne of Venus.

Is it envy or goodness that the Fates yet ever leave to them their dove's form, and guard them from the dangerous destiny of a changeful human heart ?

PUCK.

OLD PLAYS.

JOHNSON. But, Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting?
for I love those plays where they cut and slash one another upon
the stage for a whole hour together.—*The Rehearsal.*

THE reader who studies with attention the works of the old dramatists, cannot fail to observe a peculiarity, not only in the construction of their plays, but also in their language. What was in the old days in which they wrote considered sublime, would be laughed at and considered ridiculous in our own times; and what we now admire would, in those times, have been considered weak and puerile. The greatest admirer of the dramatic writers of the old school must allow that, if they are superior in point of language,—and I think there can be no doubt entertained upon this point,—we have the advantage over them with regard to our plots. Most of them, in the works of the old dramatists, are very faulty, often hanging upon the grossest improbabilities, and not a few on apparent impossibilities;—but let us take an example.

I know of no play containing so fine language in parts as the play of Jeronimo, and the continuation of this play called the Spanish Tragedy, by Kyd. As it contains some of the finest passages I remember to have read in any of the old dramatists, I cannot forbear bringing some of these before the notice of the reader, to the somewhat neglect of enlarging on the other point, namely, the faults of the plot. It is ever more pleasing to contemplate beauties than defects, and I am sure the reader will find greater delight in perusing a few of the many splendid passages of these plays, than in having pointed out the absurd and ridiculous plots; and the more so, as these plays are remarkably scarce, and therefore not likely to fall into the hands of many of our readers. The following is quaint and worthy of citation:—

“ Now I remember too : O, sweet remembrance !
This day my years strike fifty, and in Rome
They call the fifty year the year of jubily,
The merry year, the peaceful year, jocund year,
A year of joy, of pleasure, and delight.
This shall be my year of jubily, for 'tis my fifty.”

In this passage we have an extraordinary character of the old writers in the expression “strike fifty.” Ideas of this quaint and original description, are the grand marks of the old dramatists.

The most remarkable scene in this play is the scene in which the painter Bazardo comes to Hieronimo, whose son has been murdered. This scene is the one best known of any in this play. I shall, however, make a few extracts from it, premising that it is supposed that Ben Jonson, who, it appears, used to act the part of Hieronimo, introduced this scene into the play from his own pen. The following is exceedingly beautiful :—

“ **ISABELLA.** Is not this the place, and this the very tree
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered ?

“ **HIERONIMO.** Was, do not say what—
This was the tree, I set it of a kernel ;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the humane sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water :
At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore ;
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son,
It bore thy fruit and mine.”

The following is a powerful piece of writing: Hieronimo is giving the painter instructions to draw him at the time when he discovered his son murdered.

“ **HIERONIMO.** Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring me through
alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and
let my hair heave up my nightcap.

Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the
winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking,
the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve.

And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering,
as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him
down—

And looking upon him by the advantages of my torch, find it to be
my son Horatio.

There you may show a passion—there you may show a passion.

Draw me like old Priam of Troy,

Crying the house is a-fire—the house is a-fire.

And the torch over my head ! make me curse,

Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad.

Make me well again, make me curse hell,

Invoke, and in the end leave me

In a trance and so forth.”

Every one who reads this passage must be struck with the extreme force and power of the writing. In fact, I do not know where to find any passage equal to it in these respects. I have in

vain sought in Lear for a passage of equal strength. And I know not where we can find anything to be compared with it. It certainly does not resemble the writing of Kyd, but I do not think it bears any very plain marks of Ben Jonson about it. Whoever wrote it, wrote a passage of wonderful beauty; but I think it must be acknowledged that the discovery of the real author is a matter of very slight importance.

Here is another forcible piece of writing, but this is certainly Kyd's:—

“BAYULTO. I am a grieved man, and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murdered son.

“HIERONIMO. Aye, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son :
Thou art the lively image of my grief,
Within thy face my sorrows I may see :
Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan ;
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off ;
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow sueth for thy son :
The self-same sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel ;
Lean on my arm. I thee, thou me shalt stay,
And thou and I and she will sing a song.
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed ;
Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain.”

This is indeed a splendid passage, and in short all through this play we have continually passages of this kind.

The next that I shall direct attention to is in the fifth Act, and is spoken by Isabella. To make this passage quite clear to the reader, it should be known that while she speaks this, she is in the orchard or garden in which Horatio, her son, was murdered.

“ISABELLA. Tell me no more : O monstrous homicides !
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion ;
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloved son.

(She cuts down the Arbour.)

Down with these branches, and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine ;
Down with them, Isabella, rend them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, or branch, a blossom, or a leaf,

No, not an herb within this garden plot,
 Accursed complot of my miseries !
 Fruitless for ever may this garden be ;
 Barren the earth ; and blissless whosoe'er
 Imagines not, to keep it unmanured.—
 An eastern wind, commixed with noisome airs,
 Shall blast the plants and the young saplings.
 The earth with serpents shall be pestered,
 And passengers, for fear to be infect,
 Shall stand aloof, and looking at it, tell
 There, murdered, died the son of Isabel."

Although this passage is very fine, the reader will perceive the same blemish which too often characterises the finer parts of Shakspeare's works, namely, an useless quibble introduced for no purpose whatever but to play upon the word. It will be sufficient to mention one of these in Shakspeare—"Too much of water hadst thou, poor Ophelia." I think this is the besetting sin of old writers.

One more passage, and I have done with this play. Hieronimo, for the purpose of revenging his son, constructs a play, and by arranging the parts according to his design, succeeds in stabbing Lorenzo. The king, however, at the end of the play, asks what follows for Hieronimo.

"HIERONIMO. Marry this follows for Hieronimo.—
 Here break we off our sundry languages,
 And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
 Haply you think (but bootless are your thoughts,)
 That this is fabulously counterfeit,
 And that we do as all tragedians do,
 To die to-day, (for fashioning our scene,
 The death of Ajax, or some Roman peer,)
 And in a minute starting up again,
 Revive to please to-morrow's audience.
 No, princes ; know I am Hieronimo,
 The hopeless father of a hapless son,
 Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale ;
 Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
 I see your looks urge instance of those words—
 Behold the reason urging me to this.

(He shows his dead Son.)

See here my shew, look on this spectacle ;
 Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end ·
 Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain :
 Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost :
 Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft :

But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
 All fled, failed, died; yea, all decayed with this.
 From forth these wounds came breath that gave new life,
 They murdered me, that made the fatal marks."

This, it must be confessed, is infinitely above all modern dramatic writing; but there can be but one feeling, that of regret, when we find language like this attached to a plot that out-melodrames all melo-drames, and is most improbable. Horatio is murdered;—Andrea is soon transformed to a ghost, in which character we see him through five acts at intervals;—Hieronimo goes mad;—Isabella "runs lunatic," and stabs herself;—Belimperia stabs first Balthazar, and then herself;—Hieronimo stabs Lorenzo—bites out his tongue—stabs the duke and himself with a pen-knife—and the Tragedy concludes with the entrance of the ghost of Andrea, and Revenge, who express themselves extremely well satisfied with the catastrophe.

It is really lamentable to find such magnificent writing as we have throughout this play attached to a plot so truly ridiculous. However, let us remember that this was not the fault of the author, but of the age in which he lived.

C. H. H.

THE YELLOW LEAF.

EVEN as the sear leaf on the tree in its blossom, so stands among the rustling concourse of his fellow-men the Miser, tainted with his yellow gold. No longer can he taste the dews of heaven, no longer can he draw in life from the warm sunlight; the very breeze that sporteth gaily through the boughs, singing of joy to all creation else, murmurs his requiem. For in its gladsome course the golden store is shaken, and thereat grieving, doth the sear leaf fall. But then when its death-hour hath come, then payeth it to sovereign nature that just tribute-debt of good which at one time, be it in their life or death, all things that are, have been created but to pay. And the yellow leaf nourisheth in its death the roots of the fair plant that in their life its fellows have maintained.

HAI.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

"Not lost, but gone before."

———Oh, weep not for the dead !
 They have passed away from this world of care,
 To dwell amid scenes ever blooming and fair ;
 Like mariners storm-tost they've reached at last
 A haven secure from the wave and the blast ;
 Like wand'ring pilgrims in search of a rest
 They have reached the place of their toilsome quest,
 And calmly repose on the banks of those streams
 That sparkle and glow in eternity's beams,
 As softly they glide 'neath the emerald bowers,—
 And murmur soft songs to the many-hued flowers,—
 Those flowers ever fragrant which know not decay :
 Unlike the frail perishing things of this earth,
 That bloom for a moment, and then pass away,
 By the dews of delight and the sunshine of mirth,
 Unfading, they ever are fed ;—
 Then weep not for the dead !

———Oh, mourn not for the dead !
 Is it not better,—far better to know
 That the snares which are spread for man's footsteps below
 Are spread vainly for them? that dark sorrow and pain
 Can vex them no more? that the wearisome chain,
 Which bound them to trouble and wasting disease,
 Is severed, and now, as a lark on the breeze
 Soareth upward and singeth, so wing they their flight
 To the home of the blessed, the land of delight?
 And as basks that sweet bird in the life-giving ray,
 And poureth the fulness of joy in his lay,
 So they bask in the beams which effulgently shine
 Round the throne of their Maker, and join in the hymn
 Which the seraphs upraise to the Godhead divine,
 With hearts never weary, and eyes never dim
 With such tears as on earth they shed?
 Then mourn not for the dead !

H. G. ADAMS.

THE USES OF POETRY.

“ Oh ! deem not, midst this worldly strife,
 An idle art the poet brings ;
 Let high philosophy control,
 And sages calm the stream of life ;
 'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
 The nobler passions of the soul.”—CAMPBELL.

THE study and cultivation of the noble art of poetry, is, it cannot but be feared, looked upon by the greater part of mankind as frivolous, and altogether unworthy of the attention of the wise and great. In fact, it too frequently happens that that love of the ideal, and that second sight which sees beyond the material and visible world,—which creates its own prospects, and brings into life objects which are invisible to all eyes but those of fancy,—is ridiculed by mankind as romantic and absurd. The reasoning by which such ridicule is supported and backed, is equally contemptible with the feelings which prompt it. Can we suppose this great mind, which, the more we consider it, seems the more to be too big for its pigmy habitation, was given us to be limited by the narrow bounds of material and visible objects ?

—“ What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time,
 Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more ;
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason,
 To fret in us unused.”

No, indeed ; it is this very limiting the flights of fancy—this very tying down the imagination to objects of this mass of clay, which perverts God's greatest blessing to a curse, and transforms the imagination—the “*divinæ particulum auræ*,” from the delicate Ariel, to the gross and senseless Caliban.

Of the absurdity of limiting the faculty of imagination to the

ordinary things of life, to the material objects around us, very little need be said : it is the boundless space through which imagination travels, that gives us the only idea we can entertain of eternity. It is the imagination which peoples the earth, air, and sea, with form and fancies of its own, which, if they tend not to the general good, at least make life fairer, and the world less a mass of clay. Those who contend that the imagination can revel in merely transferring existing objects to visible scenes, need only to be reminded that the new-creations of the brain are ever more lovely than realities. I presume no one will deny that Shakspeare's fairy scenes, and fanciful creations, are more beautiful and intellectual than the dreams of an overfed alderman ; that Puck and his ærial fellows are, even though a mere creation, more admirable than the visions of gastronomy, or the ghosts of edibles.

"But," cry some few sturdy utilitarians, "of what real benefit to mankind are these visions of the fancy ? In what one way do they tend to advance the happiness or diminish the misery of man ?"

This is soon answered. The man of figures indeed may sneer at poetry ; the materialist and the sensualist may scoff at the influence of the poet's pen ; but it is simply for the reason that it can exert no influence on them. Poetry appeals only to the gentler and more refined feelings of man : it is the food of love, the inspiration of valour, the language of piety. To the sordid and the heartless, it cannot be a pleasure.

I can almost imagine poetry in its pure and unperverted state to be the very language of innocence. The infant in the cradle feels it ; and, when all things else fail of amusing and delighting, some simple rhyme or unlettered song strikes home to the heart yet untaught by the world that there exist deceit and wrong, and fix in mute attention that baby ear, that as yet knows no sound but of love.

It must be remembered, too, that it was through the medium of divine poetry, that the oracles of God were delivered to man ; and it was in strains of the loftiest and most inspired poetry that, from the earliest ages of the world, man has been accustomed to offer up his worship. It has prophesied the future ; it has chronicled the past ; it has been the delight of the good, and the ornament of the wise ; and, let the world laugh at it as it will, is entitled to the highest reverence.

Its uses are so numerous and important, that I scarce know where to commence my enumeration of them ; but, perhaps, none

of them shines forth so brightly as the power which it exercises on the heart. Eyes that have never wept at real woe, have acknowledged its power, and opened the flood-gates of the fountain of tears ; hearts ungentle and untameable have learned to acknowledge the sway of poesy, and, although deaf to the cries of real woe, have grieved over the fictitious miseries of some offspring of the poet's brain.

Not only, however, does poetry exert an influence over the heart, but it also exalts and elevates the mind, rendering it more capable of appreciating refined and intellectual enjoyments, and preserving it from being debased by pursuits less noble. It may be denied by some this is the case, and instances have been brought forward of a contrary effect ; but when I speak of poetry exalting the mind, I would be understood to mean simply that poetry which has for its object the painting of virtue in its own peculiar beauty, and vice in its native deformity.

Moreover poetry is the best and most delightful companion on the journey of life. It points out beauties which we should otherwise pass over, and strews the path with flowers which would otherwise be rough and wearisome. It is never without its charm ; it people's solitudes with form of beauty, and silence with sounds of delight ; it amuses and consoles in adversity, and embraces every pleasure in prosperity ; it is ever presenting some new object to the eyes of fancy, and is never without some tale to beguile the hour. The poet is the only man who can really enjoy life, because he is the only man who can create new scenes and images ; to him there comes nothing without its charm ; it is he that can

“ Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

If in a happy mood, the angels of fancy bring him fresh goblets of pleasure to taste ; if in gloomy melancholy, they come and minister to him.

It appears to be too common an idea, that melancholy is the constant attendant of poetry. This is a very mistaken idea. Moore, in one of his beautiful Irish melodies has unconsciously betrayed the true poetical feeling, namely, the keen enjoyment of pleasure, and the bitter sense of pain :—

“ No ! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.”

Let no one then declare poetry to be useless ; it has furnished the stage with the precepts of morality, and has added a charm to all the beauties of life. Who, that is endowed with a poetic feeling, can go forth among the charms of nature, and not feel that poetry has laid her spells upon them all ? To every flower that grows in the garden of life, there is a beauty given by nature,—to many an odour and a sweetness ; but to these graces, poesy has added ideal charms, and created where it could not improve. It has grown with civilization, and will continue to grow with it ; and wherever it goes, it will carry with it a refinement peculiar to itself. It will diffuse knowledge which would otherwise have been confined by narrow limits ; it will find entry where things 'less æry would fail to gain admittance ; and go where it will throughout the great globe of earth, it will carry with it its horn of plenty, and scatter its delights with unsparing hand, till an Eden smile where a desert frowned ; and where it cannot find real beauty, will create ideal.

C. H. H.

THE STAR IN THE BROOK.

LONE tenant of the boundless field of heaven,
 That field yet reddened by the blood of Day,
 And Night's great victory, shines Hesperus,
 The glittering herald of advancing hosts
 Of heavenly stars. The brook swells at our feet
 Singing of Evening, fallen champion
 Of vanquished Day ; swiftly it glideth on ;
 Wave hurries wave, and, mirrored in its glass,
 Beameth the herald star, as though his path
 Led through these waters to another heaven.
 Wave hurries wave, still waves glide swiftly on ;
 Still on the wave, he glides not with the current ;
 But, near yon water-lily, motionless
 He rests, though restless waters change beneath him.
 Thus it is with the soul of Innocence.
 On earth its beam may dwell, yet moves it not
 With breaking wave and ever-changing current.
 Life may stream round it o'er Life's stony course,
 And float on into storms and bitterness,
 Yet still, unmoved, it shines.

For, as in brooks
 Stars are but pictures, echoes of a shape,
 So while on earth that spirit's form doth seem,
 Heaven is its home,—its earth some angel-dream.

HAL.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

A Tragedy.

(Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.)

ACT V.

*(Scene as in Acts III and IV.)*SCENE I.—MARINELLI. *The PRINCE.*

MAR. Here, out of this window may your highness see him. He is pacing to and fro in the arcade.—See now he stoops, he is entering.—No, he turns back again.—He is not quite at rest yet with himself. But far calmer—or he seems so. 'Tis the same to us!—That of course! And whatever the two women may have put into his head, will he dare to have it seen?—Battista tells me that his wife is at once to send the carriage out. For he came on horseback.—Mark now, my lord, when he appears before you, how submissively he will thank your highness for the gracious protection extended to his family in this unhappy accident; he will commend himself and his daughter to your continued grace; will carry her quietly to town, and await with the deepest humility what further interest it may please your highness to take in his dear, unhappy girl.

PRINCE. But if he should not be so tame? And hardly, hardly will he be so. I know him too well.—If at the most he should conceal his suspicions, repress his wrath: but instead of taking Emilia to the town, convey her home to him? retain her near him? or, it may be, shut her up in a nunnery beyond my jurisdiction? How then?

MAR. A trembling love looks far into the distance. Truly, —But he will not——

PRINCE. But if he should! How then? what will it profit us then that the ill-fated Count has lost his life in the affair?

MAR. Why glance so mournfully aside? Forwards! is the conqueror's thought: let friend or let foe fall beside him.—And what then! Even though the old miser would do that which you now fear, my Prince:—(*reflecting.*) It will do! I have it!—Farther than a Would most certainly he shall not bring it! Certainly not!—But we must not let him from our sight!—(*returns to the window.*) A little more and we had been surprised! He comes!

—Let us avoid him for the present; and hear first, my Prince, what we must do in the event you dread.

PRINCE (*threatening.*) Heed, Marinelli!—

MAR. The most innocent thing in the world!—

SCENE II.—ODOARDO GALOTTI.

No one yet here?—Good; I shall become yet calmer. It is my good fortune.—Nothing is so contemptible as a young hot head and hairs of grey to cover it! Often have I told myself so. And yet have let my reason be carried away: and by whom? By a jealous woman; by a woman mad with jealousy.—What can there be in common between injured honour and the revenge of lust? It is the honour only that I have to rescue.—And thy quarrel,—O my son! my son!—I never yet could weep;—and will not learn it now for the first time—thy quarrel will another Power make his own. Enough for me that the murderer enjoy not the harvest of his guilt.—Let this torture him, more even than his crime! When soon satiety and disgust hurry him from one excess into another; then let the memory embitter all, that for this one pleasure he has not atoned! In every dream may the bleeding bridegroom lead the bride before his bed; and when his lustful arms are stretched towards her: then suddenly let the mocking laughter of Hell ring in his ears, and let him wake!

SCENE III.—MARINELLI. ODOARDO GALOTTI.

MAR. Where have you been lingering, my lord? where have you been lingering?

ODOARDO. Was my daughter here?

MAR. No: but the Prince.

ODOARDO. He will pardon me.—I accompanied the Countess.

MAR. Well?

ODOARDO. The good lady!

MAR. And your lady wife?

ODOARDO. Is with the Countess;—to send the carriage out to us directly. Let the Prince only suffer, that until it arrive I may remain here with my daughter.

MAR. Why all this ceremony? Would it not give his highness pleasure himself to escort them both, mother and daughter, to the town?

ODOARDO. The daughter, for one, must have declined the honour.

MAR. Why so?

ODOARDO. She goes not to Guastalla.

MAR. Not? and wherefore not?

ODOARDO. The Count is dead—

MAR. So much the rather——

ODOARDO. She shall go with me.

MAR. With you?

ODOARDO. With me. I tell you, sir, the Count is dead.—If you do not yet know it.—What more can lead her to Guastalla? She shall with me.

MAR. By all means, the future residence of the daughter will depend wholly on her father's will. Only for the present——

ODOARDO. What for the present?

MAR. You must permit, Lord Commandant, that she be carried to Guastalla.

ODOARDO. My daughter? be carried to Guastalla? and for what reason?

MAR. For what reason? Do but consider, my lord—

ODOARDO (*fiercely*.) Consider! consider! I consider, that here there is nothing to consider.—She shall, she must with me.

MAR. O, sir, what need is there that we dispute the matter? It may be, that I am in error; that what I consider needful, is not need.—The Prince will best know how to judge it. Let the Prince decide.—I will go bring him.

SCENE IV. — ODOARDO GALOTTI.

How?—Never!—To me, prescribe where she shall go?—To me, deny her?—who will do that?—who dares do that?—He who dares here do all things that he will? Good, good; now then shall he see how much I too dare do, whether I dare it yet or no! Short-sighted monster! Well may I cope with thee. The man who cares not for a law, may be as powerful as he who knows none. That know you not? Come on! come on!——But see now! Once more already, once more has anger cast my reason out.—What would I? First let that happen over which I rage. What cannot a court fool tattle! Had I but let him tattle on! Had I only given ear to his pretence, wherefore she must once more to Guastalla!—

—Let us avoid him for the present an answer. And yet, to what we must do in the event you could it fail me; should it—

PRINCE (*threatening.*) H Alm!

MAR. The most innocent

SCENE MARINELLI. ODOARDO GALOTTI.

Dear, my honest Galotti,—such an accident No one yet here? if I would see you in my presence. For no good fortune.—N you to be seen.—Yet no reproaches!

hairs of grey t May it please your grace, I hold it in all cases to have let my a man to force himself upon the notice of his woman; t whom he knows, he shall summon before him when that commor have occasion for his services. Even now I crave forgive- the h

PRINCE. How many another could I wish gifted with this noble modesty!—But to the point. You will be anxious to behold your daughter. She is in new disquiet, on account of the sudden departure of a tender mother.—And wherefore this departure? I waited only until the lovely Emilia had perfectly regained her strength, that I might bring both of them in triumph to the town. This triumph you have spoiled me by one half; wholly, however, it shall not be taken from me.

ODOARDO. Too gracious!—Permit me, Prince, to spare my unhappy child all the various afflictions that friend and foe, pity and exulting malice prepare for her reception in Guastalla.

PRINCE. Cruel would it be to deprive her of the sweet afflictions that friendship and compassion bring. But that affliction, from foe or malice, do not reach her, for that, my dear Galotti, suffer me to answer.

ODOARDO. Prince, a father's love does not gladly admit a partner in its care.—I think I know what alone, under her present circumstances, can become my daughter.—Retirement from the world;—a convent,—as soon as possible.

PRINCE. A convent?

ODOARDO. Until that time let her weep beneath her father's eyes.

PRINCE. Should so much beauty fade within a convent?—Ought one mistaken hope to make us so irreconcilable with the world?—Yet by all means: no one has right to dictate to a father. Convey your daughter, Galotti, whither it may please you.

(*to Marinelli.*) Now, my lord?

even demand it of me! ——

no means, by no means!

we ye together?

Nothing, my lord, nothing.—We are considering
us has been mistaken in you.

How so?—Speak, Marinelli.

MAR. It gives me pain, to stand in the way of my Prince's
clemency. But when friendship requires, above all, to awaken the
judge in him——

PRINCE. What friendship?—

MAR. Your highness knows how dearly the Count Appiani
was beloved by me; how closely both our souls seemed interwoven
with each other——

ODOARDO. Know you that, Prince? Then in that knowledge,
by my troth, you stand alone.

MAR. By himself appointed his avenger——

ODOARDO. You?

MAR. Ask only of your lady wife. Marinelli, the name of
Marinelli, was the last word of the dying Count: and in a tone!
in a tone!—O may it never pass out of my memory, that fearful
tone, if I do not employ every energy for the discovery and pun-
ishment of his assassins.

PRINCE. Depend upon my most powerful assistance.

ODOARDO. And on my warmest wishes!—Well, well! But
what more?

PRINCE. That ask I too, Marinelli.

MAR. There are suspicions that they were not robbers who
attacked the Count.

ODOARDO (*in sarcasm.*) Not? really not?

MAR. That a rival caused him to be put out of his way.

ODOARDO (*bitterly.*) Ay! a rival?

MAR. No other.

ODOARDO. Well then,—May Heaven curse him, the murder-
ous scoundrel!

MAR. A rival, and a favoured rival——

ODOARDO. What? favoured?—What do you say?

MAR. Nothing beyond what report has spread.

ODOARDO. A favoured rival? favoured by my daughter?

MAR. That he certainly is not. That he cannot be. That I
will oppose in spite of you.—But with all this, my lord,—for the

most deeply rooted prejudice weighs as nothing in the scale of justice :—with all this it cannot be avoided that the unhappy lady be heard for her own part.

PRINCE. Certainly ; by all means.

MAR. And where else ? where else than in Guastalla can this be ?

PRINCE. There you are right, Marinelli ; there you are right.—Yes, yes : that alters the case, dear Galotti. Does it not ? You see yourself—

ODOARDO. O yes, I see—I see, what I see.—God ! God !

PRINCE. What ails you ? Wherefore troubled in yourself ?

ODOARDO. That I had not foreseen what I there see. That vexes me : nothing farther.—So then, she shall return to Guastalla. I will bring her once more to her mother : and until the strictest investigation has pronounced her guiltless, I myself will not stir out of the town. For who knows,—(*with a bitter laugh*) who knows whether justice may not find it needful also to examine me !

MAR. Very possible : In such cases justice does rather too much than too little.—Therefore, I fear even——

PRINCE. What ? what do you fear ?

MAR. That, at the outset, it cannot be permitted that mother and daughter should speak together.

ODOARDO. Not speak together ?

MAR. It will be necessary that mother and daughter should be parted.

ODOARDO. Mother and daughter parted ?

MAR. Mother and daughter and father. The form of the tribunal unfortunately calls for this precaution. And it gives me pain, my good lord, especially to dwell on this, at least that Emilia be placed in separate confinement.

ODOARDO. Separate confinement ?—Prince ! Prince !—But, yes ; certainly, certainly ! Quite right : in a separate confinement ! Ay, Prince ? ay ?—O how refined is justice ! Excellent ! (*applies suddenly to the fold of his dress, in which he has the dagger.*)

PRINCE (*fawning towards him.*) Collect yourself, dear Galotti.—

ODOARDO (*aside, withdrawing his hand empty.*) There spoke his angel !

PRINCE. You are mistaken. You understand him not. You imagine, doubtless, under the word confinement is meant prison and cell.

ODOARDO. Let me think of that, and I am calm.

PRINCE. Not a word of prison, Marinelli! The rigour of the laws may here readily be combined with respect towards unsullied virtue. If Emilia is to be placed in separate confinement: I know already—the most suitable of all. The house of my chancellor.—No opposition, Marinelli!—Thither I myself will take her. There will I give her up to the care of one of the worthiest of ladies. She shall be answerable to me for her.—You go too far, Marinelli, really too far, if you ask more.—You know surely, Galotti, my chancellor Grimaldi and his wife?

ODOARDO. How should I otherwise? I know even the lovely daughter of this honourable pair. Who does not know her?—(*to Marinelli*) No, my lord, do not yield him that. If Emilia is to be confined: she must be confined in the deepest dungeon. Urge that, I pray of thee.—Fool that I am, with my prayer! Old block-head that I am!—Ay, truly, the good sibyl is in the right: He who over certain things loses not reason, can have none to lose!

PRINCE. I do not understand you.—My dear Galotti, what can I do more?—Let it remain thus: I entreat you.—Yes, yes, to the house of my chancellor! thither shall she be carried, thither will I carry her myself; and if she meet not there the most profound respect, my word is of no value. But be not concerned.—So it shall be! so it shall be!—You yourself, Galotti, can be where you please. You can follow us to Guastalla; you can return to Sabionetta: as you will. It were ridiculous to dictate to you.—And now, *au revoir*, my dear Galotti!—Come, Marinelli: it grows late.

ODOARDO (*who has stood in deep reflection.*) What? must I not then speak to her at all? Not even here?—See, I am content with everything; I find all excellent. The house of a Chancellor is naturally a refuge tower for virtue. O, your highness, carry, I entreat you, my daughter thither; no where else than thither.—But I would that I might first speak with her. She is yet unaware of the Count's death. She will be unable to understand wherefore she is parted from her parents. To explain this to her in a proper manner; to quiet her on occasion of this parting:—I must speak with her my lord, I must speak with her.

PRINCE. So come then——

ODOARDO. O, the daughter too can come doubtless to the father.—Here, beneath our own eyes, I have done with her directly. Do you but send her to me, noble lord.

PRINCE. If you will!—O Galotti, O that you would be my friend, my guide, my father! [*Exeunt PRINCE and MARINELLI.*

SCENE VI.—ODOARDO GALOTTI.

(*Gazing after him; after a pause*) Why not?—with all my heart and soul.—Ha! ha! ha!—(*looks wildly around*) who laughs there? By God, I think, it was myself.—Right! Merrily, merrily! The game moves to an end. So, or so!—But—(*pause*) If she were in understanding with him? Were it but the daily puppet game? If she were not worthy that which I shall do for her?—(*pause*) Shall do for her? what then shall I do for her?—Have I heart to tell it to myself?—Ha! I am thinking something! something that can be only thought.—Horrible! away, away! I will not wait for her. No!—(*looking towards Heaven*) He who cast her innocent into this pit, let his hand rescue her. What needeth He my hand to aid him? Away! (*about to go, when he sees Emilia approaching*) Too late! Ha! He will employ my hand; He will employ it.

SCENE VII.—EMILIA. ODOARDO.

EMILIA. What? you here, my father?—And you only?—And my mother? not here?—And the Count? not here?—And you so agitated, my dear father?

ODOARDO. And thou so calm, my daughter?—

EMILIA. Why not, dear father? Either I have nothing lost, or all. When one may well be calm, and when one must;—are they not one in the end?

ODOARDO. But which think you is the case?

EMILIA. That all is lost; and that we must be calm, my father.

ODOARDO. And are you thus calm, because you now have need for calmness?—Who art thou? A girl? and my daughter? Well then might the man and the father blush before you!—But let us hear:—what call you: all lost?—that the Count is dead?

EMILIA. And wherefore he is dead! wherefore! Ha, then it is true, my father? Then is it true, this fearful story that I read in my mother's wild and weeping eyes?—Where is my mother? Whither has she gone, my father?

ODOARDO. Before us;—if we follow.

EMILIA. The sooner; the better. For if the Count be dead; if he be therefore dead—therefore! why do we still linger here? Let us fly, my father!

ODOARDO. Fly?—What need is there for that?—Thou art, and thou remainest in the robber's hands.

EMILIA. I remain in his hands?

ODOARDO. And alone; without thy mother; without me.

EMILIA. I alone in his hands?—Never, my father.—Or you are not father of mine.—I alone in his hands?—Good, do but leave me; do but leave me.—I will see then, who shall hold me,—who shall compel me,—who the man is that can compel his fellow.

ODOARDO. I think that you are calm, my child.

EMILIA. That am I. But what call you, to be calm? To lay my hands within my bosom? Suffer what must not be suffered. Bear, what should not be borne?

ODOARDO. Ha! if thou think'st so!—Let me embrace thee, daughter!—Did I not ever say, Nature had made woman for her masterpiece? But she mistook her clay; made her too delicate. Else is everything better far in you than us.—Ha! if that be your calmness: then have I found mine own in it once more! Let me embrace thee, my daughter!—Think only; under the pretence of a judicial trial,—O for the hellish trickery!—he tears thee away from mine arms, and brings thee to Grimaldi.

EMILIA. Tears me away? brings me?—Will tear me away;—will bring me: will! will!—As if we, father, we could have no wills!

ODOARDO. I too was so furious; that I had already grasped at this dagger (*drawing it*) to pierce the heart of one, of both!—of both!

EMILIA. For Heaven's sake be it not so, dear father.—This life is all the wicked have.—Me, me, my father, let me have the dagger.

ODOARDO. Child, it is no hair-pin.

EMILIA. Then shall the hair-pin serve as dagger!—'tis the same.

ODOARDO. What? Has it come to this? No, my girl, no; consider.—You too have but a single life to lose.

EMILIA. And but one innocence!

ODOARDO. Which is exalted far above all violence.

EMILIA. But not above temptation.—Violence! violence! who cannot bid defiance unto force? That which men call violence, is naught: temptation is the only violence. I have blood, my father; blood as youthful and as warm as any. My senses too are senses.

I stand for nothing. I am fit for nothing. I know the house of the Grimaldi. It is the house of pleasure. An hour there, beneath my mother's eye; and many a tumult was raised up within my soul, that the severest exercises of religion could scarcely soften down in weeks.—Of religion! and of what religion? To avoid no worse than this, thousands leapt into the waves and became saints!—Give me, my father, give me then this dagger.

ODOARDO. And if you knew this dagger!—

EMILIA. What if I knew it not!—A friend unknown is a friend still.—Give it me, dear father, give it me.

ODOARDO. And if I give it to you—there! (*gives it to her.*)

EMILIA. And there! (*about to stab herself, when her father snatches it back out of her hand.*)

ODOARDO. See, how rash!—No, girl, that is not for thy hand.

EMILIA. It is true, with a hair-pin should I——(*feels with her fingers in her hair to seek one, and finds the rose there*) Thou here still?—Down with thee, thou hast no place among the hair of one—as my father wills that I shall be!

ODOARDO. O my daughter!—

EMILIA. O, my father, did I but understand thee!—But no; that will you not. Else why did you delay? (*in a bitter tone, as she plucks the rose to pieces*) Of old times, indeed, there was a father, who to save his daughter from disgrace, thrust into her heart the first and nearest weapon, and gave to her a second time her life. But all such deeds are of old times! There are no more such fathers now!

ODOARDO. Still, daughter still! (*as he stabs her*) O God, what have I done! (*she is about to sink, he catches her within his arms.*)

EMILIA. Plucked a rose, before its leaves were scattered by the storm.—O let me kiss this hand, this father's hand.

SCENE VIII.—*The PRINCE.* MARINELLI.

PRINCE (*in entering.*) What is here?—Is Emilia not well?

ODOARDO. She is very well; very well!

PRINCE (*approaching.*) What do I see?—Distraction!

MAR. Woe is me!

PRINCE. Cruel father, what hast thou done!

ODOARDO. Plucked a rose, before its leaves were scattered by the storm.—Was it not so, my daughter?

EMILIA. Not thou, my father—I myself—myself—

ODOARDO. Not thou, my daughter;—not thou!—Go not with an untruth out of the world. Not thou, my daughter! Thy father, thy unhappy father!

EMILIA. Ah—my father—(*she dies, and he lays her softly upon the ground.*)

ODOARDO. Thou to thy rest!—See there, Prince! does she please you still! Does she still excite in you desire? Still, even in this blood that shouts revenge against you? (*after a pause*) But you marvel whither all this tends? You expect doubtless that I shall turn this steel against myself, and complete my deed as a base tragedy?—You are mistaken. Here! (*casting the dagger before his feet*) Here lies the bloody witness of my crime! I go and deliver myself up into confinement. I go and expect you, as judge—And then, then—I await you in the presence of the Judge of all!

PRINCE (*to Marinelli, after a long silence, during which he gazes on the body with dismay and doubt*) Here, raise it up.—Now, dost thou pause?—Miserable villain!—(*tearing the dagger out of his hand.*) No, with this blood shall thine not be mixed.—Go, hide thyself for all eternity!—Go, I say.—God! God!—Is it to the misery of so many, not enough that princes should be human? must even devils too disguise themselves within their friend?—

The End.

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*. * The articles marked * are contributions from strangers ; the rest are all written by gentlemen who are, or have been, Students of King's College.

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